POEMS

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Let them censure, what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defy.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song:
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is Sense that they repete.

PRIOR from ANACREON.

The Third Edition.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN, for, and sold by the AUTHOR, at the *Mercury*, opposite to the Cross-Well, and by Mr. *Taylor* at the Ship in *Pater-noster-row*, *London*, by Mr. *James M'Euen* in *Glasgow*, by *Martin Bryson* in *Newcastle*, and by Mr. *Farquhar* in *Aberdeen*,

M. DCC. XXIII.

POEMS

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

9 46 4 771

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the most Beautiful

THE

BRITISH LADIES.

Fair Patronesses,

FOR your innocent Diversion, and to invite those engaging Smiles which heighten your other Beauties, the most Part of my Poems were wrote, having had the Pleasure to be sometimes approved of by you, which was the Mark I chiefly aim'd at. Allow me then to lay the following Collection at your Feet; accept of it as a grateful Return of every Thought happily expres'd by me, they being less owing to my natural Genius, than to the Inspiration of your Charms.

I ſhall hope to be excus'd, when I drop the common Form, and enter not into a Detail of your Qualities, altho' the faireſt Field for Panegyrick; but too extenſive for a Dedication, and many of them the Subjects which embelliſh the whole Book.

With Difficulty I curb my ſelf, and decline ſo delightful a Theme: The raviſhing Images croud upon me; but I'll reſerve them for Numbers. Proſe is too low, and looks affected, when dreſs'd in the Ornaments of Panegyrick.

Dear Ladies, pardon my Faults, honour me with your indulgent Protection, and allow me ever to be,

May it pleaſe your Ladyſhips,

Your moſt humble,

Moſt obedient,

And moſt faithful

Servant.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE PREFACE.

'TIS none of the least of my Diversions to see one Part of the World laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own Opinions and Abilities; but I shall never quarrel with any Man whose Temper is the Reverse of mine, and enters not into the Taste of the same Pleasures. 'Tis as ridiculous for one to be disobliged at another's different Way of Thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a Nose not of a Shape with his. Every Man is born with a particular Bent, which will discover itself in Spite of all Opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew, I never inclined to curb; but rather encouraged my self in the Pursuit, tho' many Difficulties lay in my Way.

Whether Poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous Study in the World, is more than I dare affirm; but I think so. Yet I am affraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent Character that belongs to the Epick Master, whose Fire and Flegm is equally blended.——— But Anacreon, Horace, and Waller were Poets, and had Souls warmed with true poetick Flame, altho' their Patience fell short of those who could bestow a Number of Years on the finishing one Heroick Poem, and justly claim the Preeminence.

If I know any Faults in my own Productions, I am not Fool enough to blaze them: Perhaps they may be overlook'd by the Indulgence of my best Friends, for whom I write.—— 'Tis not to be doubted that I have Enemies; yes, I have been honoured

noured with three or four Satyrs, but such wretched Stuff, that several of my Friends would alledge upon me that I had wrote and published them my self (none of the worst Politicks I own) to make the World believe I had no Foes but Fools. Such Pedants as confine Learning to the critical Understanding of the dead Languages, while they are ignorant of the Beauties of their Mother-Tongue, do not view me with a friendly Eye: But I'm even with them, when I tell them to their Faces, without Blushing, that I understand Horace *but faintly in the Original, and yet can feast on his beautiful Thoughts dress'd in* British; ——— *and do not see any great Occasion for every Man's being made capable to translate the Classicks, when they are so elegantly done to his Hand. Nor do I value tho' Doctor* Bently *heard this: And perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick that this same Doctor had understood the Latin Tongue as little as I.*

My chearful Friends will pardon (a very essential Qualification of a Poet) my Vanity, when in Self-Defence I inform the Ignorant, that many of the finest Spirits, and of the highest Quality and Distinction, eminent for Literature, and Knowledge of Mankind, from an Affability which ever accompanies great Minds, tell me, They are pleased with what I have done; *and add,* That my small Knowledge of the dead or foreign Languages is nothing to my Disadvantage: Pursue your own natural Manner, *say they,* and be an Original. *One may very easily imagine that I hear this with Abundance of secret Satisfaction and Joy; the Ladies too are on my Side, they grace my Song with the Sweetness of their Voices, conn ever my Pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry Tale.*

Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair,
My Foes may envy, but despair.

That I have express my Thought in my native Dialect, was not only Inclination, but the Desire of my best and wisest Friends; and most reasonable, since good Imagery, just Similies, and all Manner of ingenious Thoughts, in a well laid Design, disposed into Numbers, is Poetry. ——— *Then good Poetry may be in any Language.* ——— *But some Nations speak rough, and their Words are confounded with a Multitude of hard Consonants, which makes the Numbers unharmonius*

monious. Beſides, their Language is ſcanty, which makes a diſagreeable Repetition of the ſame Words.——— *Theſe are no Defects in ours, the Pronunciation is liquid and ſonorous, and much fuller than the* Engliſh, *of which we are Maſters, by being taught it in our Schools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native Words, of eminent Significancy, makes our Tongue by far the completeſt: For Inſtance, I can ſay,* An empty Houſe, a toom Barrel, a boſs Head, *and,* a hollow Heart.——— *Many ſuch Examples might be given, but let this one ſuffice.*

I cannot here omit a Paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, *to a* London *Edition of one of my Paſtorals, after he has ſaid ſome Things very handſomely in my Favour.*——— *In Behalf of our Language he expreſſes himſelf thus,* The following Poem, if I am not miſtaken (for I ſet up for no Critic) is a true and juſt Paſtoral, abounding with thoſe Beauties, which are either required, or are to be found in the beſt eſteem'd Paſtorals.

The *Scotticiſms*, which perhaps may offend ſome overnice Ear, give new Life and Grace to the Poetry, and become their Place as well as the *Doric* Dialect of *Theocritus*, ſo much admired by the beſt Judges. When I mention that Tongue, I bewail my own little Knowledge of it, ſince I meet with ſo many Words and Phraſes ſo expreſſive of the Ideas they are intended to repreſent. A ſmall Acquaintance with that Language, and our old *Engliſh* Poets, will convince any Man, that we ſpend too much Time in looking Abroad for trifling Delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more ſubſtantial, as well as a more elegant Entertainment.

There are ſome of the following, which we commonly reckon Engliſh *Poetry, ſuch as the* Morning Interview, Content, *&c. but all their Difference from the others is only in the Orthography of ſome Words, ſuch as,* from *for* frae, bold *for* bauld, *and ſome few Names of Things; and in thoſe, tho' the Words be pure* Engliſh, *the Idiom or Phraſeology is ſtill* Scots.

Throughout the Whole, I have only copied from Nature, and with all Precaution have ſtudied, as far as it came within the Ken of my Obſervation and Memory, not to repeat what has been already ſaid by others, tho' it be next to impoſſible ſometimes to ſtand clear of them, eſpecially in the little Love-Plots

of

of a Song.——— There are towards the End of this Miſcellany, five or ſix Imitations of Horace, *which any acquainted with that Author will preſently obſerve.——— I have only ſnatched at his Thought and Method in groſs, and dreſs'd them up in* Scots, *without confining my ſelf; ſo that theſe are only to be reckoned a following of his Manner.*

This is all I think needful in Defence of my Book, and to keep it in Countenance with a Preface.

TO

TO

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY on his *Poetical Works.*

HAIL Northern Bard! thou fav'rite of the Nine,
Bright, or as *Horace* did, or *Virgil* ſhine.
In every Part of what thou'ſt done, we find
How they, and great *Apollo* too have join'd
To furniſh thee with an uncommon Skill,
And with Poetick Fire thy Boſom fill.

THY *Morning Interview* throughout is fraught
With tuneful Numbers and Majeſtick Thought:
And *Celia*, who her Lovers Suit diſdain'd,
Is by all-powerful Gold at length obtain'd.

WHEN Winter's hoary Aſpect makes the Plains,
Unpleaſant to the Nymphs, and jovial Swains;
Sweetly thou do'ſt thy rural Couples call
To Pleaſures known within *Edina*'s Wall.

WHEN, *Allan*, thou, for Reaſons thou know'ſt beſt,
Doom'd buſy *Cowper* to eternal Reſt:
What Mortal could thine El'gy on him read,
And not have ſworn he was defunct indeed?

Yet that he might not loſe accuſtom'd Dues,
You rous'd him from the Grave to open Pews;
Such Magick, worthy *Allan*, hath thy Muſe.

The' experienc'd Bawd, in apteſt Strains thou'ſt made
Early inſtruct her Pupils in their Trade;
Leſt when their Faces wrinkled are with Age,
They ſhould not Cullies, as when young, engage.
But on our Sex, why art thou ſo ſevere,
To wiſh for Pleaſure we may pay ſo dear.
Suppoſe that thou had'ſt after cheerful Juice,
Met with a ſtrolling Harlot, wondrous ſpruce;
And been by her prevail'd with to reſort
Where Claret might be drunk, or, if not, Port;
Suppoſe, I ſay, that this thou granted had,
And Freedom took with the enticing Jade;
Would'ſt thou not hope, ſome Artiſt might be found
To cure, if ought you ail'd, the ſmarting Wound?

When of the *Caledonian* Garb you ſing,
(Which from *Tartana*'s diſtant Clime you bring)
With how much Force you recommend the Plaid,
To ev'ry jolly Swain, and lovely Maid.
But if, as Fame Reports, ſome of thoſe Wights,
Who canton'd are among the rugged Heights,

No Breeks put on, ſhould'ſt thou not them adviſe,
(Excuſe me, *Ramſay*, if I am too nice)
To take, as fitting 'tis, ſome ſpeedy Care,
That what ſhould hidden be, appear not bare;
Leſt Damſels, yet unknowing, ſhould by Chance,
Their nimble Ogle t'ward the Object glance?
If this thou doſt, we, who the South poſſeſs,
May teach our Females how they ought to dreſs:
But chiefly let them underſtand, 'tis meet
They ſhould their Legs hide more, if not their Feet,
Too much by Help of Whale-bone now diſplay'd,
Ev'n from the Dutcheſs to the Kitchen-maid;
But with more Reaſon, thoſe who give Diſtaſte,
When on their uncouth Limbs our Eyes we caſt.

THY other Sonnets in each Stanza ſhew,
What, when of Love you think, thy Muſe can do.
So movingly thou'ſt made the am'rous Swain,
Wiſh on the Moor his Laſs to meet again,
That I, methinks, find an unuſual Pain.
Nor haſt thou, chearful Bard, expreſt leſs Skill,
When the brisk Laſs you ſang of *Peatie's-Mill*,
Or *Suſſie*, whom the Lad with yellow Hair
Thou'ſt made in ſoft and pleaſing Notes prefer
To Nymphs leſs handſome, conſtant, gay and fair.

In lovely Strains kind *Nanſy* you addreſs,
And make fond *Willie* his coy *Jean* poſſeſs:
Which done, thou'ſt bleſt the Lad in *Nellie*'s Arms,
Who long had abſent been 'midſt dire Alarms.
And artfully you've plac'd within the Grove
Jammie, to hear his Miſtreſs own her Love.

A gentle Cure you've found for *Strephon*'s Breaſt,
By ſcornful *Betty* long depriv'd of Reſt.
And when the bliſful Pairs you thus have crown'd,
You'd have the Glaſs go merrily arround,
To ſhake off Care, and render Sleep more ſound.

Who e'er ſhall ſee, or hath already ſeen,
Thoſe bonny Lines, call'd *Chriſt's-kirk on the Green*,
Muſt own that thou haſt, to thy laſting Praiſe,
Deſerv'd as well as Royal James the Bays.
'Mong other Things, you've painted to the Life,
A Sot unactive lying by his Wife,
Which oft 'twixt wedded Folks makes wofull Strife.

When 'gainſt the ſcribling Knaves your Pen you drew,
How did'ſt thou laſh the vile preſumptuous Crew!
Not much fam'd *Butler*, who had gone before,
E'er ridicul'd his Knight, or *Ralpho* more;

So well thou's done it, equal Smart they feel,
As if thou'd pierc'd their Hearts with killing Steel.
THEY thus ſubdu'd, you in pathetick Rhyme
A Subject undertook, that's more ſublime,
By noble Thoughts, and Words diſcreetly join'd,
Thou'ſt taught me how I may Contentment find.
And when to *Addie*'s Fame you touch'd the Lyre,
Thou ſang'ſt like one of the Seraphick Choir.
So ſmoothly flow thy nat'ral rural Strains,
So ſweetly too, you've made the mournful Swains
His Death lament, what Mortal can forbear,
Shedding like us upon his Tomb a Tear.

Go on, fam'd Bard, thou Wonder of our Days,
And crown thy Head with never-fading Bays;
While grateful *Britons* do thy Lines revere,
And value, as they ought, their *Virgil* here.

J. BURCHET.

TO

TO

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

TOO blindly partial to my native Song,
Fond of the Smoothneſs of our *Engliſh* Tongue,
At firſt thy Numbers did uncouth appear,
And ſhock'd the affected Niceneſs of the Ear.
Thro' Prejudice's Eye each Page I ſee;
Tho' all were Beauties, none were ſo to me.
Yet ſham'd at laſt, whilſt all thy Genius own,
To have that Genius hid from me alone;
Reſolved to find, for Praiſe, or Cenſure, Cauſe,
Whether to join with all, or all oppoſe;
Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again:
At length the uſeful Search requites my Pain;
My falſe Diſtaſte to inſtant Pleaſure turn'd,
As much I envy as before I ſcorn'd:
And thus the Error of my Pride to clear,
I ſign my honeſt Recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

TO

To Mr. Allan Ramsay *on the Publication of his* POEMS.

Dear *Allan*, who that hears your Strains,
Can grudge that you ſhould wear the Bays,
When 'tis ſo long ſince *Scotia*'s Plains
Could boaſt of ſuch melodious Lays?
What tho' the Criticks, ſnarling Curs!
Cry out, Your *Pegaſus* wants Reins:
Bid them provide themſelves of Spurs:
Such Riders need not fear their Brains.

A Muſe that's healthy, fair and ſound,
With noble Ardor, fearleſs haſtes
O'er Hill and Dale; but Carpet-Ground
Was ay for tender footed Beaſts.
E'en let the fuſtian Coxcombs chuſe
Their Carpet-Ground; but the green Field
Was held a Walk for *Virgil*'s Muſe,
And *Virgil* was an unco' Chield!

Your Muſe, upon her native Stock
Subſiſting, raiſes thence a Name;
While they are forc'd to pick the Lock
Of other Bards, and pilfer Fame.

OFT when I read your joyous Lines;
So full of pleasant Jests and Wit,
So blyth and gay the Humour shines,
It gives me many a merry Fit.

THEN when I hear of *Maggy*'s Charms,
And *Roger* tholing fair Disdain,
The bonny Lass my Bosom warms,
And me ikle I bemoan the Swain.

FOR who can hear the Lad complain,
And not participate and feel
His artless undissembled Pain,
Unless he has a Heart of Steel.

BUT *Patie*'s Wiles and cunning Arts
Appease th' imaginary Grief,
Declare him well a Clown of Parts,
And bring the wretched Wight Relief.

MORE might be said, but in a Friend
Encomiums seem but dull and flat:
The Wise approve, but Fools commend,
A *Pope's* Authority for that.

ELSE *certes* 'twere in me unmeet,
To grudge the Muse's utmost Force,
Or spare in such a Cause my Feet,
To clinch at least in Praise of yours.

JA. ARBUCKLE.

THE

Morning Interview.

AN

HEROI-COMICAL

POEM.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for the AUTHOR at the *Mercury*, opposite to *Niddry*'s-Wynd, 1721.

OWOZ

THE *Morning Interview.*

Such killing Looks, ſo thick the Arrows fly,
That 'tis unſafe to be a Stander by:
Poets approaching to deſcribe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds inſtructed how to write.

WALLER, 130.

WHEN ſilent Show'rs refreſh the pregnant Soil,
And tender Sallats eat with *Tuſcan* Oyl,
Harmonious Sounds now eccho in each Grove,
Of bleating Lambs who from their Parents rove;
While o'er the Plain the anxious Dames do ſtray,
Calling their tender Care with hoarſer Bae.
Now cheerful *Zephyr* from the Weſtern Sky,
With eaſy Scud, o'er painted Fields does fly,

To kiſs his *FLORA* with a gentle Air,
Who yields to his Embrace, and looks more fair.

When from Debauch with ſp'rituous Juice oppreſt,
The Sons of *BACCHUS* ſtagger Home to Reſt,
With tatted Wigs, foul Shoes, and uncock'd Hats,
And all bedaub'd with Snuff their looſe Cravats.
The Sun began to ſip the morning Dew,
As *DAMON* from his reſtleſs Pillow flew.

Him late from *CELIA*'s Cheek a Patch did wound,
A Patch high ſeated on the bluſhing Round.
His painful Thoughts all Night forbid him reſt,
And he employ'd that Night as one oppreſt;
Muſing Revenge, and how to countermine
The ſtrongeſt Force, and ev'ry deep Deſign
Of Patches, Fans, of Necklaces and Rings,
Ev'n Muſick's Pow'r, when *CELIA* plays or ſings.

Fatigu'd with running Errands all the Day,
Happy in want of Thought his Valet lay,
Recruiting Strength with Sleep.—— His Maſter calls,
He ſtarts with lock'd up Eyes, and beats the Walls.

A ſecond Thunder rouzes up the Sot,
He yawns, and murmurs Curſes through his Throat;
Stockings awry, and Breeches-knees unlac'd,
And Buttons do miſtake their Holes for Haſte.
His Maſter raves ——Cries, *ROGER*, make Diſpatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and lookt his Watch;
Haſte, do my Wig, ty't with the careleſs Knots,
And run to *CIVET*'s, let him fill my Box.
Go to my Laundreſs, ſee what makes her ſtay,
And call a Coach and Barber in your Way.

Thus Orders juſtle Orders in a Throng:
ROGER with laden Mem'ry trots along,
His Errands done; with Bruſhes next he muſt
Renew his Toil amidſt perfumed Duſt:
He beats and rubs, till ſcarce one Pile remain,
Then ſix Times more's thrown on the Wig again.
The yieldiug Comb he leads with artful Care,
Through crook'd Meanders of the flaxen Hair:
E'er all's perform'd he's almoſt chok'd to Death,
The Air is thicken'd, and he pants for Breath.
So does the Traveller through *Libya*'s Plain,
A Conflict with the driving Sands ſuſtain.

Two Hours are paſt, and *DAMON* is equipt,
Penſive he ſtalks, and meditates the Fight:
Arm'd *Cap-a-pee*, in Dreſs a killing Beau,
Thrice view'd his Glaſs, and then reſolv'd to go,
Fluſht full of Hope to overcome his Foe.
His early Pray'rs were all to *Paphos* ſent,
That *JOVE*'s Sea-daughter would give her Conſent:
Cry'd, *Send thy little Son unto my Aid.*
Then took his Hat, tript out, and no more ſaid.

What lofty Thoughts do ſometimes puſh a Man
Beyond the Verge of his own native Span!
Keep low thy Thoughts, frail Clay, nor boaſt thy Pow'r;
Fate will be Fate: And ſince there's nothing ſure,
Vex not thy ſelf too much, but catch th' auſpicious Hour.

The tow'ring Lark had thrice his Mattins ſung,
And thrice were Bells for Divine Service rung.
In Plaids muff'd up, *Prudes* throng the ſacred Dome,
And leave the ſpacious Petticoat at Home:
While ſofteſt Dreams ſeal'd up fair *CELIA*'s Eyes,
She dreams of *DAMON*, and forgets to riſe.

A ſportive *Sylph* does lay the ſubtile Snare,
Such know the charming Baits which catch the Fair;
She ſhews him handſom, brawny, rich and young,
With Snuff-box, Cane, and Sword-knot finely hung,
Well skill'd in Airs of Dangle, Toſs, and Rap,
Thoſe Graces which do tender Hearts entrap.

Where *AULUS* oft makes Law for Juſtice paſs,
And *CHARLES*'s Statue ſtands in laſting Braſs,
Amidſt a Square which does amaze the Sight,
With ſpacious Fabricks of ſtupendous Hight;
Whoſe ſublime Roofs in Clouds advance ſo high,
They ſeem the Watch-tow'rs of the nether Sky:
Where once, Alas! where once the Three Eſtates
Of *SCOTLAND*'s Parliament held free Debates:
Here *CELIA* dwelt; thither did *DAMON* move,
Preſs'd by his rigid Fate, and raging Love.

To her Apartment ſtraight the daring Swain
Approach'd, and ſoftly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.
The Nymph new wak'd ſtarts from the lazy Down,
And wraps her gentle Limbs in Morning Gown:

But half awake ſhe judges it muſt be
FRANKALIA come to take her Morning Tea:
Cries, Welcome, Couſin. But ſhe ſoon began
To change her Viſage, when ſhe ſaw a Man:
Her unfixt Eyes with various Turnings range;
And pale Surprize to modeſt red exchange:
Doubtful 'twixt Modeſty and Love ſhe ſtands,
Then ask'd the bold Impertinent's Demands.
Her Strokes are doubled, and the Youth now found,
His Pains increaſe, and open ev'ry Wound.
Who can deſcribe the Charms of looſe Attire!
Who can reſiſt the Flames with which they fire!
Ah, barbarous Maid! he cries, ſure native Charms
Are too too much: Why then ſuch Store of Arms?
Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneaſy Pains,
Caus'd by a Wound from you, and want Revenge;
A borrow'd Pow'r was poſted on a Charm:
A Patch, damn'd Patch! Can Patches work ſuch Harm?

He ſaid; then threw a Bomb lay hid within
Love's Mortar-piece, the Dimple of his Chin.
It miſs'd for once, ſhe lifted up her Head,
And bluſh'd a Smile, that almoſt ſtuck him dead,

Then

Then cunningly retir'd, and he purſu'd
Near to the Toilet, where the War renew'd.
Thus the great *FABIUS* often gain'd the Day
O'er *HANNIBAL*, by frequent giving Way:
So warlike *BRUCE* and *WALLACE* ſometime deign'd
To ſeem defeat, yet certain Conqueſt gain'd.

Thus was he led in midſt of *CELIA*'s Room,
Speechleſs he ſtood, and waited for his Doom:
Words were but vain, he ſcarce could uſe his Breath,
As round he view'd the Implements of Death.
Her dreadful Arms in careleſs Heaps were laid,
In gay Diſorder round her tumbled Bed:
He often to the ſoft Retreat wou'd ſtare,
Still wiſhing he might give the Battle there.
Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did ſtray
To where lac'd Shoes and her ſilk Stockings lay,
And Garters which are never ſeen by Day.
His dazzl'd Eyes almoſt deſerted Light;
No Man before had ever got the Sight,
A Lady's Garters, Earth! their very Name,
Tho yet unſeen, ſets all the Soul on Flame.

The Royal *N E D* knew well their mighty Charms,
Elſe he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the *Engliſh* Arms.
Let barb'rous Honours crown the Sword and Lance,
Thou next their King does *Britiſh* Knights advance,
O GARTER! *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

O who can all theſe hidden Turns relate,
That do attend on a raſh Lover's Fate!
In deep Diſtreſs the Youth turn'd up his Eyes,
As if to ask Aſſiſtance from the Skies.
The PETTICOAT was hanging on a Pin,
Which the unlucky Swain ſtar'd up within:
His curious Eyes too daringly did rove,
Around this oval conick Vault of Love:
Himſelf alone can tell the Pain he found,
While his wild Sight ſurvey'd forbidden Ground.
He view'd the ten-fold Fence, and gave a Grone,
His trembling Limbs beſpoke his Courage gone:
Stupid and pale he ſtood, like Statue dumb,
The amber Snuff dropt from his careleſs Thumb.
Be ſilent here, my Muſe, and ſhun a Plea
May riſe betwixt old *Bickerſtaff* and me;
For none may touch a Petticoat but he.

DAMON

DAMON thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying Tone.
Assist ye Powers of Love, else I am gone.
The ardent Pray'r soon reach'd the *Cyprian* Grove,
Heard and accepted by the Queen of Love.
Fate was propitious too, her Son was by,
Who 'midst his dread Artillery did ly
Of *Flanders* Lace, and Straps of curious Dye.
On *India* Muslin Shades the God did loll,
His Head reclin'd upon a Tinsy Roll.

The Mother Goddess thus her Son bespoke,
"Thou must, my Boy, assume the Shape of SHOCK,
"And leap to *CELIA*'s Lap; whence thou may slip
"Thy Paw up to her Breast, and reach her Lip:
"Strike deep thy Charms, thy pow'rful Art display,
"To make young *DAMON* Conqueror to Day.
"Thou need not blush to change thy Shape, since *JOVE*
"Try'd most of brutal Forms to gain his Love;
"Who that he might his loud *SATURNIA* gull,
"For fair *EUROPA*'s Sake, inform'd a Bull.

She spoke.—— Not quicker does the Lamp of Day
Jet on the Mountain Tops a gilded Ray,

Swifter than Lightning flies before the Clap,
From *Cyprus* Iſle he reached *CELIA*'s Lap;
Now fawns, now wags his Tail, and licks her Arm;
She hugs him to her Breaſt, nor dreads the Harm.
So in *ASCANIUS* Shape, the God unſeen
Dally'd, and ruin'd the *Carthaginian* Queen.

So now the ſubtile Pow'r his Time eſpies,
And threw Two barbed Darts in *CELIA*'s Eyes:
Many were broke before he cou'd ſucceed;
But that of Gold flew whizzing through her Head:
Theſe were his laſt Reſerve.—— When others fail,
Then the refulgent Metal muſt prevail.
Pleaſure produc'd by Money now appears,
Coaches and Six run rattling in her Ears.
O Liv'ry Men! Attendants! Houſhold-plate!
Court-poſts and Viſits! pompous Air and State!
How does your Splendor ſwell the Female's Pride,
When o'er their Minds ſuch Gawdry does preſide?
Succeſs attends, *CUPID* has plaid his Part,
And ſunk the pow'rful Venom to her Heart.

She cou'd no more, ſhe's catched in the Snare,
Sighing ſhe fainted in her eaſy Chair.
The ſanguine Streams in Bluſhes no more glow,
But to ſupport the Heart, all inward flow,
Leaving the Cheek now cold and white as Snow.

Thus *CELIA* fell, or rather thus did riſe:
Thus *DAMON* made, or elſe was made a Prize:
For both were Conquerors, and both did yield;
Firſt ſhe, now he, is Maſter of the Field.

Now he reſumes freſh Life, abandons Fear,
Jumps to his Limbs, and does more gay appear.
Not gaming Heir, when his rich Parent dies,
Not Zealot reading *Hackney*'s Party-lies,
Not ſoft Fifteen, on her Feet-waſhing Night,
Not Poet when his Muſe ſublimes her Flight,
Not an old Maid, for ſome young Beauty's Fall,
Not the long tending * *Stibler* at his Call,
Not Husbandman, in Drought when Rain deſcends,
Not Miſs, when † *Limberham* his Purſe extends,
E'er knew ſuch Raptures as this joyful Swain,
When yielding, dying *CELIA* calm'd his Pain.

The

* A Probationer. † A kind Keeper.

The rapid Joys now in ſuch Torrents roul,
That ſcarce his Organs can retain his Soul.

Victor he's gen'rous, courts the Fair's Eſteem,
And takes a Baſon fill'd with limpid Stream:
Then from his Fingers form'd an artful Rain,
Which rouz'd the dormant Spirits of her Brain,
And made the purple Channels flow again.
She lives, he ſings; ſhe ſmiles, and looks more tame:
Now Peace and Friendſhip is the only Theme.

The MUSE owns freely here, ſhe does not know,
If Words did paſs between the *Belle* and *Beau*,
Or, if, in Courtſhip, ſuch uſe Words or no.
But ſure it is, there was a Parley beat,
And mutual Love did end the proud Debate.
Then to complete the Peace and ſeal the Bliſs,
He, for a Diamond Ring, receiv'd a Kiſs
Of her ſoft Hand.—— Next, the aſpiring Youth,
With eager Tranſports, preſs'd her glowing Mouth.
So, by Degrees, the Eagles teach their Young
To mount on high, and ſtare upon the Sun.

A ſumptuous Treat does crown the ended War,
And all rich Requiſites are brought from far.

The Table boaſts its being from *Japan*,
Th' ingenious Work of ſome great Artiſan.
China, where Potters coarſeſt Mould refine,
That Light through the tranſparent Jar does ſhine;
The coſtly Plates and Diſhes are from thence,
And *Amazonia* muſt her Sweets diſpence;
To her warm Banks our Veſſels cut the Main,
For the ſweet Product of her luſcious Cane:
Here *Scotia* does no coſtly Tribute bring,
Only ſome Kettles full of † *Todian* Spring.

Where *Indus* and the double *Ganges* flow,
On odorif'rous Plains the Leaves do grow;
Chief of the Treat, a Plant the Boaſt of Fame,
Sometimes call'd *Green*, *BOHEA*'s its greater Name.

O happieſt of Herbs! Who would not be
Pythagoriz'd into the Form of thee,
And with high Tranſports act the Part of TEA?
Kiſſes on thee the haughty *Belles* beſtow,
While in thy Steams their coral Lips do glow;
Thy Vertues and thy Flavour they commend;
While Men, even *Beaux*, with parched Lips attend.

EPI-

† Tod's-Well, which ſupplies the City with Water.

EPILOGUE.

THE Curtain's drawn: Now gen'rous Reader ſay,
Have ye not read worſe Numbers in a Play?
Sure here is Plot, Place, Character, and Time,
All ſmoothly wrought in good firm Engliſh Rhime.
I own, 'tis but a Sample of my Lays,
Which asks the Civil Sanction of your Praiſe.
Beſtow't with Freedom, let your Praiſe be ample,
And I my ſelf will ſhow you good Example.
Keep up your Face, altho dull Criticks ſquint,
And cry, with empty Nod, There's Nothing in't:
They only mean there's Nothing they can uſe;
Becauſe they find moſt, where there's moſt Refuſe.

EDIN

EDINBURGH's
ADDRESS
To the COUNTRY,

FROM me *EDINA*, to the Brave and Fair,
Health, Joy and Love, and Baniſhment of
Care:
FORASMUCHAS bare Fields and gurly Skies
Make rural Scenes ungrateful to the Eyes;
When *Hyperborean* Blaſts confound the Plain,
Driving, by Turns, light Snow and heavy Rain;
Ye Swains and Nymphs, forſake the withered Grove,
That no damp Colds may nip the Buds of Love:

Ere Winds and Tempeſts o'er the Mountains ride,
Haſte to where Choice of Pleaſures do reſide;
Come to my Tow'rs, and leave th' unpleaſant Scene,
My cheerful Boſom ſhall your Warmth ſuſtain,
Screen'd in my Walls, you may bleak Winter ſhun,
And, for a While, forget the diſtant Sun:
My blazing Fires, bright Lamps, and ſparkling Wine,
As Summer Sun ſhall warm, like him ſhall ſhine.

My witty Clubs of Minds that move at large,
With every Glaſs can ſome great Thought Diſcharge;
When from my *Senate*, and the Toils of *Law*,
T' unbend the Mind from Bus'neſs you withdraw,
With ſuch gay Friends to laugh ſome Hours away,
My Winter Even ſhall ding the Summer's Day.

One in his Turn, with Strength of Skill defines
The univerſal Uſe of *EUCLID*'s Lines.

My Schools of Law produce a manly Train
Of fluent Orators, who Right maintain,
Practis'd t' expreſs themſelves a graceful Way,
And Eloquence ſhines forth in all they ſay.

Some

Some *Raphael*, *Ruben*, or *Vandike* admire,
Whoſe Boſoms glow with ſuch a God-like Fire.
Of my own Race I have, who ſhall erē long,
Challenge a Place amongſt th' ingenious Throng.

Others in ſmootheſt Numbers are profuſe,
And can in *Mantuan Dactyl's* lead the Muſe:
And others can with Muſick make you gay,
With ſweeteſt Sounds, *Correlli's* Art diſplay,
While they around in ſofteſt Meaſures ſing,
Or beat melodious *Solo's* from the String.

What Pleaſure can exceed to know what's great,
The Hinge of War, and winding Draughts of State?
Theſe in my Coffee-Shops th' aſpiring Youth
May learn, with Pleaſure, from the Sage's Mouth;
While they full fraughted Judgments do unload,
Relating to Affairs Home and Abroad.
The generous Soul is fir'd with noble Flame,
To emulate victorious *Eugene's* Fame,
Who with freſh Glories decks th' Imperial Throne,
Making the haughty *Ott'man* Empire groan.

He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
The *Danes* and *Pruſſians* ſhall demit the War;
T' obſerve what mighty Turns of Fate may ſpring
From this new War rais'd by *Iberia*'s King.

Long ere the Morn from eaſtern Seas ariſe,
To ſweep Night-ſhades from off the vaulted Skies,
Oft Love or Law in dream your Mind may toſs,
And puſh the ſluggiſh Senſes to their Poſt;
The *Hautboy*'s diſtant Notes ſhall then oppoſe
Your Phantom Cares, and lull you to Repoſe.

To Viſit and take Tea, the well dreſs'd Fair
May paſs the Crowd unruffled in her Chair;
No Duſt or Mire her ſhining Foot ſhall ſtain,
Or on the horizontal Hoop give Pain.
For *Beaux* and *Belles* no City can compare,
Nor ſhew a *Galaxy* ſo made, ſo fair.
The Ears are charm'd, and raviſh'd are the Eyes,
When at the Conſort my fair Stars ariſe.
What Poets of fictitious Beauties ſing,
Shall in bright Order fill the dazling Ring:

From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Spouſe of *Jove*,
They'd gain the Prize, judg'd by the God of Love:
Their Sun-burnt Features wou'd look dull, and fade,
Compar'd with my *ſweet White*, and *bluſhing Red*.
The Character of Beauties ſo divine,
The MUSE for want of Words cannot define.
The panting Soul beholds with awful Love,
Impreſs'd on Clay, th' angelick Forms above;
Whoſe glancing Smiles can pow'rfully impart
Raptures ſublime, in dumb Show, to the Heart.

The Strength of all theſe Charms if ye defy,
My *Court of Juſtice* ſhall make you comply.
Welcome, my *Seſſion*, thou my Boſom warms,
Thrice three Times welcome to thy Mother's Arms.
Thy Father, long, rude Man! has left my Bed;
Thou'rt now my Guard, and Support of my Trade.
My Heart yearns after thee with ſtrong Deſire,
Thou deareſt Image of thy ancient Sire;
Should proud *Auguſta* take the from me too,
So great a Loſs wou'd make *Edina* bow;
I'd ſink beneath a Weight I cou'd not bear,
And in a Heap of Rubbiſh diſappear.

Vain are ſuch Fears; I'll rear my Head in State,
My bodding Heart foretells a glorious Fate:
New ſtately Structures on new Streets ſhall riſe,
And new-built Churches tow'ring to the Skies.
From utmoſt *Thule* to the *Dover* Rock,
Britain's beſt Blood in Crowds to me ſhall flock;
A num'rous Fleet ſhall be my *Fortha*'s Pride,
While they in her calm Roads at Anchor ride:
Theſe from each Coaſt ſhall bring what's Great and Rare,
To animate the *Brave*, and pleaſe the *Fair*.

WRIT-

WRITTEN BENEATH

The Hiſtorical Print *of the wonderful Preſervation of Mr.* DAVID BRUCE, *and others his School-fellows*;

St. ANDREWS 19. *Auguſt*, 1710.

SIX Times the Day with Light and Hope aroſe,
As oft the Night her Terrors did oppoſe,
While toſs'd on roaring Waves, the tender Crew
Had nought but Death and Horror in their View;
Pale Famine, Seas, bleak Cold at equal Strife,
Conſpiring all againſt their Bloom of Life:
Whilſt like the Lamp's laſt Flame, their trembling Souls
Are on the Wing to leave their mortal Goals;
And Death before them ſtands with frightful Stare,
Their Spirits ſpent, and ſunk down to Deſpair.

Behold,

Behold, th' indulgent providential Eye,
With watchful Rays deſcending from on high,
Angels come poſting down the divine Beam,
To ſave the Helpleſs in their laſt Extreme:
Unſeen the heav'nly Guard about them flock;
Some rule the Winds, ſome lead them up the Rock,
While other two attend the dying Pair,
To waft their young white Souls thro Fields of Air.

ELEGY on *Maggy Johnſton*, who died *Anno* 1711.

AULD REEKY mourn in Sable Hue,
Let ſouth of Tears dreep like *May* Dew,
To braw Tippony bid Adieu,
Which we with Greed.
Bended as faſt as ſhe cou'd brew,
But ah! ſhe's dead.

To tell the Truth, uow MAGGY dang,
Of Cuſtomers ſhe had a Bang;
For Lairds and Souters a' did gang,
To drink bedeen,
The Barn and Yard was aſt ſae Thrang,
We took the Green.

And there by Dizens we lay down,
Syne ſweetly ca'd the Healths arown,
To bonny Laſſes black or brown,
As we loo'd beſt;
In Bumpers we dull Cares did drown,
And took our Reſt.

When in our Pouch we fand ſome Clinks,
And took a turn o'er *Bruntsfield-Links*,
Aften in *MAGGY*'s at Hy-jinks,
We guzl'd Scuds,
Till wi cou'd ſcarce wi hale out Drinks
Caſt aff our Duds.

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,
O wow! but we were blyth and fain,
When ony had their Count miſtain,
O it was nice,
To hear us a cry, Pike your Bain,
And ſpell y'er Dice.

Fou cloſe we us'd to drink and rant,
Until we did baith glowre and gaunt,
And piſh and ſpew, and yesk and maunt,
Right ſwaſh I trow,
Then of auld Stories we did cant,
Whan we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the Gouff,
Then *MAGGY JOHNSTON*'s was our Houff;
Now a' our Gameſters may ſit douff,
Wi' Hearts like Lead;
Death wi' his Rung rax'd her a Youff,
And ſae ſhe died.

Maun

Maun we be forc'd thy Skill to tine,
For which we will right ſair repine?
Or haſt thou left to Bairns of thine,
The pauky Knack
Of Brewing Ale amaiſt like Wine,
That gar'd us crack?

Sae brawly did a Peaſe-Scon Toaſt
Biz i'the Queff, and flie the Froſt,
There we gat fou wi little Coſt,
And muckle Speed?
Now, wae-worth Death, our Sport's a' loſt,
Since MAGGY's *dead.*

AE Simmer Night I was ſae fou,
Amang the Riggs I geed to ſpew,
Syne down on a green Bawk I trow,
I took a Nap,
And ſoucht a Night Balillilow,
As ſound's a Top.

And when the Dawn begoud to glow,
I hirſl'd up my dizzy Pow,
Frae 'mang the Corn like Wirry-kow,
Wi' Bains ſae ſair,
And ken'd nae mair than if a Ew,
How I came there.

Some ſaid it was the Pith of Broom,
That ſhe ſtow'd in her Masking-loom,
Which in our Heads rais'd ſick a Foom,
Or ſome wild Seed,
Which aft the Chaping Stoup did toom,
But fill'd our Head.

But now ſince 'tis ſae that we muſt,
Not in the beſt Ale put our Truſt,]
But, whan we're auld, return to duſt,
Without Remead,
Why ſhou'd we tak it in Diſguſt,
That MAGGY's *dead.*

Of warldly Comforts ſhe was rife,
And liv'd a lang and hearty Life,
Right free of Care, or Toil, or Strife,
Till ſhe was ſtale,
And ken'd to be a kanny Wife
At Brewing Ale.

Then farewell *MAGGY* douce and fell,]
Of Brewers a' thou boor the Bell;
Let a thy Goſſies yelp and yell,
And without Feed,
Gueſs whether ye're in Heaven or Hell,
They're ſure ye're dead.

EPITAPH.

O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON:

ELEGY on *John Comper* Kirk-Treaſurer's Man, *Anno* 1714.

I Wairn ye a' to greet and drone,
JOHN COWPER's dead Ohon! Ohon!
To fill his Poſt alake there's none,
That with ſic Speed,
Cou'd ſa'r Sculdudry out like *JOHN*,
But now he's dead.

He was right nacky in his Way,
And eydent baith be Night and Day,
He wi' the Lads his Part cou'd play,
When right ſair flee'd,
He gart them good Bill filler pay,
But now he's dead.

Of Whore-hunting he gat his Fill,
And made be't mony Pint and Gill;
Of his braw Poſt he thought nae Ill,
Nor did na need,
Now they may mak a Kirk and Mill
O't, ſince he's dead.

Altho

Although he was nae Man of Weir,
Yet mony a ane, wi' quaking Fear,
Durſt ſcarce afore his Face appear,
But hide their Head.
The wylie Carle he gather'd Geer,
And yet he's dead.

Ay now to ſome Part far awa,
Alas! he's gane and left it a',
May be to ſome ſad Whilliwha
O' fremit Blood.
'Tis an ill Wind that dis nae blaw,
Some Body good.

Fy upon Death, he was to blame,
To whirle *JOHN* to his lang Hame:
But tho his Arſe be cauld, yet Fame,
Wi' Tout of Trumpet,
Shall tell how *COWPER*'s awfou Name
Cou'd flie a Strumpet.

He kend the Bawds and Lowns fou weell,
And where they us'd to rant and reell,
He pawkily on them cou'd ſteal,
And ſpoil their Sport,
Aft did they wiſh the muckle De'll
Might tak him for't.

But

But ne'er a ane of them he ſpar'd,
E'en tho there was a drunken Laird
To draw his Sword, and make a Faird
In their Defence,
JOHN quietly put them in the Guard
To learn mair Senſe.

There maun they ly till ſober grown,
The Lad neiſt Day his Fault maun own;
And to keep a' Things huſh and lown,
He minds the Poor,
Syne after a' his Ready's flown,
He damns the Whore.

And ſhe, poor Jade, withoutten Din,
Is ſent to *Leith*-Wynd Fit to ſpin,
With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,
And hungry Wame,
And ilka Month a well paid Skin
To mak her tame.

But now they may ſcoure up and down,
And ſafely gang their Waks arown,
Spreading the Clap throw a' the Town,
But Fear or Dread:
For that great Kow to Bawd and Lown,
JOHN COWPER's *dead.*

Shame

Shame faw ye'r Chandler Chafts, O Death,
For ſtapping of *JOHN COWPER*'s Breath;
The Loſs of him is publick Skaith:
I dare well ſay,
To quat the Grip he was right laith
This mony a Day.

POSTSCRIPT.

OF Umquhile *JOHN* to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill Will, and looks right ſhan,
But ſome tell odd Tales of the Man,
For Fifty Head
Can gi'e their Aith they've ſeen him gawn
Since he was dead.

Keek but up throw the *Stinking Style*,
On *Sunday* Morning a wee While,
At the Kirk Door out frae an Iſle,
It will appear.
But tak good Tent ye dinna file
Ye'r Breeks for Fear.

For well we wat it is his Ghaiſt,
Wow, wad ſome Fowk that can do't beſt
Speak till't, and hear what it confeſt;
'Tis a good Deed
To ſend a wandering Saul to reſt
Amang the Dead.

ELE-

ELEGY on Lucky *WOOD* in the *Canongate, May* 1717.

O *CANNIGATE!* poor elritch Hole,
What Loſs, what Croſſes does thou thole?
London and Death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy Head;
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld Coal
To blaw indeed.

Hear me, ye Hills, and every Glen,
Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den,
And Eccho ſhrill, that a' may ken,
The waefou Thud;
Be rackleſs Death, wha came unſenn
To Lucky WOOD.

She's dead o'er true, ſhe's dead and gane,
Left us and *WILLIE* Burd alane
To bleer and greet, to ſob and mane,
And rug our Hair;
Becauſe we'll ne'er ſee her again
For evermair.

She gae'd as fait as a new Prin
And kept her Houſie ſnod and been,
Her Peuther glanc'd upo' your Een,
Like Siller Plate;
She was a donſie Wife and clean,
Without Debate.

It did ane good to ſee her Stools,
Boord, Fire-ſide, and facing Tools;
Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,
Basket wi' Bread
Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,
Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er gae in a Lawin fauſe,
Nor Stoups a Froath aboon the Hauſe,
Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Wa's,
But reaming Swats;
She never ran ſow'r Jute, becauſe
It gi'es the Batts.

She had the Gate ſae well to pleaſe,
With *gratis* Beef, dry Fiſh, or Cheeſe,
Which kept our Purſes ay at Eaſe,
And Health in Tift,
And lent her freſh Nine Gallon Trees
A hearty Lift.

She ga'e us aft haill Legs o' Lamb,
And did nae hain her Mutton Ham,
Than ay at *Yule*, when e'er we came,
A bra Gooſe Pye:
And was nae that good Belly Baum?
Nane dare deny.

The Writer Lads ſow well may mind her,
Furthy was ſhe, her Luck deſign'd her
Their common Mither, ſure nane kinder
Ever brake Bread;
She has nae left her Maik behind her,
But now ſhe's dead.

To the ſma Hours we aft ſat ſtill,
Nick'd round our Toaſts and Sniſhing-mill,
Good Cakes we wanted ne'er at Will,
The beſt of Bread,
Which aften coſt us mony a Gill
To Aikenhead.

Cou'd our ſaut Tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we Cheeks like *Corra*'s Lin,
That a the Warld might hear the Din
Rair frae ilk Head;
She was the Wale of a' her Kin,
But now ſhe's dead.

O Lucky *WOOD* 'tis hard to bear
The Loſs; but Oh! we maun forbear:
Yet ſall thy Memory be dear
While bloqms a Tree,
And after Ages Bairns will ſpear
'Bout Thee and Me,

EPI-

EPITAPH.

BEneath this Sod
Lies Lucky *WOOD*,
Whom a' Men might put Faith in;
Wha was na ſweer;
While ſhe winn'd here,
To cramm our Wames for naithing.

Lucky *SPENCE*'s laſt Advice.

THree Times the CARLINE grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the Cod her Pow ſhe lifted,
In Bawdy Policy well gifted,
When ſhe now faun
That Death na langer wad be ſhifted,
She thus began:

MY loving Laſſes, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi' ye'r Greeting grieve me,
Nor wi' your Draunts and Droning deave me,
But bring's a Gill:
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainſt my Will.

O black Ey'd *Beſs*, and mim mou'd *Meg*,
O'er good to work or yet to beg,
Lay Sunkots up for a ſair Leg,
For whan ye fail,
Yer Face will not be worth a Feg,
Nor yet ye'r Tail.

Whan e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,
That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice; but ſtick to him like Glew,
And whan ſet down,
Drive at the Jango till he ſpew,
Syn he'll ſleep ſoun.

When he's aſleep, then dive and catch
His ready Caſh, his Rings or Watch;
And gin he likes to light his Match
At your Spunk Box,
Ne'er ſtand to let the fumbling Wretch
E'en take the Pox.

Cleek a ye can be Hook or Crook,
Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook,
Be ſure to truff his Pocket-book,
Saxty Pound Scots
Is nae deaf Nits; In little Bouk
Ly great Bank-Notes,

To get a Menſe of whindging Fools,
That's frighted for Repenting-Stools,
Wha often, whan their Mettal cools,
Turn ſweer to pay,
Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools
Anither Day.

But daut Red-Coats, and let them ſcoup
Free, for the Fou of cutty Stoup;
To gee them up ye need na houp
E'er to do well,
They'll rive your Brats and kick ye'r Doup,
And play the De'l.

There's ae ſair Croſs attends the Craft,
That curſt Correction-houſe where aft
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggings ſaft
Makes black and blae,
Enough to pit a Body daft;
But what'll ye ſay?

Nane gathers Gear withoutten Care,
Ilk Pleaſure has of Pain a Skare;
Suppoſe then they ſhould tirle ye bare,
And gar ye ſike,
E'en learn to thole; it's very fair
Ye're Nibour like.

Forby, my Looves, count upo' Loſſes,
Ye'r Milk-white Teeth, and Cheeks like Roſes,
Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noſes,
Faws down wi Dods;
To keep your Hearts up 'neath ſic Croſſes,
Set up for Bawds.

Wi' well criſh'd Looſs I hae been canty;
Whan e'er the Lads wad fain a faun t'ye,
To try the auld Game *Taunty Ranty*,
Like Cooſers keen,
They took Advice of me your Aunty,
If ye were clean.

Then up I took my Siller Ca,
And whiſtl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa,
Roun'd in his Lug, That there was a
Poor Country KATE,
As haleſom as the Well of *Spaw*,
But unka blate.

Sae whan e'er Company came in,
And were upo' a merry Pin,
I ſlade away wi' little Din
And muckle Menſe,
Left Conſcience Judge, it was a' ane
To Lucky SPENCE.

My

My Benniſon come on good Doers,
Who ſpend their Caſh on Bawds and Whores,
May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures
For a ſare Snout:
Foul fa' the Quacks that that Fire ſmoors,
And puts nae out.

My Maliſon light ilka Day
On them that drinks, and dis na pay,
But takes a Snack and rins away;
May't be their Hap
Never to want a *Gonorrhæa*,
Or rotten Clap.

Laſs gi'e us in anither Gill,
A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
Let Death ſyne regiſtrate his Bill
Whan I want Senſe,
I'll ſlip away with better Will,
Quo' Lucky SPENCE.

TARTANA:

OR THE

PLAID.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for the AUTHOR at the *Mercury*, opposite to *Niddry*'s Wynd, 1721.

TO THE AUTHOR OF TARTANA; or, The PLAID.

AS once I view'd a rural Scene,
With Summer's Sweets profuſely wild;
Such Pleaſure ſooth'd my giddy Senſe,
aviſh'd ſtood, while Nature ſmil'd.

Straight I reſolv'd and choſe a Field,
here all the Spring I might transfer;
ere ſtood the Trees with equal Rows,
re *Flora*'s Pride in one Parterre.

The Task was done, the Sweets were fled,
ch Plant had loſt its ſprightly Air,
if they grudg'd to be confin'd,
to their Will not matched were.

The narrow Scene diſpleas'd my Mind,
Which daily ſtill more homely grew:
At length I fled the loathed Sight,
And hy'd me to the Fields anew.

Here Nature wanton'd in her Prime;
My Fancy rang'd the boundleſs Waſt,
Each different Sight pleas'd with Surpriſe,
I welcom'd back the Pleaſures paſt.

Thus ſome who feel *APOLLO*'s Rage,
Would teach their Muſe her Dreſs and Time,
Till hamper'd ſo with Rules of Art,
They ſmother quite the vital Flame.

They daily chyme the ſame dull Tone,
Their Muſe no daring Sallies grace,
But ſtiffy held with Bit and Curb,
Keeps heavy Trot, tho equal Pace.

But who takes Nature for his Rule,
Shall by her gen'rous Bounty ſhine;
His eaſy Muſe revells at Will,
And ſtrikes new Wonders every Line.

Keep then, my Friend, your native Guid
Never diſtruſt her plenteous Store,
Ne'er leſs propitious will ſhe prove
Than now; but, if ſhe can, ſtill more.

TARTANA:

OR THE

PLAID.

YE *CALEDONIAN* Beauties, who have long
Been both the Muſe, and Subject of my Song,
Aſſiſt your BARD, who in harmonious Lays
Deſigns the Glory of your PLAID to raiſe.
How my fond Breaſt with blazing Ardour glows,
When e'er my Song on you juſt Praiſe beſtows!

PHOEBUS and his imaginary Nine
With me have loſt the Title of DIVINE,
To no ſuch Shadows will I Homage pay,
Theſe to my real MUSES ſhall give Way;
My MUSES, who on ſmooth meand'ring *Tweed*,
Stray through the Groves, or grace the Clover Mead;
Or theſe who bath themſelves where haughty *Clyde*
Does roaring o'er his lofty Cat'racts ride:
Or you, who on the Banks of gentle *Tay*,
Drain from the Flowers the early Dews of *May*,
To varniſh on your Cheek the Crimſon Dy,
Or make the White the falling Snow outvy:
And you who on *Edina*'s Streets diſplay
Millions of matchleſs Beauties every Day;
Inſpir'd by you, what POET can deſire
To warm his Genius at a brighter Fire?

I ſing the PLAID, and ſing with all my Skill,
Mount then O Fancy, Standard to my Will,
Be ſtrong each Thought, run ſoft each happy Line,
That Gracefulneſs and Harmony may ſhine,
Adapted to the beautiful Deſign.

Great

Great is the Subject, vaſt th' exalted Theme;
And ſhall ſtand fair in endleſs Rolls of FAME.

The PLAID's ANTIQUITY comes firſt in View,
Precedence to ANTIQUITY is due:
ANTIQUITY contains a certain Spell,
To make ev'n Things of little Worth excell;
To ſmalleſt Subjects gives a glaring Daſh,
Protecting high born Idiots from the Laſh:
Much more 'tis valu'd when with Merit plac'd,
It graces Merit, and by Merit's grac'd.

O firſt of GARBS! Garment of happy Fate!
So long imploy'd of ſuch an antique Date;
Look back ſome Thouſand Years till Records fail,
And loſe themſelves in ſome Romantick Tale,
We'll find our Godlike Fathers nobly ſcorn'd
To be with any other DRESS adorn'd;
Before baſe Foreign Faſhions interwove,
Which 'gainſt their Intereſt and their Brav'ry ſtrove.
'Twas they could boaſt their Freedom with proud *Rome*,
And arm'd in Steel deſpiſe the Senate's Doom;

Whilſt

Whilſt o'er the Globe their Eagle they diſplay'd,
And conquer'd Nations proſtrate Homage paid,
They only, they unconquer'd ſtood their Ground,
And to the mighty Empire fixt the Bound.
Our native PRINCE who then ſupply'd the Throne,
In PLAID array'd, magnificently ſhone:
Nor ſeem'd his Purple, or his Ermine leſs,
Tho cover'd by the *CALEDONIAN* Dreſs.
In this at Court the Thanes were gayly clad,
With this the Shepherds and the Hinds were glad,
In this the Warrior wrapt his brawny Arms,
With this our beauteous Mothers vail'd their Charms;
When ev'ry Youth, and ev'ry lovely Maid
Deem'd it a *Deſhabille* to want their PLAID.

O Heav'ns! How chang'd? How little look their Race?
When Foreign Chains with Foreign Modes take Place;
When *Eaſt* and *Weſtern-Indies* muſt combine
To deck the Fop, and make the Gewgaw ſhine.
Thus while the *Grecian* Troops in *Perſia* lay,
And learn'd the Habit to be ſoft and gay,
By Luxury enerv'd they loſt the Day.

I ask'd *Varell* what Soldiers he thought beſt,
nd thus he anſwer'd to my plain Requeſt;
Were I to lead Battalions out to War,
And hop'd to triumph in the Victor's Car,
To gain the loud Applauſe of worthy Fame,
And Columns rais'd to eternize my Name,
I'd chooſe, had I my Choice, that hardy Race
Who fearleſs can look Terrors in the Face,
Who midſt the Snows the beſt of Limbs can fold
In TARTAN PLAIDS, and ſmile at chilling Cold;
No uſeleſs Traſh ſhould pain my Soldier's Back,
Nor Canvaſs Tents make loaden Axles crack;
No rattling Silks I'd to my Standards bind,
But bright TARTANA'S waving in the Wind;
The PLAID alone ſhou'd all my Enſigns be,
This Army from ſuch Banners would not flie:
Theſe, theſe were they, who naked taught the Way
To fight with Art, and boldly gain the Day.
v'n great *Guſtavus* ſtood himſelf amaz'd,
hile at their wond'rous Skill and Force he gaz'd.
ith ſuch brave Troops one might o'er *Europe* run,
ake out what *Richlieu* fram'd, and *Lewis* had begun.

Degenerate Men! Now Ladies please to sit;
That I the PLAID in all its Airs may hit,
With all the Power of Softness mixt with Wit.

While scorching *Titan* tawns the Shepherds Brow,
And whistling Hinds sweat lagging at the Plow,
The piercing Beams *BRUCINA* can defy,
Not Sun-burnt she's, nor dazl'd is her Eye.
Ugly's the Mask, the Fan's a trifling Toy
To still at Church some Girl, or restless Boy.
Fixt to one Spot's the Pine and Myrtle Shades,
But on each Motion wait th' Umbrelian PLAIDS,
Repelling Dust when Winds disturb the Air,
And give a Check to every ill bred Stare.

Light as the Pinions of the airy Fry
Of Larks, and Linnets, who traverse the Sky,
Is the TARTANA spun so very fine,
Its Weight can never make the FAIR repine,
By raising Ferments in her glowing Blood,
Which cannot be escap'd within the Hood;

Nor does it move beyond its proper Sphere,
But lets the Gown in all its Shapes appear;
Nor is the Straightneſs of her Waiſt deny'd
To be by every raviſht Eye ſurvey'd:
For this the Hoop may ſtand at largeſt Bend,
It comes not nigh, nor can its Weight offend.

The *Hood* and *Mantle* make the tender faint,
I'm pain'd to ſee them moving like a Tent.
By Heather *Jenny* in her Blanket dreſt,
The *Hood* and *Mantle* fully are expreſt,
Which round her Neck with Rags is firmly bound,
While Heather Beſoms loud ſhe ſcreams around.
Was Goody *Strode* ſo great a Pattern, ſay?
Are ye to follow when ſuch lead the Way?
But know each FAIR, who ſhall this *Sur-tout* uſe,
You're no more *SCOTS*, and ceaſe to be my MUSE.

The ſmootheſt Labours of the *Perſian* Loom
Lin'd in the PLAID, ſet off the Beauty's Bloom;
Faint is the Gloſs, nor come the Colours nigh,
Tho white as Milk, or dipt in Scarlet Dy.

The Lillie pluckt by fair *PRINGELLA* grieves,
Whoſe whiter Hand outſhines its ſnowy Leaves;
No wonder then white Silks in our Eſteem,
Match'd with her fairer Face they ſully'd ſeem.

If ſhining red *CAMPBELLA*'s Cheeks adorn,
Our Fancy ſtreight conceive the bluſhing Morn,
Beneath whoſe Dawn the Sun of Beauty lies,
Nor need we Light but from *CAMPBELLA*'s Eye

If lin'd with green *STUARTA*'s PLAID we vie
Or thine *RAMSEIA* edg'd around with blue;
One ſhews the Spring when Nature is moſt kind,
The other Heav'n, whoſe Spangles lift the Mind.

A Garden Plot, enrich'd with choſen Flowers,
In Sun Beams basking after vernal Showers,
Where lovely Pinks in ſweet Confuſion riſe,
And Amaranths and Eglintines ſurpriſe;
Hedg'd round with fragrant Brier and Jeſſamine,
The roſie Thorn and variegated Green,

These give not half that Pleasure to the View,
As when, *FERGUSIA*, Mortals gaze on you.
You raise our Wonder, and our Love engage,
Which makes us curse, and yet admire the Hedge;
The Silk and Tartan Hedge, which does conspire
With you, to kindle Love's soft spreading Fire.
How many Charms can every fair one boast!
How oft's our Fancy in the Plenty lost!
These more remote, these we admire the most.
What's too familiar often we despise,
But Rarity makes still the Value rise.

If *Sol* himself shou'd shine through all the Day,
We cloy, and lose the Pleasure of his Ray;
But if behind some marly Cloud he steal,
Nor for sometime his radiant Head reveal,
With brighter Charms his Absence he repays,
And every Sun beam seems a double Blaze.
So when the FAIR their dazling Lustres shroud,
And disappoint us with a TARTAN Cloud,
How fondly do we peep with wishful Eye,
Transported when one lovely Charm we spy.

Oft to our Coſt, ah me! we often find
The Power of Love ſtrikes deep, tho he be blind;
Perch'd on a Lip, a Cheek, a Chin, or Smile,
Hits with Surpriſe, and throws young Hearts in Jail.

From when the Cock proclaims the riſing Day,
And Milk-maids ſing around ſweet Curds and Whey,
Till gray-ey'd Twilight, Harbinger of Night,
Purſues o'er † Silver Mountains ſinking Light,
I can unwearied from my Caſements view
The PLAID, with ſomething ſtill about it new.
How are we pleas'd, when with a handſome Air
We ſee *HEPBURNA* walk with eaſy Care;
One Arm half circles round her ſlender Waiſt,
The other like an Ivory Pillar plac'd,
To hold her PLAID around her modeſt Face,
Which ſaves her Bluſhes with the gayeſt Grace;
If in white Kids her taper Fingers move,
Or unconfin'd jet thro the ſable Glove.

With what a pretty Action *KEITHA* holds
Her PLAID, and varies oft its airy Folds;

How

† Ochel Hills.

How does that naked Space the Spirits move,
Between the ruff'd Lawn and envious Glove?
We by the Sample, tho no more be ſeen,
Imagine all that's fair within the Skreen.

Thus Belles in Plaids vail and diſplay their Charms,
The Love-ſick Youth thus bright *HUMEA* warms,
And with her graceful Mein her Rivals all alarms.

The PLAID itſelf gives Pleaſure to the Sight,
To ſee how all its Setts imbibe the Light,
Forming ſome Way, which even to me lies hid,
White, black, blew, yellow, purple, green and red.
Let *Newton*'s Royal Club through Priſms ſtare,
To view Celeſtial Dies with curious Care,
I'll pleaſe my ſelf, nor ſhall my Sight ask Aid
Of Criſtal Gimcracks to ſurvey the PLAID.

How decent is the PLAID when in the Pew,
It hides th' inchanting FAIR from Ogler's View.
The Mind's oft crowded with ill tim'd Deſires,
When Nymphs unvail'd approach the ſacred Quires;

Even

Even Senators, who guard the Common-weal,
Their Minds may rove;—— Are Mortals made of Steel?
The finiſht Beaux ſtand up in all their Airs,
And ſearch out Beauties more than mind their Prayers:
The Wainſcot Forty Six's are perplext
To be eclips'd, Spite makes them drop the Text.
The younger gaze at each fine Thing they ſee,
The Orator himſelf is ſcarcely free.
Ye then who wou'd your Piety expreſs,
To ſacred Domes ne'er come in naked Dreſs.
The Power of Modeſty ſhall ſtill prevail;
Then *SCOTIAN* Virgins uſe your native Vail.

Thus far young *Coſmel* read, then ſtar'd and curſt,
And ask't me very gravely how I durſt
Advance ſuch Praiſes for a Thing deſpis'd,
He, ſmiling, ſwore I had been ill adviſ'd.

To you, ſaid I, perhaps this may ſeem true,
And Numbers vaſt, not Fools, may ſide with you;
As many ſhall my Sentiments approve,
Tell me what's not the Butt of Scorn and Love?

Were

Were Mankind all agre'd to think one Way,
What wou'd Divines and Poets have to ſay?
No Enſigns wou'd on martial Fields be ſpread,
And *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read:
We'd need no Councils, Parliaments, nor Kings,
Ev'n Wit and Learning wou'd turn ſilly Things.
You miſs my Meaning ſtill, I'm much afraid,
I would not have them always wear the PLAID.

Old *Salem*'s Royal Sage, of Wits the Prime,
Said, *For each Thing there was a proper Time*:
Night's but *Aurora*'s PLAID, that ta'ne away,
We loſe the Pleaſure of returning Day;
Ev'n through the Gloom, when view'd in ſparkling Skies,
Orbs ſcarcely ſeen, yet gratifie our Eyes:
So through *HAMILLA*'s op'ned PLAID we may
Behold her heavenly Face, and heaving milky Way.
Spaniſh Reſerve, join'd with a *Gallick* Air,
If manag'd well, becomes the *Scotian* Fair.

Now you ſay well, ſaid he, but when's the Time
That they may drop the PLAID without a Crime?

Then I,
Leſt, O fair Nymphs, ye ſhould our Patience tire,
And ſtarch Reſerve extinguiſh gen'rous Fire,
Since Heaven your ſoft victorious Charms deſign'd
To form a Smoothneſs on Man's rougher Mind;
When from the bold and noble Toils of War,
The rural Cares, or Labours of the Bar;
From theſe hard Studies which are learn'd and grave,
And ſome from dang'rous riding o'er the Wave,
The *Caledonian* manly Youth reſort
To their *Edina*, Love's great Mart and Port,
And crowd her Theatres with all that Grace
Which is peculiar to the *Scotian* Race;
At Conſort, Ball, or ſome FAIR's Marriage Day,
O then with Freedom all that's ſweet diſplay.
When Beauty's to be judg'd without a Vail,
And not its Powers met out as by Retail,
But Wholeſale, all at once, to fill the Mind
With Sentiments gay, ſoft, and frankly kind;
Throw by the PLAID, and like the Lamp of Day,
When there's no Cloud to intercept his Ray,

So ſhine, *MAXELLA*, nor their Cenſure fear,
Who, Slaves to Vapours, dare not ſo appear.

On *Ida*'s Height, when to the Royal Swain,
To know who ſhould the Prize of Beauty gain,
JOVE ſent his two fair Daughters and his Wife,
That he might be the Judge to end the Strife;
HERMES was Guide, they found him by a Tree,
And thus they ſpoke with Air divinely free,
Say, PARIS, *which is faireſt of us three.*
To *JOVE*'s high Queen, and the Celeſtial Maids,
Ere he wou'd paſs his Sentence, cry'd, *No PLAIDS.*
Quickly the Goddeſſes obey'd his Call,
In ſimple Nature's Dreſs he view'd them all,
Then to *CYTHEREA* gave the Golden Ball.

Great Criticks hail! our Dread, whoſe Love or Hate,
Can with a Frown, or Smile, give Verſe its Fate,
Attend, while o'er this Field my Fancy roams,
Give ſomewhat more to ſay, and here it comes.

When Virtue was a Crime, in *Tancred*'s Reign,
There was a noble Youth who wou'd not deign
To own for Soveraign one a Slave to Vice,
Or blot his Conſcience at the higheſt Price;
For which his Death's devis'd with helliſh Art,
To tear from his warm Breaſt his beating Heart.
Fame told the tragic News to all the Fair,
Whoſe num'rous Sighs and Groans bound through the Air:
All mourn his Fate, Tears trickle from each Eye,
Till his kind Siſter threw the Woman by;
She in his Stead a gen'rous Off'ring ſtay'd,
And he the Tyrant baulk'd, hid in her PLAID.
So when *Æneas* with *Achilles* ſtrove,
The Goddeſs Mother haſted from above,
Well ſeen in Fate, prompt by maternal Love,
Wrapt him in Miſt, and warded off the Blow,
That was deſign'd him by his valiant Foe.

I of the PLAID could tell a hundred Tales,
Then hear another ſince that Strain prevails.

---

‡ Homer.

The Tale no Records tell, it is ſo old,
It happned in the eaſy Age of Gold,
When am'rous *Jove* Chief of th' *Olympian* Gods,
Pall'd with *Saturnia*, came to our Abodes
A Beauty-hunting; for in theſe ſoft Days,
Nor Gods, nor Men, delighted in a Chace
That would deſtroy, not propagate their Race.
Beneath a Fir-Tree in † *Glentanar*'s Groves,
Where, e'er gay Fabricks roſe, Swains ſung their Loves,
IRIS lay ſleeping in the open Air,
A bright TARTANA vail'd the lovely FAIR;
The wounded God beheld her matchleſs Charms
With earneſt Eyes, and graſp'd her in his Arms,
Soon he made known to her with gaining Skill
His Dignity, and Import of his Will.
Speak thy Deſire, the Divine Monarch ſaid.
Make me a Goddeſs, cry'd the *SCOTIAN* Maid,
Nor let hard Fate bereave me of my PLAID.
Be thou the Hand-maid to my mighty Queen,
Said *JOVE*, *and to the World be often ſeen*

With

† A large Wood in the North of Scotland.

With the celeſtial Bow, and thus appear
Clad with theſe radiant Colours as thy Wear.

Now ſay my MUSE, e'er thou forſake the Field,
What Profit does the PLAID to *SCOTIA* yield,
Juſtly that claims our Love, Eſteem, and Boaſt
Which is produc'd within our native Coaſt:
On our own Mountains grows the Golden Fleece,
Richer than that which *Jaſon* brought to *Greece*;
A beneficial Branch of *ALBION*'s Trade,
And the firſt Parent of the TARTAN PLAID.
Our fair ingenious Ladys Hands prepare
The equal Threeds, and give the Dyes with Care;
Thouſands of Artiſts ſullen Hours decoy
On rattling Looms, and view their Webs with Joy.

May ſhe be curſt to ſtarve in *Frogland Fenns*,
To wear a *Fala* * ragg'd at both the Ends,
Groan ſtill beneath an *antiquated Suit*,
And die a Maid at *fifty five* to boot;

May

* A little ſquare Cloath wove by the Dutch Women.

May she turn *quaggy Fat*, or *crooked Dwarff*,
Be *ridicul'd* while primm'd up in her *Scarff*,
May *Spleen* and *Spite* still keep her on the *Fret*,
And live till she *outlive* her Beauty's Date;
May all this fall, and more than I have said,
Upon that *Wench* who disregards the PLAID.

But with the Sun let ev'ry Joy arise,
And from soft Slumbers lift her happy Eyes;
May blooming Youth be fixt upon her Face,
Till she has seen her fourth, descending Race,
Blest with a Mate with whom she can agree,
And never want the finest of *Bohea*;
May ne'er the *Miser's* Fears make her afraid,
Who joins with me, with me admires the PLAID.
Let bright TARTANA'S henceforth ever shine,
And *CALEDONIAN* GODDESSES enshrine.

FAIR JUDGES to your Censure I submit,
If you allow this POEM to have Wit,
I'll look with Scorn upon these musty Fools,
Who only move by old Worm-eaten Rules:

But

But with th' ingenious if my Labours take,
I wiſh them ten Times better for their Sake:
Who ſhall eſteem this vain are in the wrong,
I'll prove the Moral is prodigious ſtrong:
I hate to trifle, Men ſhould act like Men,
And for their Country only draw their Sword and Pen

Scots Songs.

The happy Lover's Reflections.

THE laſt Time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Pow'rs! What Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd
The beaming Day enſuing,
met betimes my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for wooing.

neath the cooling Shade we lay
Gazing, and chaſtly ſporting;
e kiſs'd and promis'd Time away,
Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.

I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons rore,
Where mortal Steel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me:
Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

In all my Soul there's not one Place
To let a Rival enter;
Since ſhe excells in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor
She ſhall a Lover find me,
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred Bonds ſhall chain
My Heart to her fair Boſom,
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The Laſs of Peattie's *Mill.*

THE Laſs of *Peattie*'s Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In Spite of all my Skill,
She ſtole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay,
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her

Her Arms white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it wou'd give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extaſy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs.

Without the Help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſures at my Will;

I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny She,
The Laſs of *Peattie*'s Mill
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

DELIA.

To the Tune of Green Sleeves.

YE watchful Guardians of the FAIR,
Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
Of my dear DELIA take a Care,
And repreſent her Lover,
With all the Gayety of Youth,
With Honour, Juſtice, Love and Truth,
Till I return, her Paſſions ſooth
For me, in Whiſpers move her.

Be careful no baſe ſordid Slave,
With Soul ſunk in a golden Grave,
Who knows no Virtue but to ſave,
With glaring Gold bewitch her,

Tell

Tell her for me she was design'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more Plenty in my Mind,
Than one who's ten Times richer.

Let all the World turn upside down,
And Fools run an eternal Round,
In Quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain Ambition.
Let little Minds great Charms espy
In Shadows which at Distance ly,
Whose hop'd for Pleasures when come nigh,
Prove nothing in Fruition.

But cast into a Mold Divine,
Fair DELIA does with Lustre shine,
Her virtuous Soul's an ample Mine,
Which yields a constant Treasure.
Let POETS in sublimest Lays,
Imploy their Skill her Fame to raise;
Let Son's of Musick pass whole Days,
With well tun'd Reeds to please her.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April* when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go
To Wilds and deep Glens where the Hawthorn-trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Loves, Ev'ning and Morn;
He ſang with ſo ſoft and inchanting a Sound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unſeen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus ſung, Tho young MAYA be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud Air;
But SUSIE was handſome and ſweetly could ſing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That MADIE in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth;
But SUSIE was faithful, good humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddeſs who ſprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter with all her great Dowr,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſowr:
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet SUSIE his Miſtreſs might be.

NANNY O.

WHILE ſome for Pleaſure pawn their Health
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave my ſelf and wirhout Stealth
Kiſs and careſs my NANNY — O.
She bids more fair t' ingage a JOVE
Than LEDA did or DANAE — O,
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None elſe ſhou'd ſit but NANNY — O.

How joyfully my Spirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely — O,
I gueſs what Heav'n is by her Eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely — O,
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breath in the bleſt *Britannia*,
None's Happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me NANNY — O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny NANNY — O,
My lovely charming NANNY — O.
I care not tho the World know
How dearly I love NANNY — O.

Bonny

Bonny JEAN.

OVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove
Said, CUPID, bend thy Bow with speed,
or let the Shaft at random rove,
r JEANIE's haughty Heart must bleed.
e smiling Boy, with divine Art,
om *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,
hich flew unerring to the Heart,
d kill'd the Pride of bonny JEAN.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
fuses WILLIE's kind Address,
r yielding Blushes shew no Care,
too much Fondness to suppress.
more the Youth is sullen now,
looks the gayest on the Green,
ilst ev'ry Day he spies some new
prising Charms in bonny JEAN.

A Thousand Transports crowd his Breast,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows seem a Jest,
Now when his JEANIE is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with Disdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean,
The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
If absent from his boonny JEAN.

The Day he spends in amrous Gaze,
Which even in Summer shorten'd seems,
When sunk in Downs with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny JEAN.

The Kind Reception.

To the Tune of Auld lang syne.

Hould auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho they return with Scars?
These are the noble Heroe's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome my Varo to my Breast,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each Bough,
A Thousand *Cupids* play,
Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay.
Since your Return the Sun and Moon
With brighter Beams do shine,
Streams murmure soft Notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Deſpiſe the Court and Din of State,
Let that to their Share fall
Who can eſteem ſuch Slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball?
But ſunk in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline,
We'll pleaſe our ſelves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er Moor and Dale with your gay Friend
You may purſue the Chace,
And after a blyth Bottle end
All Cares in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The HEROE pleas'd with the ſweet Air
And Signs of gen'rous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the FAIR,
Bow'd to the Pow'rs above;

Next Day with Conſent and glad Haſte
Th' approach'd the ſacred Shrine,
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt,
And put them out of Pine.

The PENITENT.

To the Tune of the Laſs of *Livingſton.*

PAIN'D with her ſlighting JAMIE's Love,
BELL dropt a Tear, —— BELL dropt a Tear,
The Gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear, —— Well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the Praiſes of the Youth
From her own Tongue, —— From her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus ſhe ſung, —— And thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſt Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
More frank and kind, —— More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But ſpoke their Mind, —— But ſpoke their Mind:

Repent.

Repenting now ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return, —— Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cauſe him mourn, —— Or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deſerving SWAIN,
Yet ſtill thought Shame, —— Yet ſtill thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame, —— To own my Flame?
Why took I Pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy? —— And ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now alas lament
My ſlighted Joy, —— My ſlighted Joy.

Ye FAIR, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Deſire, —— Own your Deſire;
While Love's young Power with his ſoft Wing
Fans up the Fire, —— Fans up the Fire,
O do not with a ſilly Pride,
Or low Deſign, —— Or low Deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy Bride,
But anſwer plain, —— But anſwer plain.

Thus

Thus the FAIR MOURNER wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes, —— With flowing Eyes,
Glad JAMIE heard her all the Time,
With ſweet Surpriſe, —— With ſweet Surpriſe.
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd, —— His Mind unchang'd,
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
I am reveng'd! —— I am reveng'd!

LOVE's CURE.

To the Tune of Peggy I muſt love thee.

AS from a Rock paſt all Relief
The ſhipwrackt COLIN ſpying
His native Home, o'ercome with Grief,
Half ſunk in Waves and dying;
With the next Morning Sun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surpriſe,
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy and waits her Motion:

So

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in PEGGY's Mind and Face,
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But Virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying.
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe our ſelves in ſtaying;
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe,
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, PEGGY, I muſt love thee?

en may be fooliſh if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
figh and ſacrifiſe their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
h was my Caſe for many a Year,
Hope ſucceeding to my Fear;
e BETTY's Charms now diſappear,
ince PEGGY's far out-ſhine them.

ODE.

HENCE every Thing that can
Disturb the Quiet of Man;
Be blyth, my Soul,
In a full Bowl
Drown thy Care,
And repair
The vital Stream:
Since Life's a Dream,
Let Wine abound,
And Healths go round,
We'll sleep more sound,
And let the dull unthinking Mob pursue
Each endless Wish, and still their Toil renew.

Bessy Bell and *Mary Gray.*

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny Lasses,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes,
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

Now Bessy's Hair's like a Lint Tap,
She smiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis'* Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, saft is her Hand,
Her Waste and Feet's fow genty,
With ilka Grace she can command,
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And MARY's Locks are like the Craw,
Her Eye like Diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd-up and braw,
She kills when e'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae gracefou' ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas.*

Dear BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
Ye unco' fair oppreſs us:
Our Fancy's jee between you twae,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND *EDINBURGH KATY.*

NOw wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen
Coming down the Street, my Jo,
My Miſtreſs in her Tartan Screen,
Fow bonny, braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night,
That never wiſht a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O KATY wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome Town a while,
The Bloſſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to ſmile;

The

The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whiſtling Hynd,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nouriſh Health, and glad ye'r Mind,

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burnſide and play,
And gather Flowers to buſk ye'r Brow.
We'll pou the Dazies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the Velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee Piece frae my Father's Towe,
A canny, ſaft and flowry Den,
Which circling Birks has form'd a Bower:
When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauller Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY's ANSWER.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho ſhe did the ſame before me,
I canna get Leave
To look to my Loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher,
Then, SANDY, ye'll fret,
And wyt ye'r poor KATE,
When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

For tho my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his Gear,
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion,
Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

CHRIST's-KIRK ON THE GREEN, IN THREE CANTOS.

Κονσὶδερ ἰτ ἤαριλι ρίδ ἀφτνὴρ θὰν ἔνις,
ὐὶλ ἀτ ἐν βλὶνκ σλὶ πόετρι νὸτ τέν ις.
Γ. Δυγλας.

The Fifth Edition.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for the AUTHOR at the *Mercury*, oppoſite to the Croſs-Well, 1722.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Edition of the first *Canto* is copied from an old Manuscript Collection of *Scots Poems*, written an hundred and fifty years ago; where it is found to be done by King *JAMES* I. Besides its being more correct, the VIII. Stanza was not in Print before; the first but one of the late Edition, being none of the King's, gives place to this.

My second Part having stood its Ground, has engaged me to keep a little more Company with these comical *Characters*, having Gentlemens Health and Pleasure, and the good Manners of the Vulgar in View: The main Design of Comedy being to represent *the Follies and Mistakes of low Life in a just Light*, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are; that each who is a Spectator, may evite his being the Object of Laughter.

Notwithstanding all this my publick spirited Pains, I am well assured there are a few heavy Heads, who will bring down the Thick of their Cheeks to the Sides of their Mouths, and richly stupid, alledge there's something in it have a Meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handsomer in a few Lines to say Something, than talk a great Deal and mean Nothing. Pray, is there any Thing vicious or unbecoming in saying, *Mens Liths and Limbs are souple when intoxi-*

fated? Does it not show, that worse than br
tal excessive Drinking, enervates and unhing
a Man's Constitution, and makes him uncapa
of performing divine, moral, or natural Duti
There is the moral; and, believe me, I cou
raise many useful Notes from every *Charac*
which the Ingenious will presently find out.

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to Faults true Criticks dare not mend;
From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part,
And snatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art.
Po

Further, when I speak of taking the *Test*,
seriously protest I do not mean an Oath of th
Name we all have heard of.------ Likewise
would intreat every News-monger not to offe
to pump Politicks from this Poem: Wou'd an
imagine that the first Part, which was wrot
some hundred Years ago, is the Story of *Sh*
riff-Moor, because *Rob Roy* is named in't; Th
my *Bauld Bess* was ******; and the *Letterg*
the *******. I love them who sometime
find out Wit the Author never mean'd; bu
such *Ignoramus*'s are intolerable.

Any Body that has a Mind to look sour upo
it, may use their Freedom.

Not laugh Beasts, Fishes, Fouls, nor Reptiles can;
That's a peculiar Happiness of Man:
When govern'd with a prudent chearful Grace,
'Tis one of the first Beauties of the Face.

CHRIST

CHRIST's-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

CANTO I.

By KING *JAMES* I.

WAs ne'er in *Scotland* heard or ſeen,
Sic dancing and deray;
Nowther at *Falkland* on the Green,
Nor *Peebles* at the Play,
As was of Woers, as I ween,
At CHRIST's-KIRK on a Day:
There came our *Kitties* waſhen clean,
In new Kirtles of Gray,
Fou gay that Day.

To dance theſe Dameſels them dight,
Thir Laſſes light of Laits,
Their Gloves were of the Raffel right,
Their Shoon were of the Straits;
Their Kirtles were of *Lincome* light,
Well preſt with mony Plaits,
They were ſo nice when Men them nicht,
They ſqueel'd like ony Gaits,
Fou loud that Day.

Of all theſe Maidens mild as Mead,
Was nane ſae jimp as *Gillie*,
As ony Roſe her Rude was red,
Her Lire was like the Lilly:
Fow yellow, yellow was her Head,
But ſhe of Love was ſilly,
Tho a' her Kin had ſworn her dead,
She wald have but ſweet *Willy*,
Alane that Day.

She ſcorned *Jack*, and ſcraped at him,
And murgeon'd him with Mocks;
He wad have loo'd, ſhe wad na let him,
For a' his yellow Locks.
He cheriſht her, ſhe bade gae chat him,
Counted him not twa Clocks;
Sae ſhamefully his ſhort Gown ſet him,
His Legs were like twa Rocks,
Or Rungs that Day.

TAM LUTTER was their Minſtrel meet,
Good Lord how he cou'd lance,
He play'd ſae ſhill, and ſang ſae ſweet,
While *Touſie* took a Trance;
Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleet,
And counterfitted *France*:
He us'd himſelf as Man diſcreet,
And up the Morice Dance
He took that Day.

THEN *Steen* came ſteppand in with Stends,
Nae Rink might him arreſt,
Plaitfoot did bob with mony Bends,
For *Mauſe* he made Requeſt,
He lap till he lay on his Lends,
But riſand was ſae preſt,
While that he hoſtit at baith Ends,
For Honour of the Feaſt,
And danc'd that Day.

SYNE *Robin Roy* began to revel,
And *Dawny* to him rugged:
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and cau'd him Jevel,
And by the Tail him tugged:
The Kenſie cleekit to a Cavel,
But Lord as they twa lugged;
They parted manly on a Nevel:
Men ſay that Hair was rugged,
Between them twa.

Ane bent a Bow, ſic Sturt did ſteer him,
Great Skaith was't to have ſcar'd him,
He cheſit a Flane as did affear him,
Th' other ſaid, *Dirdum, Dardum,*
Throw baith the Cheeks he thought to ſheer him,
Or throw the Arſe have char'd him,
B'ane Akerbraid it came nae neer him,
I canna tell what marr'd him,
Sae wide that Da

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,
And up an Arrow drew,
He forged it ſae furiouſly,
The Bow in Flinders flew:
Sae was the Will of God, trow I,
For had the Tree been true,
Men ſaid, wha kend his Archery,
That he had ſlain a new,
Belyve that Day.

A yap young Man that ſtood him neiſt,
Loos'd aff a Shot with Ire,
He etled the Bairn in at the Breaſt,
The Bolt flew o're the Bire:
Ane cry'd, Fy he has ſlain a Prieſt
A Mile beyond a Mire;
Then Bow and Bag frae him he kieſt,
And fled as fierce as Fire
Frae Flint that Day.

hasty Henzure called *Hary*,
Wha was an Archer hynd,
up a Tackle withoutten tarry,
That Torment sae him tynd;
wanna whether's Hand cou'd vary,
Or the Man was his Friend,
he escap'd throw Mights of *Mary*,
As ane that nae ill meand,
But good that Day.

EN *Laurie* like a Lyon lap,
And soon a Flane can fedder,
hecht to pierce him at the Pap,
Thereon to wed a Wedder:
hit him on the Wame a Wap,
It buff't like ony Bladder;
sae his Fortune was and Hap,
His Doublet made of Leather
Sav'd him that Day.

E Buff sae boisterously abaist him,
He to the Earth dusht down,
tither Man for dead there left him,
And fled out of the Town.
Wives came farth, and up they rest him,
And fand Life in the Loun;
n with three Routs on's Arse they rais'd him,
And cur'd him out of Soun,
Frae Hand that Day.

With Forks and Flails they lent great Slaps,
And flang together like Frigs,
With Bougers of Barns they beft blew Caps,
While they of Bairns made Brigs.
The Rierd raiſe rudely with the Raps,
When Rungs were laid on Riggs,
The Wives came furth wi' Crys and Claps,
See where my Liking liggs,
Fou low this Day.

They girned and let Gird with Grains,
Ilk Goſſip othet griev'd:
Some ſtrake with Stings, ſome gather'd Stains,
Some fled and ill miſchiev'd.
The Minſtrel wan within twa Wains,
That Day he wiſely priev'd,
For he came hame wi' unbruis'd Bains,
Where Fighters were miſchiev'd,
Fou ill that Day.

Heich *Hutchon* with a Hiſill Rice,
To red can throw them rummil;
He maw'd them down like ony Mice,
He was na Baity Bummil:
Tho he was wight, he was na wiſe,
With ſic Jangleurs to jummil;
For frae his Thumb they dang a Slice,
While he cried Barlafumil,
I'm ſlain this Day.

When that he ſaw his Blood ſae red,
To flee might nae Man let him;
He ween'd it had been for auld Feed,
He thought and bade have at him;
He gart his Feet defend his Head,
The far fairer it ſet him,
While he was paſt out of all plead,
He ſoud been ſwift that gat him,
Throw Speed that Day.

The Town Souter in Grief was bowden,
His Wife hang at his Waiſt;
His Body was with Blood a' browden,
He girn'd like ony Ghaiſt:
Her glittering Hair that was ſo gowden,
So haid in Love him laiſt,
That for her Sake he was not yowden,
While he a Mile was chac'd,
And mair that Day.

The Miller was of manly Make,
To meet him was nae Mows;
There durſt na tenſome there him take,
Sae noyted he their Pows:
The Buſhment hale about him brake,
And bickered him wi' Bows;
Syne traitrouſly behind his Back,
They hew'd him on the Howes,
Behind that Day.

Twa that were Headſmen of the Herd
On ither ran like Rams,
They follow'd, ſeeming right unfear'd,
Beat on with Barrow-Trams:
But where their Gabs they were ungear'd,
They gat upon the Gams;
While bloody barkn'd was ilk Beard,
As they had worried Lambs,
Maiſt like that Day.

The Wives kieſt up a hideous Yell,
When all theſe Yonkiers yoked;
As fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts fell,
Frieks to the Fields they flocked:
The Carles with Clubs did others quell
On Breaſts, while Blood out boaked;
Sae rudely rang the common Bell,
That a the Steeple rocked
For Dread that Day.

By this *Tam Tayor* was in's Gear,
When that he heard the Bell,
He ſaid he ſhould make all a ſteer,
When he came there himſel:
He gaed to fight in ſic a Fear,
While to the Ground he fell;
A Wife that hat him on the Ear,
With a great Knocking-mell,
Fell'd him that Day.

When they had b'erd like baited Bulls,
And Brainwood brynt in Bails;
They were as meek as any Mules,
That mangit are with Mails;
For Faintneſs thae forfoughten Fools
Fell down like ſlaughter'd Fails;
Freſh Men came in, and hal'd the Dools,
And dang them down in Dails,
Bedeen that Day.

When a' was done, *Dick* with an Aix
Came furth to fell a Fiddir,
Quoth he, Where are yon hangit Smaiks,
That wad have ſlain my Brither?
His Wife bad him gae hame *Gib Glaicks*,
And ſae did *Meg* his Mither:
He turn'd and gave them baith their Paiks,
For he durſt ding nae ither
But them that Day.

The End of the firſt CANTO.

CHRIST's KIRK ON THE GREEN

CANTO II.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

BUT there had been mair Blood and Skaith,
Sair Harſhip and great Spulie,
And mony a ane had gotten his Death
By this unſonſy Tooly:
But that the bauld Good-wife of *Braith*,
Arm'd wi' a great Kail Gully,
Came Bellyflaught, and loot an Aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly,
Fou faſt that Day.

BLYTH to win aff ſae wi' hale Banes,
Tho mony had clowr'd Pows;
And dragl'd ſae 'mang Muck and Stanes,
They look'd like Wirry-kows:
Quoth ſome, who 'maiſt had tint their Aynds,
Let's ſee how a Bowls rows;
And quat this Brulziement at anes,
Yon Gully is nae Mows,
Forſooth this Day.

QUOTH *Hutchon*, I am well content,
I think we may do war:
Till this Time Toumond Iſe indent
Our Claiths of Dirt will ſa'r:
Wi' Nevels I'm amaiſt fawn faint,
My Chafts are dung a char;
Then took his Bonnet to the Bent,
And daddit aff the Glar,
Fou clean that Day.

TAM TAYLOR wha in Time of Battle
Lay as gin ſome had fell'd him;
Gat up now wi an unco' Rattle,
As nane there durſe a quell'd him:
Bauld *Beſs* flew till him wi' a Brattle,
And ſpite of his Teeth held him
Cloſs by the Craig, and with her fatal
Knife ſhored ſhe wou'd geld him,
For Peace that Day.

Syne a wi' ae Conſent ſhook Hands,
As they ſtood in a Ring;
Some red their Hair, ſome ſet their Bands,
Some did their Sark Tails wring:
Then for a Happ upo' the Sands
They did their Minſtrel bring;
Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands,
At iika blythſome Spring,
Lap high that Day.

CLAUD PEKY was na very blate,
He ſtood nae lang a dreigh;
For by the Wame he gripped *Kate*,
And gar'd her gi'e a Skreigh:
Had aff, quoth ſhe, ye filthy Slate,
Ye ſtink o' Leeks, O figh!
Let gae my Hands, I ſay, be quiet;
And wow gin ſhe was ſkeigh,
And mim that Day.

Now ſettl'd Goſſips ſat, and keen
Did for freſh Bickers birle;
While the young Swankies on the Green
Took round a merry Tirle:
Meg Wallet wi' her pinky Een,
Gart *Lawrie*'s Heart-ſtrings dirle,
And Fouk wad threep that ſhe did green,
For what wad gar her ſkirle
And skreigh ſome Day.

HE manly Miller haff and haff,
Came out to ſhaw good Will,
ng by his Mittens and his Staff,
Cry'd, Gi'e me *Patty*'s-Mill:
e lap Bawk-hight, and cry'd, Had aff;
They rus'd him that had Skill;
e wad do't better, quoth a Caf,
Had he another Gill
Of Uſquebae.

UKTH ſtarted nieſt a penſy Blade,
And out a Maiden took;
hey ſaid that he was *Falkland* bred,
And danced by the Book;
A ſouple Taylor to his Trade,
And when their Hands he ſhook,
Sae them what he got frae his Dad,
Videlicet the Yuke,
To claw that Day.

WHAN a' cry'd out he did ſae well,
He *Meg* and *Beſs* did call up;
The Laſſes babb'd about the Reel,
Gar'd a' their Hurdies wallop,
And ſwat like Pownies whan they ſpeel
Up Braes, or when they gallop,
But a thrawn Knublock hit his Heel,
And Wives had him to hawl up,
Haft fell'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale
Gae'd round when Glouming hous'd them,
The Oſler Wife brought ben good Ale,
And bade the Laſſes rouze them;
Up wi' them Lads, and I'ſe be bail
They'll loo ye ann ye touze them:
Quoth *Gawſie*, this will never fail
Wi' them that this gate woes them,
On ſic a Day.

Syne Stools and Furms were drawn aſide,
And up raiſe *Willy Dadle*,
A ſhort hought Man, but fu' o' Pride,
He ſaid the Fidler play'd ill:
Let's ha'e the Pipes, quoth he, beſide,
Quoth a', That is nae ſaid ill;
He fitted the Floor ſyne wi' the Bride
To *Cuttymun* and *Treeladle*,
Thick, thick that Day.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,
And by ſome Right did claim,
To kiſs and dance wi' *Mauſie Aird*,
A dink and dortie Dame:
But O poor *Mauſe* was aff her guard,
For back-gate frae her Wame,
Beckin, ſhe loor a fearfu' Raird,
That gart her think great Shame,
And bluſh that Day.

LD *Steen* led out *Maggy Forſyth*,
He was her ain Good-brither;
l ilka ane was unco' blyth
To ſee auld Fowk ſae clever,
oth *Jock*, wi' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my Mither?
re my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive,
But ſhe wa'd get anither
Goodman this Day.

AM LUTTER had a muckle Diſh,
And betwiſht ilka Tune,
laid his Lugs in't like a Fiſh,
And ſuckt till it was done;
is Bags were liquor'd to his Wiſh,
His Face was like a Moon;
ut he cou'd get nae Place to piſh
In, but his ain twa Shoon,
For Thrang that Day.

HE *Letter-gae* of haly Rhime,
Sat up at the Boord-head,
nd a' he ſaid was thought a Crime
To contradict indeed:
or in Clerk-Lean he was right prime,
And cou'd baith write and read,
nd drank ſae firm till ne'er a Styme
He cou'd keek on a Bead,
Or Book that Day.

WHEN he was ſtrute, twa ſturdy Chiels,
Be's Oxter, and be's Collar,
Held up frae cowping o' the Creels
The liquid Logick Scholar:
When he came hame his Wife did reel,
And rampage in her Choler,
With that he brake the ſpinning Wh
That coſt a good Rix-dollar,
And mair ſome ſay.

NEAR Bed-time now ilk weary Wight
Was gaunting for his Reſt,
For ſome were like to tyne their Sight,
Wi' Sleep and Drinking ſtreſt.
But ithers that were Stomach tight,
Cry'd out, It was nae beſt
To leave a Supper that was dight,
To *Brownies* or a Ghaiſt,
To eat or Day.

ON whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,
On them ſtood mony a Goan,
Some fill'd wi' Brachan, ſome wi' Kail,
And Milk hett frae the Loan.
Of Daintiths they had Rowth and Wale,
Of which they were right fon;
But Naithing wad gae down but Ale,
Wi' drunken *Donald Don*,
The Smith that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,
And twa good Junts of Beef,
Wi' hind and fore Spaul of a Sheep,
Drew Whitles frae ilk Sheath:
Wi' Gravie a their Beards did dreep,
They kempit with their Teeth,
Kebbuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep
Its lane pat on the Sheaf,
In Stous that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
Her left Leg Ho was flung;
And *Geordie Gib* was fidgen glad,
Becauſe it hit *Jean Gun*.
She was his Jo, and aft had ſaid,
Fy, *Geordie*, had your Tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
But chang'd her Mind when bung,
That very Day.

Tehee! quoth *Touzie*, when ſhe ſaw
The Cathel coming ben,
It pypin hett gae'd round them a',
The Bride ſhe made a ſen,
To ſit in Wyliecoat ſae braw,
Upon her nether En,
Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,
That meets a Glockin Hen,
And blyth were they.

The Souter, Miller, Smith and *Dick*,
Lawrie and *Hutchen* bauld,
Carles that kept nae very ſtrict
Be Hours, tho they were auld;
Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,
But whare good Ale was ſald,
They drank a' Night, e'en tho *Auld Nick*
Shou'd tempt their Wives to ſcald
Them for't neiſt Day,

Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or ſeen
Sic Banqueting and Drinkin,
Sic Reveliing, and Battles keen,
Sic Dancing, and ſic Jinkin,
And unko Wark that fell at Een,
When Laſſes were haff winkin,
They loſt their Feet and baith their Een,
And Maidenheads gae'd linkin
Aff a that Day,

The End of the ſecond Canto.

CHRIST's-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

CANTO III.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

NOw frae East Nook o' *Fife* the Dawn
Speel'd Westlins up the Lift,
Carles wha heard the Cock had crawn,
Begoud to rax and rift,
And greedy Wives wi' girning thrawn,
Cry'd, Lasses up to Thrift;
Dogs barked, and the Lads frae Hand,
Bang'd to their Breeks like Drift,
Be Break of Day,

But ſome wha had been ſow Yeſtreen,
Sic as the *Lettergae*,
Air up had nae will to be ſeen,
Grudgin their Groat to pay.
But what aft friſted's no forgeen,
When Fowk has nought to ſay;
Yet ſweer were they to rake their Een,
Sic dizy Heads had they,
And hett that Day.

Be that Time it was fair foor Days,
As fou's the Houſe cou'd pang,
To ſee the young Fouk or they raiſe,
Goſſips came in ding dang,
And wi' a Soſs aboon the Claiths,
Ilk ane their Gifts down flang;
Twall Toop Horn Spoons down *Maggy* lays,
Baith muckle mow'd and lang,
For Kale or Whey.

Her Aunt a Pair of Tangs fuſh in,
Right bauld ſhe ſpake and ſpruce,
Gin your Goodman ſhall make a Din,
And gable like a Gooſe,
Shorin whan fou to skelp ye're Skin
Thir Tangs may be of Uſe;
Lay them enlang his Pow or Shin,
Wha wins ſyn may make Rooſe,
Between you twa.

Auld

ULD *Beſſie* in her red Coat braw,
Came wi' her ain Oe *Nanny*,
n odd like Wife, they ſaid that ſaw,
A moupin runkled Granny,
e fley'd the Kimmers ane and a',
Word gae'd ſhe was na kanny;
Nor wad they let Lucky awa,
Till ſhe was burnt wi' Branny,
Like mony mae.

STEEN freſh and faſtin mang the reſt
Came in to get his Morning,
Speer'd gin the Bride had tane the *Teſt*,
And how ſhe loo'd her Corning?
She leugh as ſhe had fund a Neſt,
Said, Let a be ye'r Scorning.
Quoth *Roger*, Fegs I've done my beſt
To gi'er a Charge of Horning,
As well's I may.

KIND *Cirſh* was there, a kanty Laſs,
Black Ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny;
Right well red up and jimp ſhe was,
And Wooers had fow mony:
I wat na how it came to paſs,
She cutled in wi' *Jonnie*,
And tumbling wi' him on the Graſs,
Dung a' her Cockernonny
A Jee that Day.

But *Mauſe* begrutten was and bleer'd,
Look'd thowleſs, dowf and ſleepy;
Auld *Maggie* kend the Wyt, and ſneer'd,
Caw'd her a poor daft Heepy;
'Tis a wiſe Wife that kens her Wierd,
What tho ye mount the Creepy,
There a good Leſſon may be lear'd,
And what the war will ye be
To ſtand a Day.

Or Bairns can read, they firſt maun ſpell,
I learn'd this frae my Mammy;
And cooſt a Legen-Girth my ſell,
Lang or I married *Tammie*;
Iſe warrand ye have a heard tell
Of bonny *Andrew Lammy*,
Stifly in Loove wi' me he fell,
As ſoon as e'er he ſaw me:
That was a Day.

Hait Drink, frúſh butter'd Cakes and Cheeſe,
That held their Hearts aboon,
Wi' Clatſhes mingled aft wi' Lies,
Drave aff the hale Forenoon:
But after Dinner, ann ye pleaſe
To weary not o'er ſoon,
We down to E'ning Edge wi' Eaſe
Shall loup, and ſee what's done
I'the Dowp o'the Day.

ow what the Friends wad fain been at,
They that were right true blue,
s e'en to get their Wyfons wat,
And fill young *Roger* fou:
the bauld Billy took his Maut,
And was right ſtiff to bou;
fairly gae them Tit for Tat,
And ſcour'd aff Healths anew,
Clean out that Day.

Creel bowt fou of muckle Stains
They clinked on his Back,
try the Pith o's Rigg and Reins,
They gart him cadge this Pack.
w as a Sign he had tane Pains,
His young Wife was na ſlack,
rin and eaſe his Shoulder Bains,
And ſneg'd the Raips fou ſnack,
We'er Knife that Day.

NE the blyth Carles Tooth and Nail,
Fell keenly to the Wark;
eaſe the Gantrees of the Ale,
And try wha was maiſt ſtark;
l Boord and Floor, and a' did fail,
Wi' ſpilt Ale i'the Dark;
t *Jock's* Fit ſlde, and like a Fail
Play'd dad, and dang the Bark
Aff's Shins that Day.

The Souter, Miller, Smith and *Dick*,
Et cet'ra, cloſs ſat cockin,
Till waſted was baith Caſh and Tick,
Sae ill were they to ſlocken;
Gane out to piſh in Gutters thick,
Some fell, and ſome gae'd rockin,
Sawny hang ſneering on his Stick,
To ſee bauld *Hutchon* bockin
Rainbows that Day.

The *Smith*'s Wife her black Deary ſought,
And fand him Skin and Birn;
Quoth ſhe, This Day's Wark's be dear bought,
He ban'd, and gae a Girn,
Ca'd her a Jade, and ſaid ſhe mught
Gae hame and ſcum her Kirn,
Whiſht Ladren, for gin ye ſay ought
Mair, I'ſe wind ye a Pirn
To reel ſome Day.

Ye'll wind a Pirn! Ye ſilly Snool,
Wae-worth ye'r drunken Saul!
Quoth ſhe, and lap out o'er a Stool,
And claught him be the Spaul;
He ſhook her, and ſware muckle Dool
Ye's thole for this ye Scaul;
I'ſe rive frae aff ye'r Hips the Hool,
And learn ye, to be baul
On ſic a Day.

Your Tippanizing, ſcant o' Grace,
Quoth ſhe, gars me gang duddy;
Our Nibour *Pate* ſin break o' Day's
Been thumpin at his Studdy,
Ann it be true that ſome Fouk ſays,
Ye'll girn yet in a Woody;
Syne wi' her Nails ſhe rave his Face,
Made a' his black Baird bloody
Wi' Scarrs that Day.

A Gilpy that had ſeen the Faught,
I wat he was nae lang,
Till he had gather'd ſeven or aught
Wild Hempies ſtout and ſtrang;
They frae a Barn a Kaber raught,
Ann mounted wi' a Bang,
Betwiſht twa's Shouders, and ſat ſtraught
Upon't, and rade the Stang
On her that Day.

The Wives and Gytlings a' ſpang'd out
O'er Middings and o'er Dykes,
Wi' mony ane unco Skirl and Shout,
Like Bumbees frae their Bykes;
Thro thick and thin they ſcour'd about,
Plaſhin thro Dubs and Sykes,
And ſic a Rierd rang thro the Rout,
Gart a' the hale Town Tykes
Yamph loud that Day.

But d'ye ſee ſou better bred
Was mensfou *Maggy Murdy*,
She her Man like a Lamy led
Hame, wi' a well wail'd Wordy,
Faſt frae the Company he fled,
As he had tane the Sturdy;
She fletch'd him fairly to his Bed,
Wi' ca'ing him her Burdy,
Kindly that Day.

But *Lawrie* he took out his Nap
Upon a Mow of Peaſe,
And *Robin* ſpew'd in's ain Wife's Lap,
He ſaid it ga'e him Eaſe.
Hutchon wi' a' three lugged Cap,
His Head bizzin wi' Bees,
Hit *Geordy* a miſluſhis Rap,
And brake the Brig o's Noeſe
Right fair that Day.

Syne ilka Thing gae'd Arſe o'er Head,
Chanlers, Boord, Stools and Stoups,
Flew thro the Houſe wi' muckle Speed,
And there was little Hopes
But there had been ſome ill done Deed,
They gat ſic thrawart Cowps;
But a' the Skaith that chanc'd indeed,
Was only on their Dowps,
Wi' Fa's that Day.

Baa whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
Till a' their Senſe was ſmor'd;
And in their Maws there was nae Mank;
Upon the Furms ſome ſnor'd:
Ithers frae aff the Bunkers ſank,
Wi' Een like Collops ſcor'd:
Some ram'd their Nodles wi' a Clank,
E'en like a thick ſcul'd Lord,
On Poſts that Day.

The young Good-man to Bed did clim,
His Dear the Door did lock in;
Crap down beyont him, and the Rim
O 'er Wame he clap'd his Dock on:
She ſaid her Lad was not in Trim,
And be this ſame good Token,
That ilka Member, Lith and Limb,
Was ſouple like a Doken,
'Bout him that Day.

The End of the third Canto.

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THE CRIBLERS LASH'D

You write Pindaricks and be d----n'd,
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;
None with thy Nonſenſe will be ſham'd,
But Chamber-Maids and Butlers.
In t'other World expect dry Blows,
No Tears ſhall wipe thy Stains out;
Horace *ſhall pluck thee by the Noſe,*
And Pindar *beat thy Brains out.*

T. Brown to D'urfy.

EDINBURGH:
ed in the Year M. DCC. XXIII.

The SCRIBLERS *lash'd.*

THAT I thus proſtitute my MUSE
On Theme ſo low, may gain Excuſe;
When following Motives ſhall be thought on,
Which has this dogrel Fury brought on.

n call'd in Honour to protect
he FAIR, when tret with Diſreſpect:
ſides, a Zeal tranſports my Soul,
hich no Conſtraint can e'er controul;
Service of the Government,
o draw my Pen, and Satyr vent,
gainſt vile Mungrels of *Parnaſſus*,
ho through Impunity oppreſs us.
is to correct this ſcribling Crew,
ho as in former Reigns, ſo now
orment the World, and load our Time
ith Jargon cloath'd in wretched Rhime,
iſgrace of Numbers! Earth! I hate them!
nd as they merit, ſo I'll treat them.

And first, these ill bred Things I lash,
The hated Authors of that Trash,
In publick spread with little Wit,
Much Malice, rude and bootless Spite,
Against the Sex, who have no Arms,
To shield them from insulting Harms;
Except the Light'ning of their Eye,
Which none but such blind Dolts defy.

Ungen'rous War! attack the Fair:
But Ladies fear not, ye're the Care
Of every Wit of true Descent,
At once their Song and Ornament:
They'll ne'er neglect the lovely Crowd:
But spite of all the Multitude
Of scribbling Fops, assert your Cause,
And execute *Apollo*'s Laws:
Apollo, who the Bard inspires
With softest Thoughts and Heav'nly Fires;
Than whom in all the Earth there's no Man
More complaisant to a fine Woman.
Such Veneration mixt with Love,
Points out a Poet from above:

But *Zanny*'s void of Senſe or Merit,
Love, Fire, or Fancy, Wit or Spirit:
Weak, frantick, clowniſh, and chagreen,
Pretending prompt by zealous Spleen,
T'affront your Head-dreſs, or your Bone-Fence,
Make Printer's Preſſes groan with Nonſenſe:
But while SOL's Offspring lives, aſſoon
Shall they pull down his Siſter Moon.

THEY with low incoherent Stuff,
Dark Senſe, or none, Lines lame and rough,
Without a Thought, Air or Addreſs,
All the whole Logerhead confeſs.
From clouded Notions in the Brain,
They ſcrible in a cloudy Strain:
Deſire of Verſe they reckon Wit,
And rhime without one Grain of it.
Then hurry forth in publick Town
Their Scrawls, leſt they ſhould be unknown:
Rather than want a Fame they chooſe
The Plague of an infamous MUSE.
Unthinking, thus the Sots aſpire,
And raiſe their own Reproach the higher:
By meddling with the Modes and Faſhions
Of Women of politeſt Nations.

Perhaps

Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,
That in their Spirit ſomething bold is,
To challenge thoſe who have the Skill,
By Charms to ſave, and Frowns to kill.

If not Ambition, then 'tis Spite,
Which makes the Puny Inſects write;
Like old and mouldy Maids turn'd ſowr,
When diſtant Charms have loſt their Pow'r,
Fly out in loud Tranſports of Paſſion,
When ought that's new comes firſt in Faſhion;
'Till by Degrees it creeps right ſnodly
On Hips and Head-dreſs of the g——!
Thus they to pleaſe the ſighing Sifters,
Who often beet them in their miſters,
With their malicious Breath ſet ſail,
And write theſe ſilly Things they rail:
Pimps! Such as you can ne'r extend
A Flight of Wit, which may amend
Our Morals; that's a Plot too nice
For you to laugh Folks out of Vice.
Sighing Oh hey! Ye cry alace!
This Fardingale's a great Diſgrace!
And all indeed, becauſe an Ancle,
Or Foot is ſeen, might Monarchs manc'e:

And makes the Wife, with Face upright,
Look up, and bleſs Heav'n for their Sight.

In your Opinion nothing matches,
O horrid Sin! the Crime of Patches!
Tis falſe, ye Clowns! I'll make't appear,
The glorious Sun does Patches wear:
Yea, run thro' all the Frame of Nature,
You'll find a Patch for every Creature:
Even you your ſelves, ye blackned Wretches,
To *Heliconians* are the Patches.

But grant the Ladies Modes were Ills
To be reform'd; your creeping Skills,
Ye *Rymers* never would ſucceed,
Who write what the Polite ne'er read.
To cure an Error of the FAIR,
Demands the niceſt prudent Care;
Wit utter'd in a pleaſant Strain,
A Point ſo delicate may gain:
But that's a Task as far above
Your ſhallow Reach, as I'm from JOVE.

No more then let the World be vexed,
With Baggage empty and perplexed:

But

But learn to ſpeak with due Reſpect,
Of *PEGGIE*'s Breaſts, and Ivory Neck:
Such purblind Eyes as yours, 'tis true,
Shou'd ne'er ſuch ſhining BEAUTIES view.
If *NELLIE*'s Hoop be twice as was Wide,
As her two pretty Limbs can ſtride:
What then? Will any Man of Senſe
Take Umbrage, or the leaſt Offence,
At what even the moſt modeſt may
Expoſe to *Phebus* brighteſt Ray?
Does not the handſome of our City,
The Pious, Chaſte, the Kind and Witty,
Who can afford it, great and ſmall,
Regard well ſhapen Fardingale?
And will you, *Mag-pyes*, make a Noiſe,
You grumble at the Lady's Choice!
Pray leav't to them, and Mothers wiſe,
Who watch their Conduct, Mien and Guiſe,
To ſhape their Weeds as fits their Eaſe;
And place their Patches as they pleaſe.
This ſhou'd be granted without grudging,
Since we all know they're beſt at judging,
What from Mankind demands Devotion,
In Geſture, Garb, free Airs, and Motion.

ut you! unworthy of my Pen!
nworthy to be claſs'd with Men!
aſte to *Caffar*, ye clumſy Sots,
nd there make Love to *Hottentots*.

Another Sett with *Ballads* waſte
ur Paper, and debauch our Taſte
ith endleſs 'larms on the Street,
here Crowds of circling Rabble meet.
e Vulgar judge of Poetry,
what theſe Hawkers ſing and cry;
, ſome who claim to Wit amiſs,
not diſtinguiſh *that* from *this*.
nce POETS are accounted now
SCOTLAND a mean empty Crew;
oſe Heads are craz'd, who ſpend their Time,
that poor wretched Trade of *Rhime*.
all the learn'd diſcerning Part
Mankind own the heav'nly Art
s much diſtant from ſuch Traſh,
ay'd *Dutch* Coin from *Sterling* Caſh.

thers in lofty Nonſenſe write;
mprehenſible's their Flight;

Such magick Pow'r is in their Pen,
They can beſtow on worthleſs Men
More Virtue, Merit and Renown,
Than ever they cou'd call their own.
They write with arbitrary Power,
And Pity 'tis they ſhou'd fall lower;
Or ſtoop to Truth, or yet to meddle
With common Senſe. For Crambo diddle.

But none of all the rhiming Herd
Are more encourag'd and rever'd
By heavy Souls to their's ally'd,
Than ſuch who tell who lately dy'd.
No ſooner is the Spirit flown,
From its Clay-Cage, to Lands unknown,
Than ſome raſh Hackney gets his Name,
And thro' the Town laments the ſame:
An honeſt Burgeſs cannot dy,
But they muſt weep in Elegy;
Even while the virtuous Soul is ſoaring
Thro' middle Air, he hears it roaring.

Theſe Ills, and many more Abuſes,
Which plague Mankind, and vex the MUSES,

On Pain of Poverty ſhall ceaſe,
And all the FAIR ſhall live in Peace:
And every one ſhall dy contented,
Happy when not by them lamented.
For great *APOLLO*, in his Name,
Has order'd me thus to proclaim:
" FORASMUCHAS a grov'ling Crew,
" With narrow Mind, and brazen Brow,
" Wou'd fain to Poets Title mount,
" And with vile Maggots rub Affront
" On an old Virtuoſo Nation,
" Where our lov'd Nine maintain their Station:
" We order ſtrict that all refrain
" To write, who Learning want, and Brain;
" Pedants, with *Hebrew* Roots o'ergrown,
" Learn'd in each Language but their own.
" Each ſpiritleſs half ſtarving Sinner,
" Who knows not how to get his Dinner:
" Dealers in ſmall Ware, Clinks, Whim Whams,
" Acroſticks, Puns, and Anagrams;
" And all who their Productions grudge,
" To be canvaſt by skilful Judge,
" Who can find out indulgent Trip,
" Whilſt 'tis in harmleſs Manuſcript.

" But

" But to all them who disobey,
" And jog on still in their own Way;
" Be't kend to all Men, that OUR WILL is,
" Since all they wirite so wretched ill is;
" They must dispatch their shallow Ghosts,
" To *Pluto*'s Jakes, and take their Posts;
" There to attend, 'till *Dis* shall deign
" To use their Works; the Use is plain.

Now know, ye Scoundrels, if ye stand
To Humph and Ha at this Command,
The Furies have prepar'd a Halter,
To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,
Through Bogs and Moors, like Rats and Mice,
Pursu'd with Hunger, Rags and Lice,
If e'er ye dare again to Croak,
And God of Harmony provoke.
Wherefore pursue some Craft for Bread,
Where Hands may better serve than Head;
Nor ever hope in Verse to shine,
Or share in *HOMER*'s Fate or ——.

CONTENT.

A

POEM.

Virtue was taught in Verse, and Athens' *Glory rose.*

PRIOR.

EDINBURGH:

Printed in the YEAR M. D. CC. XXIII.

A POEM.

PRIOR.

EDINBURGH:

printed in the YEAR M.D.CC.XXIII.

CONTENT.

A POEM.

WHEN genial Beams wade thro' the dewy Morn,
And from the Clod invite the ſprouting Corn;
When chequer'd Green, wing'd Muſick, new blown Scents,
Conſpir'd to ſooth the Mind, and pleaſe each Senſe:
Then down a ſhady Haugh I took my Way,
Delighted with each Flower and budding Spray;

Muſing

Musing on all that Hurry, Pain and Strife,
Which flow from the phantastick Ills of Life.
Enlarg'd from such Distresses of the Mind,
Due Gratitude to Heav'n my Thoughts refin'd,
And made me in the laughing † SAGE's Way,
As a mere Farce, the murm'ring World survey;
Finding imagin'd Maladies abound,
Tenfold for One which gives a real Wound.

Godlike is he whom no false Fears annoy,
Who lives CONTENT, and grasps the present Joy;
Whose Mind is not with wild Convulsions rent
Of Pride, and Avarice, and Discontent;
Whose well train'd Passions, with a pious Aw,
Are all subordinate to Reason's Law:
Then smooth CONTENT arises like the Day,
And makes each rugged Phantom flee away.
To lowest Men she gives a lib'ral Share
Of solid Bliss, she mitigates our Care,
Enlarging Joys, administrating Health;
The rich Man's Pleasure and the poor Man's Wealth;

A

† Democritus

Train of Comforts on her Nod attend;
nd to her Sway Profits and Honour bend.

Hail, bleſt CONTENT! who art by Heav'n deſign'd
rent of Health and Chearfulneſs of Mind.
rene CONTENT ſhall animate my Song,
nd make th' immortal Numbers ſmooth and ſtrong.

SILENUS, thou whoſe hoary Beard and Head
xperience ſpeak, and Youth's Attention plead,
tail thy gather'd Knowledge, and diſcloſe
hat State of Life enjoys the moſt Repoſe.
us I addreſt: —— And thus the ancient Bard; ——
ſt to no State of Life fix thy Regard.
l Mortals may be happy if they pleaſe,
ot rack'd with Pain, nor lingering Diſeaſe;

MIDAS the Wretch, wrapt in his patched Rags;
ith empty Paunch, ſits brooding o'er his Bags;
eager his Look, his Mind in conſtant Fright,
Winds but move his Windows in the Night;
Dogs ſhou'd bark, or but a Mouſe make Din,
ſweats and ſtarts, and thinks the Thief's got in:

His Sleep forſakes him 'till the Dawn appears,
Which ev'ry Thing but ſuch a Caitiff chears;
It gives him Pain to buy a-FarthingLight,
He jumps at Home in Darkneſs all the Night.
What makes him manage with ſuch cautious Pain?
'Twould break a Sum a Farthing ſpent ſo vain!
If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when ſome needful Man
Gives Ten *per cent* with an inſuring Pawn.
Tho he's provided in as much would ſerve
Whole *Neſtor*'s Years, he ever fears to ſtarve.
Tell him of Alms, alace! he'd rather chuſe
Damnation, and the promis'd Bliſs refuſe.
——— *And is there ſuch a Wretch beneath the Sun?* ———
Yes, he return'd, Thouſands inſtead of one,
To whom CONTENT is utterly unknown. ———
Are all the rich Men ſuch? ——— He anſwer'd, No;
MARCUS hath Wealth, and can his Wealth beſtow
Upon himſelf, his Friends, and on the Poor,
Enjoys enough, and wiſhes for no more.

Reverſe of theſe, is he who braves the Skie,
Curſing his Maker when he throws the Die;

God,

Gods, Devils, Furies, Hell, Heaven, Blood and Wounds,
Promiscuous fly in Bursts of rainted Sounds:
He to Perdition doth his Soul bequeath,
Yet inly trembles when he thinks of Death.
Except at Game, he ne'er imploys his Thought
Til hiss'd and pointed at, —— not worth a Groat.
The desp'rate Remnant of a large Estate
Goes at one Throw, and points his gloomy Fate,
He finds his Folly now, but finds too late.
Ill brooks my fondl'd Master to be poor,
Bred up to nought but Bottle, Game, and Whore!
How pitiful he looks with out his Rent!
They who fly Virtue, ever fly CONTENT.

Now I beheld the SAGE look'd less severe,
Whilst Pity join'd his old Satyrick Lear.
The weakly Mind, said he, is quickly torn,
Men are not Gods, some Frailties must be born:
Heaven's bounteous Hand all in their Turn abuse,
The happiest Men at Times their Fate refuse,
Befool themselves, —— and trump up an Excuse.

Is *LUCIUS* but a Subaltern of Foot?
His Equal *GALLUS* is a Coronet.

STERILLA ſhuns a Goſſiping, and why?
The teeming Mother fills her with Envy.
The pregnant Matron's Grief as much prevails,
Some of the Children always ſomethings ails:
One Boy is ſick, t'other has broke his Head,
And Nurſe is blam'd when little Miſs is dead.

A Dutcheſs on a Velvet Couch reclin'd,
Blabs her fair Cheeks till ſhe is almoſt blind;
Poor *Phili*'s Death the briny Pearls demands,
Who ceaſes now to ſnarl and lick her Hands.

The Politicians, who in learn'd Debates,
With Penetration carve out Kingdoms Fates,
Look ſowr, drink Coffee, ſhrug, and read Gazettes:
Deep ſunk in Craft of State their Souls are loſt,
And all their Hopes depend upon the Poſt:
Each Mail that's due they curſe the contrair Wind,
'Tis ſtrange if this Way Men CONTENTMENT find.

Tho' old, their Humours I am yet to learn,
Who vex themſelves in what they've no Concern.

NINNY the glaring Fop, who always runs
In Tradeſmen's Books, which makes the carefull Duns
Often e'er Ten to break his ſlumb'ring Reſt
Whilſt with their craving Clamours he's oppreſt;
He frames Excuſes 'till his Cranny akes,
Then thinks he juſtly damns the curſed Snakes.
The diſappointed Dun with as much Ire,
Both threats and curſes, till his Breaſt's on Fire:
Then home he goes, and pours it on his Houſe,
His Servants, ſuffer oft, and oft his Spouſe.

Some groan thro' Life amidſt a Heap of Cares,
To load with too much Wealth their lazy Heirs:
The lazy Heir turns all to Ridicule,
And all his Life proclaims his Father Fool.
He toils in ſpending ——— leaves a Threed-bare Son,
To ſcrape anew, as had his Grandſire done.

How is the fair *MYRTILLA*'s Boſom fir'd,
If *LEDA*'s fable Locks are more admir'd;

While LEDA dries her secret Sighs discharge,
Because her Mouth's a Straw-breadth, ah! too large.

Thus sung the Sire, and left me to evite
The scorching Beams in some cool green Retreat,
Where gentle Slumber seiz'd my weary'd Brain,
And mimick Fancy op'd the following Scene.

Methought I stood upon a rising Ground,
A splendid Landskip open'd all around,
Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, Gardens, Parks and Woods,
And Domes, which hid their Turrets in the Clouds;
To me approach'd a Nymph divinely fair,
Celestial Virtue shone through all her Air:
A Nymph for Grace, her Wisedom more renown'd
Adorn'd each Grace, and both true Valour crown'd.
Around her heav'nly Smiles a Helmet blaz'd,
And graceful as she mov'd, a Spear she gently rais'd.
My Sight at first the Lustre scarce could bear,
Her dazling Glories shone so strong and clear;
A Majesty sublime, with all that's sweet,
Did Adoration claim, and Love invite.
I felt her Wisedom's Charm my Thoughts inspire,
Her dauntless Courage set my Soul on Fire.

The

The Maid, when thus I knew, I soon addreſt,
My preſent wiſhful Thoughts the Theme ſuggeſt
Of all th' etherial Powers thou nobleſt Maid,
To humane Weakneſs lend'ſt the readieſt Aid:
To where CONTENT and her bleſt Train reſide,
Immortal *PALLAS*, deign to be my Guide.
With my Requeſt well pleas'd, our Courſe we bent,
To find the Habitation of CONTENT.

Thro' fierce *BELLONA*'s Tents we firſt advanc'd,
Where Cannons bounc'd, and nervous Horſes pranc'd:
Here *Vi & armis* ſat with dreadful Aw,
And daring Front, to prop each Nation's Law:
Attending Squadrons on her Motions wait,
Array'd in Deaths, and fearleſs of their Fate.
Here Chiftain Souls glow'd with as great a Fire,
As his who made the World but one Empire.
Even in low Ranks brave Spirits might be found,
Who wanted nought of Monarchs but a Crown.
But ah! Ambition ſtood a Foe to Peace,
Shaking the empty Fob and ragged Fleece;
Which were more hideous to theſe Sons of War,
Than Brimſtone, Smoak, and Storms of Bullets are.

Here

Here, said my Guide, CONTENT is rarely found,
When Blood and noisy Jars beset the Ground.

Trade's wealthy Warehouse next fell in our Way,
Where in great Bales Part of each Nation lay,
The *Spanish* Citron, and *Hesperia*'s Oil,
Persia's soft Product, and the *Chinese* Toil;
Warm *Borneo*'s Spices, *Arab*'s scented Gum,
The *Polish* Amber, and the *Saxon* Mum;
The *Orient* Pearl, *Holland*'s Lace and Toys,
And tinsie Work, which the fair Nun imploys,
From *India* Iv'ry, and the clouded Cane,
And Cocheneal from Straits of *Magellan*.
The *Scandinavian* Rosin, Hemp and Tar,
The *Lapland* Furs, and *Russia*'s Caviare,
The *Gallick* Punchion charg'd with rubby Juice,
Which makes the Hearts of Gods and Men rejoice.
Britannia here pours from her plenteous Horn,
Her shining Mirrours, Clock-Work, Cloaths and Corn.
Here *cent per cents* sat poring o'er their Books,
While many shew'd the Bankrupts in their Looks,
Who by Mis-management their Stocks had spent,
Curs'd these hard Times and blam'd the Government.

The

The missive Letter, and peremptor Bill,
Forbade them rest, and call'd forth all their Skill.
Uncertain Credit bore the Scepter here,
And her prime Ministers were Hope and Fear.
The surly Chusts demanded what we sought,
CONTENT, said I, may she with Gold be bought?
CONTENT! said one, then star'd and bit his Thumb,
And leering ask'd, if I was worth a † Plumb.

Love's fragrant Fields, where mildest western Gales,
Loaden with sweets, perfume the Hills and Dales,
Where longing Lovers haunt the Streams and Glades,
And cooling Groves, whose Verdure never fades;
Thither with Joy and hasty Steps we strode,
There sure I thought our long'd for Bliss abode.
Whom first we met on that enchanted Plain,
Was a tall yellow hair'd young pensive Swain;
Him I address't —— "O Youth, what heavenly Power
"Commands and graces yon *Elysian* Bower?
"Sure 'tis CONTENT, else I am much deceiv'd,
The Shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I rav'd.

† 100000 Lib.

Rare she appears, unless on some fine Day
She grace a Nuptial, but soon hastes away:
If her you seek, soon hence you must remove,
Her Presence is precarious in Love.

Thro' these and other Shrines we wander'd long,
Which merit not Description in my Song,
Till at the last, me thought we cast our Eye
Upon an antique Temple square and high,
Its Area wide, its Spire did pierce the Sky;
On Adamantine *Dorick* Pilars rear'd,
Strong *Gothick* Work the massy Pile appear'd:
Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,
Which pleas'd the Eye at once, and fill'd the Mind.
Whilst Wonder did my curious Thoughts engage,
To us approach'd a studious rev'rend Sage;
Both Aw and Kindness his grave Aspect bore,
Which spoke him rich with Wisdom's finest Store.
He ask'd our Errand there,——Straight I repli'd,
"CONTENT: In these high Towers does she reside?
Not far from hence, said he, her Palace stands,
Ours she regards, as we do her Demands.

Philosophy sustains her peaceful Sway,
And in Return she feasts us ev'ry Day.
Then straight an antient Telescope he brought,
By SOCRATES and EPICTETUS wrought,
Improved since, made easier to the Sight,
Lengthen'd the Tube, the Glasses ground more bright;
Through this he shew'd a Hill, whose lofty Brow
Enjoy'd the Sun, while Vapours all below
In pitchy Clouds, encircled it around,
Where Phantoms of most horrid Forms abound;
The ugly Brood of lazy Spleen and Fear,
Frightful in Shape, most monstruous appear.
Then thus my Guide, ——————
Your Way lyes through yon Gloom, be not agast,
Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past:
Mere empty Spectres, harmless as the Air,
Which merit not your Notice, less your Care.
Encourag'd with her Word, I thus addrest
My noble Guide, and grateful Joy expreſt:
O sacred WISDOM! thine's the Source of Light,
Without thy Blaze the World would grope in Night;
Of Woe and Bliss thou only art the Test,
Falshood and Truth before thee stand confest;

" Thou mak'ſt a double Life. One Nature gave,
" But without thine, what is it Mortals have?
" A breathing Motion grazing to the Grave.

Now through the Damps methought we boldly went,
Smiling at all the Grins of Diſcontent:
Tho oft pull'd back, the riſing Ground we gain'd,
Whilſt inward Joy my weary'd Limbs ſuſtain'd:
Arriv'd the Height, whoſe Top was large and plain,
And what appear'd ſoon recompens'd my Pain,
Nature's whole Beauty deck'd the enamell'd Scene.

Amidſt the Glade the ſacred Palace ſtood,
The Architecture not ſo fine as good,
Nor ſcrimp, nor gouſty, regular and plain,
Plain were the Columns which the Roof ſuſtain;
An eaſy Greatneſs in the whole was found,
Where all that Nature wanted did abound.
But here no Beds are ſcreen'd with rich Brocade,
Nor Fewel Logs in Silver Grates are laid:
No broken *China* Bowls diſturb the Joy,
Of waiting Hand-maid or the running Boy;
Nor in the Cupboard Heaps of Plate are rang'd,
To be with each ſplenetick Faſhion chang'd.

A weather-beaten Sentry watch'd the Gate,
Of Temper cross, and practis'd in Debate;
Till once acquaint with him, no Entry here,
Tho brave as *CESAR*, or as *HELEN* fair:
To Strangers fierce, but with Familiars tame,
And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his Name.

This fair Inscription shone above the Gate,
Fear none but him whose Will directs thy Fate.
With Smile austere he lifted up his Head,
Pointed the Characters, and bid us read.
We did, and stood resolv'd. The Gates at last
Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

Each Day a Herauld, by the QUEEN's Commaud,
Was order'd on a Mount to take his Stand,
And thence to all the Earth this Offer make,
" Who are inclin'd her Favours to partake,
" Shall have them free, if they small Rubs can bear,
" Of Disappointment, Spleen and bug-bear Fear.

Rais'd on a Throne within the outer Gate,
The GODESS sat, her Vot'ries round her wait:
The beautiful DIVINITY disclos'd
Sweetness sublime, which rougheſt Cares compos'd;
Her Looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,
Not rich her Dress, but suitable and clean;
Unfurrow'd was her Brow, her Cheeks were smooth,
Tho old as Time, enjoy'd immortal Youth;
And all her Accents so harmonious flow'd,
That ev'ry listning Ear with Pleasure glow'd.
An Olive Garland on her Head she wore,
And her right Hand a *Corpucopia* bore.
Cross *Touchstone* fill'd a Bench without the Door,
To try the *Sterling* of each humane Ore:
Grim Judge he was, and them away he sent,
Unfit t'approach the Shrine of calm CONTENT.

To him a hoary Dotard load with Bags;
Unweildy Load! to one who hardly drags
His Being.—More than Seventy Years, said he,
I've sought this Court, 'till now unfound by me;

Now let me rest.——*Yes, if ye want no more;*
But e'er the Sun has made his annual Tour,
Know, grovling Wretch, thy Wealth's without thy Power.
The Thoughts of Death, and ceasing from his Gain,
Brought on the old Man's Head so sharp a Pain,
Which dim'd his optick Nerves, and with the Light
He lost the Palace, and crawl'd back to Night.

Poor gripping Thing, how useless is thy Breath,
While nothing's so much long'd for as thy Death?
How meanly has thou spent thy Lease of Years?
A Slave to Poverty, to Toils and Fears;
And all to vie with some black rugged Hill,
Whose rich Contents Millions of Chests can fill.
As round the greedy Rock clings to the Mine,
And hinders it in open Day to shine,
Till Diggers hew it from the Spar's Imbrace,
Making it circle, stampt with *CESAR*'s Face;
So dost thou hoard, and from thy Prince purloin
His useful Image, and thy Country Coin,
Till gaping Heirs have free'd the imprison'd Slave,
When to their Comfort thou hast fill'd a Grave.

The next who with a janty Air approach'd,
Was a gay Youth, who thither had been coach'd:
Sleek were his *Flanders* Mares, his Liv'ries fine,
With glittering Gold his Furniture did shine.
Sure such methought may enter when they please,
Who have all these Appearances of Ease.
Strutting he march'd, nor any Leave he crav'd,
Attemp't to pass, but found himself deceiv'd:
Old *Touchstone* gave him on the Breast a Box,
Which op'd the Sluces of a latent Pox,
Then bid his Equipage in haste depart.
The Youth look'd at them with a fainting Heart;
He found he could not walk, and bid them stay,
Swore three cramp Oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

The Pow'r express'd herself thus with a Smile,
"These changing Shadows are not worth our while,
"With smallest Trifles oft their Peace is torn,
"If here at Night, they rarely wait the Morn.

Another Beau as fine, but more vivace,
Whose Airs sat round him with an easy Grace,

And well bred Motion, came up to the Gate,
lov'd him much, and trembled for his Fate.
The Sentry broke his clouded Cane, —— He ſmil'd,
Got fairly in, and all our Fears beguil'd.
The Cane was ſoon renew'd which had been broke,
And thus the VERTUE to the Circle ſpoke,
"Each Thing magnificent or gay we grant,
"To them who're capable to bear their Want.

Two handſome Toaſts came next, them well I knew,
Their lovely Make the Court's Obſervance drew;
Three Waiting Maids attended in the Rear,
Each loaden with as much as ſhe could bear:
One mov'd beneath a Load of Silks and Lace,
Another bore the Offsets of the Face;
But the moſt bulky Burden of the Three,
Was hers who bore th' Utenſils of *Bohee*.
My Mind indulgent in their Favour pled,
Hoping no Oppoſition would be made:
So mannerly, ſo ſmooth, ſo mild their Eye,
Enough almoſt to give CONTENT Envy.
But ſoon I found my Error, the bold Judge,
Who acted as if prompted by ſome Grudge,

Them thus saluted with a hollow Tone,
" You're none of my Acquaintance, get you gone;
" What Loads of Trump'ry these? Ha, where is my *Cross*?
" I'll try if these be solid Ware or boss.
The *China* felt the Fury of his Blow,
And lost a Being, or for Use or Show;
For Use or Show no more's each Plate or Cup,
But all in Shreds upon the Threshold drop.
Now every Charm which deck'd their Face before
Give Place to Rage, and Beauty is no more.
The brinny Stream their rosy Cheeks besmear'd,
Whilst they in Clouds of Vapours disappear'd.

A rustick Hynd, attir'd in home-spun Gray,
With forked Locks, and Shoes bedaub'd with Clay,
Palms shod with Horn, his Front fresh, brown and broad,
With Legs and Shoulders fitted for a Lod;
He 'midst ten bawling Children laugh'd and sung,
While Consort Hobnails on the Pavement rung:
Up to the Porter unconcern'd he came,
Forcing along his Offspring and their Dame.
Cross *Touchstone* strove to stop him, but the Clown
At Handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down;

And ſpite of him into the Palace went,
Where he was kindly welcom'd by CONTENT.

Two *Busbian* Philoſophs put in their Claims,
AMALIEL and *CRITIS* were their Names;
But ſoon's they had our *BRITISH HOMER* ſeen,
With Face unruffl'd waiting on the QUEEN,
Envious Hate their ſurly Boſoms fir'd,
Their Colour chang'd, they from the Porch retir'd:
Backward they went, reflecting with much Rage
On the bad Taſte and Humour of the Age,
Which pay'd ſo much Reſpect to nat'ral Parts,
While they were ſtarving Graduates of Arts.
The Goddeſs fell a laughing at the Fools,
And ſent them packing to their Grammar Schools;
Or in ſome Garret elevate to dwell,
There with *Siſyphian* Toil to teach dull Beaus to ſpell.

Now all this while a Gale of Eaſtern Wind
And cloudy Skies oppreſs'd the humane Mind;
The Wind ſet Weſt, back'd with the radient Beams,
Which warm'd the Air, and danc'd upon the Streams,

Exhal'd

Exhal'd the Spleen, and ſooth'd a World of Souls
Who crowded now the Avenue in Shoals,
Numbers in Black of Widowers, Relicts, Heirs,
Of new wed Lovers many handſome Pairs;
Men landed from Abroad, from Camps and Seas;
Others got through ſome dangerous Diſeaſe:
A Train of Belles adorn'd with ſomething new,
And even of ancient Prudes there were a few,
Who were refreſh'd with Scandal and with Tea,
Which for a Space ſet them from Vapours free.
Here from their Cups the lower Species flockt,
And Knaves with Bribes and cheating Methods ſtockt.

The Pow'r ſurvey'd the Troop, and gave Command
They ſhould no longer in the Entry ſtand,
But be convey'd into *Chimera's* Tower,
There to attend her Pleaſure for an Hour.

Soon as they entred, Apprehenſion ſhook
The Fabrick: Fear was fixt on every Look,
Old Age and Poverty, Diſeaſe, Diſgrace,
With horrid Grin, ſtar'd full in every Face,

Which made them, trembling at their unknown Fate,
Iſſue in haſte out by the poſtern Gate.

None waited out their Hour but only two,
Who had been wedded fifteen Years ago.
The Man had learn'd the World, and fixt his Mind:
His Spouſe was chearful, beautiful and Kind:
She neither fear'd the Shock, nor Phantom's Stare:
She thought her Husband wiſe, and knew that he was there.
Now while the Court was ſitting, my fair Guide
Into a fine *Elyſium* me convey'd;
I ſaw or thought I ſaw the ſpacious Fields,
Adorn'd with all prolifick Nature yields,
Profuſely rich, with her moſt valu'd Store;
But as m' inchanted Fancy wander'd o'er
The happy Plain, new Beauties ſeem'd to riſe,
The Fields were fled, and all was painted Skies.
Pleas'd for a while, I wiſh'd the former Scene;
Straight all return'd and eas'd me of my Pain.
Again the flow'ry Meadows diſappear,
And Hills and Groves their ſtately Summits rear;
Theſe ſink again, and rapid Rivers flow,
Next from the Rivers Cities ſeem to grow;

Some

Sometime the fleeting Scene I had forgot,
In buſie Thought intranc'd, with Pain I ſought
To know the hidden Charm, ſtraight all was fled
And boundleſs Heav'ns o'er boundleſs Ocean ſpread;
Impatient I obteſt my noble Guide,
Reveal this wond'rous Secret. She reply'd,
We carried on what greatly we deſign'd
When all theſe humane Follies you reſign'd,
Ambition, Lux'ry, and a cov'tous Mind:
Yet think not true CONTENT can thus be bought,
There's wanting ſtill a Train of virtuous Thought.

When me your Leader prudently you choſe,
And liſtning to my Counſel, didſt refuſe
Fantaſtick Joys, your Soul was thus prepar'd
For true Content; and thus I do reward
Your gen'rous Toil. Obſerve this wondrous Clime;
Of Nature's Bleſſings here are hid the Prime:
But wiſe and virtuous Thought in conſtant Courſe,
Muſt draw theſe Beauties from their hidden Source;
The ſmalleſt Intermiſſions will transform
The pleaſant Scene, and ſpoil each perfect Charm.

'Tis ugly Vice will rob you of CONTENT,
And to your View all helliſh Woes preſent.
Nor grudge the Care in Virtue you imploy,
Your preſent Toil will prove your future Joy.
Then ſmil'd ſhe heav'nly ſweet, and parting ſaid,
"Hold faſt your virtuous Mind, of nothing be afrai'd.

A while the charming Voice ſo fill'd my Ears,
I griev'd the divine Form no more appears.
Then to confirm my yet unſteady Mind,
Under a lonely Shadow I reclin'd,
To try the Virtues of the Clime I ſought:
Then ſtraight call'd up a Train of hideous Thought,
Famine, and Blood, and Peſtilence appear,
Wild Shrieks and loud Laments diſturb mine Ear;
New Woes and Horrors did my Sight alarm,
Envy and Hate compoſe the wretched Charm.

Soon as I ſaw, I dropt the hateful View,
And thus I ſought paſt Pleaſures to renew.
To heav'nly Love my Thoughts I next compoſe,
Then quick as thought the following Sights diſcloſe;

Streams

Streams, Meadows, Grotto's, Groves, Birds carolling.
Calmneſs and temp'rate Warmth, and endleſs Spring,
A perfect Tranſcript of theſe upper Bowers,
The Habitation of th' immortal Powers.

Back to the Palace raviſhed I went,
Reſolved to reſide with bleſt CONTENT,
Where all my ſpecial Friends methought I met,
In Order 'mongſt the beſt of Mankind ſet:
My Soul with too much Pleaſure overcharg'd,
The captiv'd Senſes to their Poſt enlarg'd:
Lifting mine Eyes I view'd declining Day,
Sprang from the Green, and homeward bent my Way,
Reflecting on that Hurry, Pain and Strife
Which flow from falſe and real Ills of Life.

RICHY and *SANDY*, A PASTORAL On the Death of Mr. *Joseph Addison*.

RICHY.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf? dear *Sandy* says,
Chear up dull Fallow, take thy Reed and play,
My Apron Deary, —— or some wanton Tune;
Be merry, Lad, and keep thy Heart aboon.

SANDY.

Na, na! It winna do! Leave me to mane
This aught Days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

RICHY.

Wow Man, that's unco' sad, —— is that ye'r so
Has ta'en the Strunt? —— Or has some Bogle-bo
Glowrin frae 'mang auld Waws gi'en ye a Fleg?
Or has some dawted Wedder broke his Leg?

SANDY.

Naithing like that, ſic Troubles eith were born,
What's Bogles,——Wedders,——or what's *Mauſy*'s Scorn:
Our Loſs is meikle mair, and paſt Remeed,
Edie that play'd and ſang ſae ſweet is dead.

RICHY.

Dead, ſayſt thou! Oh! Had up my Heart O *Pan!*
Ye Gods! What Laids ye lay on feckleſs Man!
Alake therefore! I canna wyt ye'r Wae,
I'll bear ye Company for Year and Day.
A better Lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a Kent,
Or hounded Coly o'er the moſſy Bent;
Blyth at the Bught how aft ha' we three been,
Hartſome on Hills, and gay upon the Green.

SANDY.

That's true indeed! But now thae Days are gane,
And with him a' that's pleaſant on the Plain.
A Summer Day I never thought it lang
To hear him make a Roundel or a Sang.
How ſweet he ſung where Vines and Myrtles grow,
And wimpling Waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* Herd wha lang ſinſyne
Beſt ſung on aeten Reed the Lover's Pine,

Had he been to the fore now in our Days,
Wi' *Edie* he had frankly dealt his Bays:
As lang's the Warld ſhall *Amaryllis* ken,
His *Roſamond* ſhall eccho thro' the Glen:
While on Burn-Banks the yellow Gowan grows,
Or wand'ring Lambs rin bleeting after Ews,
His Fame ſhall laſt, laſt ſhall his Sang of Weirs,
While *Britiſh* Bairns brag of their bauld Forbears.
We'll mickle miſs his blyth and witty Jeſt
At Spaining Time, or at our *Lambmaſs* Feaſt.
O *Richy*, but 'tis hard that Death ay reaves
Away the beſt Fowck, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down ye'r Heads ye Hills, greet out ye'r Springs,
Upon ye'r Edge na mair the Shepherd ſings.

RICHY.

Then he had ay a good Advice to gi'e,
And kend my Thoughts amaiſt as well as me;
Had I been thowleſs, vext, or oughtlins ſour,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an Hour.
Had *Roſie* ta'en the Dorts, —— or had the Tod
Worry'd my Lamb, —— or were my Feet ill ſhod,
Kindly he'd laugh when ſae he ſaw me dwine,
And tauk of Happineſs like a Divine.

Of

Of ilka Thing he had an unco' Skill,
He kend be Moon Light how Tides ebb and fill;
He kend, What kend he no? E'en to a Hair,
He'd tell o'er-night gin nieſt Day wad be fair.
Blind *John*, ye mind wha ſang in kittle Phraſe,
How the ill Sp'rit did the firſt Miſchief raiſe;
Mony a Time beneath the auld Birk-tree
What's bonny in that, Sang he loot me ſee.
The Laſſes aft flang down their Rakes and Pails,
And held their Tongues, O ſtrange! to hear his Tale.

SANDY.

Sound be his Sleep, and ſaft his Wak'ning be,
He's in a better Caſe than thee or me;
He was o'er good for us, the Gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back, —— he was a borrow'd Len.
Let us be good, gin Virtue be our Driſt,
Then may we yet forgether 'boon the Liſt.
But ſee the Sheep are wyſing to the Cleugh,
Thomas has loos'd his Ouſen frae the Pleugh,
Maggy be this has beuk the Supper Scones,
And nuckle Ky ſtand rowting on the Lones;
Come *Ricky* let us truſs and hame o'er bend,
And make the beſt of what we canna mend.

AN

AN EXPLANATION OF *RICHY* and *SANDY*.

By *Mr.* BURCHET.

RICHY.

WHAT makes thee look so sad? Dear *Sandy* say,
Rouse up dull Fellow, take thy Reed and play
A merry Jig, or try some other Art,
To raise thy Spirits, and cheer up thy Heart.

SANDY.

No, no, it will not do; leave me to moan;
Till twice eight Days are past I'll whistle none.

RICHY.

That's strange indeed! Has *Jenny* made thee sad?
Or, tell me, hath some horrid Spectre, Lad,
(Glaring from Ruins old, in silent Night)
Surpriz'd, and put thee in a panic Fright?
Or ails that Wedder ought, thy Favourite?

SANDY.

SANDY.

Such Troubles might with much more Eaſe be born:
What's Goblins, Wedders, or what's Woman's Scorn?
Our Loſs is greater far; for *Addy*'s dead;
Addy, who ſang ſo ſweetly on the Mead.

RICHY.

Dead is he, ſay'ſt thou? Guard my Heart, oh *Pan*!
What Burthens, Gods, ye lay on feeble Man!
Alack I cannot blame thee for thy Grief;
Nor hope I, more than thou, to find Relief.
A better Lad ne'er lean'd on Shepherd's Crook,
Nor after Game halloo'd his Dog to look.
How glad where Ews give Milk have we three been,
Merry on Hills, and gay upon the Green!

SANDY.

That's true indeed; but now, alas! in vain
We ſeek for Pleaſure on the rural Plain:
I never thought a Summer's Day too long
To hear his Couplets, or his tunefull Song.
How ſweet he ſang where Vines and Myrtles grow,
And winding Streams which in old *Latium* flow!
Tityr, the *Mantuan* Herd, who long ago
Sang beſt on oaten Reed the Lovers Woe,

Did he, fam'd Bard, but live in theſe our Days,
He would with *Addy* freely ſhare his Bays.
As long as Shepherds *Amaryllis* hear,
So long his *Roſamond* ſhall pleaſe the Ear.
While ſpangled Daiſie near the Riv'let grows,
And tender Lambs ſeek after bleating Ews,
His Fame ſhall laſt: Laſt ſhall his Song of Wars,
While *Britiſh* Youngſters boaſt of Anceſtors.
Much ſhall we miſs his merry witty Jeſts
At weaning Times, and at our *Lambmaſs* Feaſts.
Oh *Richy!* *Richy!* Death hath been unkind
To take the Good, and leave the Ill behind.
Bow down your Heads, ye Hills, weep dry your Springs,
For on their Banks no more the Shepherd ſings.

RICHY.

Then he had always good Advice to give,
And could my Thoughts, like as my ſelf, conceive.
When I've been drooping, vex'd, or in the Spleen,
In one half Hour with him I've merry been.
Had *Jenny* froward been, or *Raynard* bold
Worry'd my Lamb, or were my Shoes grown old:
Kindly he'd ſmile, when he obſerv'd me grieve,
And by his Talk divine my Breaſt relieve.

Addy

Addy did all Things to Perfection know;
Saw by the Moon how Tides would ebb or flow;
He knew, what knew he not? E'en to a Hair
He'd tell o'er Night if next Day would be fair.
The fam'd blind Bard sang in myſterious Phraſe
How envious Satan did firſt Miſchief raiſe;
But oft beneath the well-ſpread Birchen-Tree
The Beauties of that Song he made me ſee.
The Laſſes oft flung down their Rakes and Pails,
And held their Tongues, Oh ſtrange! to hear his Tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his Sleep, and ſoft his Waking be;
More happy is he far than thee or me;
Too good he was for us; the Gods but lent
Him here below, when hither he was ſent.
Let us be good, if Virtue be our Aim,
Then we may meet above the Skies again.
But ſee how tow'rds the Glade the Fatlings go;
Thomas hath ta'en the Oxen from the Plough;
Joan hath prepar'd the Supper 'gainſt we come,
And late calf'd Cows ſtand lowing near their Home;
Then let's have done, and to our Reſt repair,
And what we cannot help, with Patience bear.

TO

TO
Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY
ON HIS
RICHY and *SANDY*.

WEll fare thee, *Allan*, who, in Mother Tongue,
So ſweetly hath of breathleſs *Addy* ſung.
His endleſs Fame thy nat'ral Genius fir'd,
And thou haſt written as if he inſpird.
Richy and *Sandy*, who do him ſurvive,
Long as thy rural Stanza's laſt, ſhall live.
The grateful Swains thou'ſt made, in tuneful Verſe,
Mourn ſadly o'er their late —— loſt Patron's Herſe,
Nor would the *Mantuan* Bard, if living, blame
Thy pious Zeal, or think thou'ſt hurt his Fame,
Since *Addiſon*'s inimitable Lays
Give him an equal Title to the Bays,
When he of Armies ſang, in lofty Strains,
Seem'd as if he in the hoſtile Plains

Had

Had preſent been. His Pen hath to the Life
Trac'd ev'ry Action in the ſanguine Strife.
In Council now ſedate the Chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in *Bavarian* Ears;
And ſtill purſuing the deſtructive Theme,
He puſhes them into the rapid Stream.
Thus beaten out of *Blenheim*'s neighb'ring Fields,
The *Gallic* Gen'ral to the Victor yields;
Who, as *Britannia*'s *Virgil* hath obſerv'd,
From threatn'd Fate all *Europe* then preſerv'd.

Nor doſt thou, *Ramſay*, ſightleſs *Milton* wrong
By ought contain'd in thy melodious Song;
For none but *Addy* could his Thoughts ſublime
So well unriddle or his myſtick Rhime.
And when he deign'd to let his Fancy rove
Where Sun-burnt Shepherds to the Nymphs make Love
No one e'er told in ſofter Notes the Tales
Of rural Pleaſures in the ſpangled Vales.

So much, Oh *Allan!* I thy Lines revere,
Such Veneration to his Mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my Thanks refrain
For what thou'ſt ſung of the lamented Swain.

J. BURCHE

TO
JOSIAH BURCHET, *Esq*;

THirſting ſoa Fame, at the *Pierian* Spring
The Poet takes a Waught, then ſeys to ſing
Nature, and with the tentieſt View to hit
Her bonny Side with bauldeſt Turns of Wit.
Streams ſlide in Verſe, in Verſe the Mountains riſe,
When Earth turns toom he rumages thy Skies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the Fields of Reſt,
Doups down to viſit ilka Laigh-land Ghaiſt.
O hartſome Labour! Wordy Time and Pains,
That frae the Beſt Eſteem and Friendſhip gains:
Be that my Luck, and let the greedy Bike
Stock job the Warld among them as they like.

In blyth braid *Scots* allow me, Sir, to ſhaw
My Gratitude, but Fleetching or a Flaw.
May Rowth o' Pleaſures light upon ye lang,
Till to the bleſt *Elyſian* Bowers ye gang;
Wha've clapt my Head ſae brawly for my Sang.

When

When honour'd *Burchet* and his Maiks are pleas'd
With my Corn-pipe, up to the Starns I'm heez'd;
Whence far I glowr to the Fag-end of Time,
And view the Warld delighted wi' my Rhime:
That when the Pride of ſpruſh new Words are laid,
I like the *Claſſick* Authors ſhall be read.
Stand yont, proud *Czar*, I widna niffer Fame
With thee, for a' thy Furs and paughty Name.

If ſic great Ferlies, Sir, my Muſe can do,
As ſpin a three-plait Praiſe where it is due,
Frae me there's nane deſerves it mair than you.
Frae me! Frae ilka ane; for ſure a Breaſt
Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good poſſeſt.
Till I can ſerve ye mair, I'll wiſh ye weell,
And aft in ſparkling Claret drink your Heal;
Minding the Mem'ry of the great and good
Sweet *Addiſon*, the Wale of humane Blood,
Wha fell, (as *Horace* anes ſaid to his Billy)
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

A. RAMSAY.

Familiar Epiſtles

BETWEEN

W--H--- and A--R---.

EPISTLE I.

W---- H-------- to A----- R--------.

Gilbertfield June 26th, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated *ALLAN!*
Renowned *RAMSAY*, canty Callan,
There's nowther Highlandman nor Lawlan,
In POETRIE,
ut may as ſoon ding down *Tamtallan*
As match wi' Thee.

For ten Times ten, and that's a hunder,
ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
hen frae *Parnaſſus* thou didſt thunder
Wi' Wit an Skill,
herefore I'll ſoberly knock under,
And quat my Quill.

Of POETRY the hale Quinteſſence
Thou has ſuck'd up, left nae Excreſcence
To *petty Poets*, or ſic *Meſſens*,
Tho round thy Stool
They may pick Crumbs, and lear ſome Leſſons
At RAMSAY's *School.*

Tho *BEN* and *DRTDEN* of renown
Were yet alive, in *London* Town,
Like Kings contending for a Crown;
'Twad be a Pingle,
Whilk o' you three wad gar Words ſound
And beſt to gingle:

Transform'd may I be to a Rat,
Wer't in my Pow'r but I'd creat
Thee upo' fight the Laureat
Of this our Age,
Since thou may'ſt fairly claim to that
As thy juſt Wage.

Let modern POETS bear the Blame
Gin they reſpect not *RAMSAT*'s Name,
Wha ſoon can gar them greet for Shame,
To their great Loſs;
And ſend them a' right ſnaking hame
Be weeping Croſs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be warry,
And lear wi' Skill thy Thruſt to parry,
When thou conſults thy Dictionary
Of ancient Words,
Which come frae thy poetick Quarry,
As ſharp as Swords.

Now tho I ſhould baith reell and rottle,
And be as light as *ARISTOTLE,*
At *Ed'nburgh* we ſall ha'e a Bottle
Of reaming Claret,
Gin that my haff-pay Siller Shottle
Can ſafely ſpare it,

At Crambo then we'll rack our Brain,
Drown ilk dull Care and aking Pain,
Whilk aften does our Spirits drain
Of true Content;
Wow, Wow! but we's be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint.

Wi' Wine we'll gargarize our Craig,
Then enter in a laſting League
Free of Ill Aſpect or Intrigue,
And gin you pleaſe it,
Like Princes when met at the *Hague,*
We'll ſolemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
With Favour, tho' poor I have done it;
Sae I conclude and end my Sonnet,
Who am most fully,
While I do wear a Hat or Bonnet,
Yours —— wanton WILLY.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY this my Poſtſcript I incline
To let you ken my hale Deſign
Of ſic a lang imperfect Line,
Lyes in this Sentence,
To cultivate my dull Ingine
By your Acquaintance.

Your Anſwer therefore I expect,
And to your Friend you may direct,
At † *Gilbertfield* do not neglect
When you have Leiſure,
Which I'll embrace with great Reſpect
And perfect Pleaſure.

AN-

† Nigh *Glaſgow.*

ANSWER I.

A------ R------ to W------ H------.

Edinburgh, July 10th, 1719.

SONS ſa me! witty, wanton *WILLY*,
Gin blyth I was na as a Filly;
Not a ſow Pint, nor ſhort hought Gilly,
Or Wine that's better,
Cou'd pleaſe ſae meikle, my dear Billy,
As thy kind Letter.

Before a Lord and eek a Knight,
In Goſſy *DON*'s be Candle-light,
There firſt I ſaw't, and ca'd it right;
And the maiſt feck
Wha's ſeen't ſinſyne, they ca'd as tight
As that on HECK.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna ſay
But I may cock my Noſe the Day,
When *HAMILTON* the bauld and gay,
Lends me a Heezy,
In Verſe that ſlides ſae ſmooth away,
Well tell'd and eaſy.

Sad

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend Mettle,
Nae ſma did my Ambition pettle;
My canker'd Criticks it will nettle,
And e'en ſae be't:
This Month I'm ſure I winna ſettle,
Sae proud I'm w'it.

When I begoud firſt to cun Verſe,
And cou'd your † *Ardry Whins* rehearſe,
Where *Bonny Heck* ran faſt and fierce,
It warm'd my Breaſt;
Then Emulation did me pierce,
Whilk ſince ne'er ceaſt.

May I be licket wi' a Bitle,
Gin of your Numbers I think little;
Ye're never rugget, ſhan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby,
And hit the Spirit to a Title,
Of Standart HABBY.

Ye'll quat your Quill! that were ill-willy,
Ye's ſing ſome mair yet, nill ye will ye;
O'er meikle Haining wad but ſpill ye,
And gar ye ſour,
Then up and war them a' yet, *WILLY,*
'Tis in your Power.

† The laſt Words of *Bonny Heck*, of which he was Author.

To knit up Dollers in a Clout,
And then to eard them round about,
Syne to tell up, they downa lout
To lift the Gear;
The Maliſon lights on that Rout,
Is plain and clear.

The Chiels of *London*, *Cam* and *Ox*,
Hae rais'd up great Poetick Stocks
Of *Ropes*, of *Buckets*, *Sarks* and *Locks*,
While we neglect
To ſhaw their betters. This provokes
Me to reflect

On the lear'd Days of *GAWN DUNKELL*,
Our Country then a Tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nane mair ſnack and ſnell
At Verſe or Proſe;
Our KINGS were POETS too themſell,
Bauld and jocoſe.

To *Ed'nburgh*, Sir, when e'er ye come,
I'll wait upon ye, there's my Thumb,
Were't frae the Gill-bells to the Drum,
And take a Bout,
And faith I hope we'll not ſit dumb,
Nor yet caſt out.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

W------ H------ to A------ R------.

Gilbertfield, July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind Epiſtle,
It made me dance, and ſing, and whiſtle;
O ſic a Fyke, and ſic a Fiſtle
I had about it!
That e'er was Knight of the *SCOTS* Thiſtle
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny Lines therein thou ſent me,
How to the Nines they did content me;
Tho', Sir, ſae high to compliment me,
Ye might defer'd,
For had ye but haff well a kent me,
Some leſs wad ſer'd.

With joyfou' Heart beyond Expreſſion,
ey're ſafely now in my Poſſeſſion:
gin I were a Winter-Seſſion
Near by thy Lodging,
l cloſs attend thy new Profeſſion,
Without e'er budging.

In even down earneſt, there's but few
o vie with *RAMSAY*, dare avow
Verſe; for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleetching,
hou's better at that Trade, I trow,
Than ſome's at preaching.

For my Part, till I'm better leart,
troke with thee I'd beſt forbear't;
r an' the Fouk of *Ed'nburgh* hear't,
They'll ca' me daft,
unco' iſie and Dirt ſeart
I make wrang Waſt.

Thy Verſes nice as ever nicket,
ade me as canty as a Cricket;
ergh to reply, leſt I ſtick it,
Syne like a Cooſ
ook, or ane whoſe Poutch is picket
As bare's my Looff.

Heh Winſom! How thy ſaft ſweet Stile,
And bonny auld Words gars me ſmile;
Thou's travel'd ſure mony a Mile
Wi' Charge and Coſt,
To learn them thus keep Rank and File,
And ken their Poſt.

For I maun tell thee, honeſt *ALLIE,*
I uſe the Freedom ſo to call thee,
I think them a' ſae bra and walie,
And in ſic Order,
I wad nae care to be thy Vallie,
Or thy Recorder.

Has thou with *Roſycrucians* wandert?
Or thro' ſome doncie Deſart danert?
That with thy Magick, Town and Landart,
For ought I ſee,
Maun a' come truckle to thy Standart
Of POETRIE.

Do not miſtake me, deareſt Heart,
As if I charg'd thee with black Art;
'Tis thy good Genius ſtill alart,
That does inſpire
Thee with ilk Thing that's quick and ſmart,
To thy Deſire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky Tale,
Bra to ſet o'er a Pint of Ale:
For Fifty Guineas I'll find Bail
Againſt a Bodle,
That I wad quat ilk Day a Male,
For ſic a Nodle.

And on Condition I were as gabby
As either thee, or honeſt *HABBY*,
That I lin'd a' thy Claes wi' Tabby,
Or Velvet Pluſh,
And then thou'd be ſae far frae ſhabby,
Thou'd look right ſpruſh.

What tho young empty airy Sparks
May have their critical Remarks
On thir my blyth diverting Warks;
'Tis ſma Preſumption
To ſay, they're but unlearned Clarks,
And wants the Gumption.

Let Coxcomb Criticks get a Tether
To ty up a' their lang looſe Lether;
If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it,
For an they winna had their Blether,
They's get a Flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
In ſecret Drolls 'twixt thee and I;
Pray dip thy Pen in Wrath, and cry,
And ca' them Skellums,
I'm ſure thou needs ſet little by
To bide their Bellums. Adieu

POSTSCRIPT.

WI' Writing I'm ſo bleirt and doited,
That when I raiſe, in Troth I ſtoited;
I thought I ſhou'd turn capernoited,
For wi' a Gird,
Upon my Bum I fairly cloited
On the cald Eard.

Which did oblige a little Dumple
Upon my Doup, cloſe by my Rumple:
But had ye ſeen how I did trumple,
Ye'd ſplit your Side,
Wi' mony a lang and weary Wimple,
Like Troch of Clyde.

ANSWER II.

A------ R------ to *W------ H------*.

Edinburgh, Auguſt 4th, 1719.

DEAR *HAMILTON* ye'll turn me Dyver,
My MUSE ſae bonny ye deſcrive her;
Ye blaw her ſae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,
For wi' a Whid,
Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
She'll rin red-wood.

Said I.—— "Whiſht, quoth the vongy Jade,
"*WILLIAM*'s a wiſe judicious Lad,
"Has Havins mair than e'er ye had,
"*Ill bred Bog-ſtaker;*
"But me ye ne'er ſae crouſe had craw'd,
"*Ye poor Scull-thacker,*

"It ſets you well indeed to gadge!
"E'er I t' *APPOLO* did ye cadge,
"And got ye on his Honour's Badge,
"*Ungrateful Beaſt,*
"A *Glaſgow* Capon and a Fadge
"*Ye thought a Feaſt.*

"Swith

" Swith to *CASTALIUS* Fountain Brink,
" Dad down a Grouſ, and take a Drink,
" Syne whisk out Paper, Pen and Ink,
" *And do my Bidding*;
" Be thankſou, elſe I'ſe gar ye ſtink
" *Yet on a Midding*."

My Miſtreſs dear, your Servant humble,
Said I, I ſhou'd be laith to drumble
Your Paſſions, or e'er gar ye grumble,
'Tis ne'r be me
Shall ſcandalize, or ſay ye bummil
Ye're POETRIE.

Frae what I've tell'd, my Friend may learn
How ſadly I ha'e been forfairn,
I'd better been a yont Side *Kairn*
a-mount, I trow;
I've kiſs'd the Taz like a good Bairn,
Now, Sir to you.

Heal be your Heart, gay couthy Carle,
Lang may ye help to toom a Barrel;
Be thy Crown ay unclowr'd in Quarrel,
When thou inclines
To kneit thrawn gabbet Sumphs that ſnarl
At our frank Lines.

Ilk good Chiel ſays ye're well worth Gowd,
And Blythneſs on ye's well beſtow'd,
Mang witty *SCOTS* ye'r Name's be row'd,
Ne'er Fame to tine;
The crooked Clinkers ſhall be cow'd,
But ye ſhall ſhine.

Set out the burnt Side of your Shin,
For Pride in POETS is nae Sin,
Glory's the Prize for which they rin,
And Fame's their Jo;
And wha blaws beſt, the Horn ſhall win,
And wharefore no.

Quiſquis vocabit nos Vainglorious,
Shaw ſcanter Skill than *malos mores*,
Multi & magni Men before us
Did ſtump and ſwager,
Probatum eſt, exemplum Horace
Was a bauld Bragger.

Then let the Doofarts faſh'd wi' Spleen,
Caſt up the wrang Side of their Een,
Pegh, fry, and girn wi' Spite and Teen,
And fa a flyting,
Laugh, for the lively Lads will ſcreen
Us frae Backbiting.

If that the Gypſies dinna ſpung us,
And foreign Whiskers h'ae na dung us;
Gin I can ſnifter thro' Mundungus,
Wi' Boots and Belt on,
I hope to ſee you at St. *Mungos*
Atween and Beltan.

EPISTLE III.

W---- H------ to *A---- R------.*

Gilbertfield Auguſt 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and laſt Eſſay
Of rural Rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright *RAMSAY*, and altho it may
Seem doilt and donſie,
Yet thrice of all Things, I heard ſay,
Was ay thought ſonſie,

Wherefore I ſcarce cou'd ſleep or ſlumber,
Till I made up that happy Number,
The Pleaſure counterpois'd the Cumber,
In ev'ry Part,
And ſnoov't away like three Hand Omber,
Sixpence a Cart,

Of thy laſt Poem, bearing Date
Auguſt the Fourth, I grant Receipt;
t was ſae bra, gart me look blate,
'Maiſt tyne my Senſes,
And look juſt like poor Country *Kate,*
In Lucky Spence's.'

I ſhaw'd it to our Pariſh Prieſt,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a Feaſt;
He ſays, "Thou may had up thy Creeſt,
"*And craw fu' crouſe,*
The Poets a' to thee's but Jeſt,
"*Not worth a Souce.*

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry Muſe,
Of Complements is ſae profuſe;
For my good Haivens dis me rooſe
Sae very finely,
t were ill Breeding to refuſe
To thank her kindly.

What tho ſometimes in angry Mood,
When ſhe puts on her Barlickhood,
Her Dialect ſeem rough and rude;
Let's never be fleer't,
ut take our Bit, when it is good,
And Buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna calmly thole her Banter,
She'll take the Flings; Verſe may grow ſcanter,
Syne wi' great Shame
We'll rue the Day that we do want her,
Then wha's to blame?

But let us ſtill her Kindneſs culzie,
And wi' her never breed a Toulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little Spulzie
In ſic a Barter;
And ſhe'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for Quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming Ware,
My Pack I ſcarce dare apen mair,
Till I take better wi' the Lair,
My Pen's ſae blunted;
And a' for Fear I file the Fair,
And be affronted.

The dull Draff-Drink makes me ſae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet ſet me in a Claret Howff,
Wi' Fowk that's chancy,
My MUSE may len me then a Gowff
To clear my Fancy.

Then *BACCHUS* like I'd baul and bluſter,
And a' the MUSES 'bout me muſter;
Sae merrily I'd ſqueeze the Cluſter,
And drink the Grape,
'Twad gi' my Verſe a brighter Luſtre,
And better Shape.

The Pow'rs aboon be ſtill auſpicious
To thy Atchievments maiſt delicious,
Thy Poems ſweet, and nae Way vicious,
But blyth and canny;
To ſee, I'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy Miſcellany.

A' Bleſſings *RAMSAY* on the row,
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld Man's Pow;
And, thro' thy Creed,
Be keeped frae the Wirricow,
After thou's dead. Amen.

ANSWER III.

A------ R------ to W------ H------,

Edinburgh, September 2d, 1719.

My Truſty TROJAN,

THY laſt ORATION orthodox,
Thy innocent auldfarran Jokes,
And ſonſie Saw of Three, provokes
Me anes again,
Tod Lowrie like to looſe my Pocks,
And pump my Brain.

By a' your Letters I ha'e red,
I eithly ſcan the Man well bred,
And Sodger wha for Honour's Bed
Has ventur'd bauld;
Wha now to Youngſters leaves the Yed
To 'tend his Fald.

That Bang'ster Billy *CESAR JULY*,
Wha at *Pharsalia* wan the Tooly,
Had better sped, had he mair hooly
Scamper'd thro' Life,
And 'midst his Glories sheath'd his Gooly,
And kiss'd his Wife.

Had he like you, as well he cou'd,
Upon Burn Banks the MUSES woo'd,
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the Crowd,
Wha'd been aboon him?
The Senate's Durks, and Faction loud,
Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes leave the Rigs and Bog,
Your Howms, and Braes, and shady Scrog,
And helm-a-lee the Claret-cog,
To clear your Wit;
Be blyth, and let the Warld e'en shog,
As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your nieft Year's State,
Nor with superior Powers debate,
Nor Cantrapes cast to ken your Fate;
There's Ills anew
To cram our Days, which soon grow late,
Let's live just now.

When

When Northern Blaſts the Oceans ſnurl,
And gars the Heights and Hows look gurl,
Then Left about the Bumper whirl,
And toom the Horn,
Grip faſt the Hours which haſty hurl,
The Morn's the Morn.

Thus to *LEUCONOE* ſang ſweet *FLACCUS*,
Wha nane e'er thought a *Gillygacus*,
And why ſhould we let Whimſies bauk us,
When Joy's in Seaſon,
And thole ſae aft the Spleen to whauk us
Out of our Reaſon.

Tho I were Laird of Tenſcore Acres,
Noding to Jouks of Hallenſhakers,
Yet cruſh'd wi' Humdrums, which the Weaker's
Contentment ruines,
I'd rather rooſt wi' Cauſey-Rakers,
And ſup cauld Sowens.

I think, my Friend, an Fowk can get
A Doll of roſt Beef pypin het,
And wi' red Wine their Wyſon wet,
And Cleathing clean,
And be nae ſick or drown'd in Debt,
They're no to mean.

I red this Verſe to my ain Kimmer,
Wha kens I like a Leg of Gimmer,
Or ſic and ſic good Belly Timmer;
Quoth ſhe, and leugh,
"Sicker of thae Winter and Simmer,
"*Te're well enough.*

My hearty Goſs, there is nae help,
But Hand to Nive we twa maun ſcelp
Up *Rhine* and *Thames*, and o'er the *Alp-*
pines *and* Pyrenians,
The chearfou Carles do ſae yelp
To ha'e us their Minions.

Thy raffan rural Rhyme ſa rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wal'd Ware,
Sae gaſh, and gay, gars Fowk gae gare,
To ha'e them by them,
Tho gaffin they wi' Sides ſae ſair,
Cry, —— "*Wae gae by him!*

Fair fa that Sodger did invent
To eaſe the POETS Toil wi' Print;
Now, *WILLIAM* wi' maun to the Bent,
And pouſe our Fortune,
And crack wi' Lads wha're well content
Wi' this our Sporting.

Gin ony ſowr mou'd girning Bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling Chucky,
That we like Nags, whaſe Necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our Teeth:
I'll anſwer fine, —— "Gae kiſs ye'r Lucky
"*She dwells i'* Leith.

I ne'er wi' lang Tales faſh my Head,
But when I ſpeak, I ſpeak indeed:
Wha ca's me droll, but ony Feed,
I'll own I am ſae,
And while my Champers can chew Bread,
Yours —— ALAN RAMSAY.

AN EPISTLE TO W——— H———,

ON

The receiving the Compliment of a Barrel of *Loch-fyne* HERRINGS from him, 19th *December*, 1719.

YOur Herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,
In healſome Brine a' ſoumin,
' fat they are, and gufty Gear
As e'er I laid my Thumb on:
Bra' ſappy Fiſh
As ane cou'd wiſh
To clap on Fadge or Scon;
They reliſh fine
Good Claret Wine,
That gars our Cares ſtand yon.

Right mony Gabs wi' them ſhall gang
About *Auld Reeky's* Ingle,
When kedgy Carles think nae lang,
Where Stowps and Trunchers gingle;
Then my Friend leal
We toſs ye'r Heal,
And with bald Brag advance,
What's hoorded in
Lochs *Broom* and *Fyne*
Might ding the Stocks of *France*.

A Jelly Sum to carry on
A FISHERY's deſign'd,
Twa Millions good of Sterling Pounds
By Men of Money's ſign'd.
Had ye but ſeen
How unco' keen
And thrang they were about it,
That we are bald,
Right rich and ald;
Farran ye ne'er wad doubted,

Now, now I hope we'll ding the *Dutch*
As fine as a round *Robin*,
Gin Greedineſs to grow ſoon rich
Invites not to Stock-jobbing:
That poor boſs Shade
Of ſinking Trade,
And Weather-Glaſs politick,
Which heaves and ſets,
As Publick gets
A Heezy, or a wee Kick.

Fy, ſy! But yet I hope 'tis daft
To fear that Trick come hither;
Na, we're aboon that dirty Craft
Of biting ane anither.
The Subject rich
Will gi' a Hitch
T'increaſe the Publick Gear,
When on our Seas,
Like hiſy Bees,
Ten thouſand Fiſhers ſteer.

Could we catch the united Sholes
That crowd the Weſtern Ocean,
The *Indias* wad prove hungry Holes,
Compar'd to this our *Goſhen*:
Then let's to wark
With Net and Bark,
Them fiſh and faithfu' cure up;
Gin ſae we join,
We'll cleek in Coin
Frae a' the Ports of *Europe*.

Thanks t'ye Captain for this Swatch
Of our Store, and your Favour;
Gin I be ſpar'd, your Love to match
Shall ſtill be my Endeavour.
Next unto you,
My Service due,
Pleaſe gi'e to *Matthew Cumin*,
Wha with fair Heart
Has play'd his Part,
And ſent them true and trim in.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

A. R.

PATIE and ROGER:

A

PASTORAL

Inscrib'd to

JOSIAH BURCHET, *Esq;*

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping Frosts, and driving Sna',
Are o'er the Hills and far awa;
ld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyres* blaw,
And ilka Thing
e dainty, youthfou, gay and bra',
Invites to sing.

THEN let's begin by Creek of Day,
ind MUSE, skiff to the Bent away,
o try anes mair the Landart Lay,
With a' thy Speed,
nce BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upon the Reed.

A ANES,

ANES, anes again, beneath ſome Tree,
Exert thy Skill and nat'ral Glee,
To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker Sight,
Set theſe rude Sonnets ſung by me
In trueſt Light.

IN trueſt Light may a' that's fine
In his fair Character ſtill ſhine,
Sma' need he has of Sangs like mine,
To beet his Name;
For frae the North to Southren Line,
Wide gangs his Fame.

HIS Fame, which ever ſhall abide,
While Hiſt'ries tell of Tyrants Pride,
Wha vainly ſtrave upon the Tide,
T' invade theſe Lands,
Where *Briton*'s Royal Fleet doth ride,
Which ſtill commands.

THESE doughty Actions frae his Pen,
Our Age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn Navies did contend
Upon the Waves,
How free-born *Britons* faught like Men,
Their Faes like Slaves.

Sae far inſcribing, Sir, to you
is Country Sang, my Fancy flew,
n your juſt Merit to purſue;
But ah! I fear,
giving Praiſes that are due,
I grate your Ear.
Yet tent a POET's zealous Pray'r;
y Powers aboon with kindly Care,
nt you a lang and mikle Skair
Of a' that's good,
l unto langeſt Life and mair,
You've healthſou ſtood.
MAY never Cares your Bleſſing ſowr,
d may the MUSES ilka Hour
prove your Mind, and haunt your Bower,
I'm but a Callan:
may I pleaſe ye while I'm your
Devouted ALLAN.

PATIE

PATIE and ROGER.

BENEATH the South-side of a Craigy Beild,
Where a clear Spring did healsome Water yeild
Twa youthfou Shepherds on the Gowans lay,
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of *May*.
Poor ROGER grain'd till hollow Echoes rang,
While merry PATIE humm'd himself a Sang.
Then turning to his Friend in blythsome Mood,
Quoth he, How does this Sun-shine clear my Blood?
How hartsome is't to see the rising Plants?
To hear the Burds chirm o'er their Morning Rants?
How tosie is't to snuff the cauller Air,
And a' the Sweets it bears, when void of Care?
What ails thee, ROGER, then? What gars the grie
Tell me the Cause of thy ill season'd Pain.

ROGER.

I'M born, O PATIE, to a thrawart Fate!
I'm born to strive with Hardships dire and great;

Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:
But I oppreſt with never ending Grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on Relief.

PATIE.

The Bees ſhall loath the Flower and quate the Hive,
The Saughs on Boggie Ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
E'er ſcornfou Queans, or Loſs of warldly Gear,
Shall ſpill my Reſt, or ever force a Tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I ſay, but its no eaſy done
By ane wha's Saul is ſadly out o' Tune:
You have ſae ſaft a Voice and ſlid a Tongue,
You are the Darling of baith auld and young:
If I but ettle at a Sang, or ſpeak,
They dit their Lugs, ſyn up their Leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bought,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well ſhap'd as thee,
Nor mair unlikly to a Laſſe's Eye:
For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And ſhou'd, as ane might think, come farrer ben.

PAT-

PATIE.

BUT ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
Nor downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part:
If that be true, what ſignifies your Gear?
A Mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome Care.

ROGER,

MY Byar tumbled, Nine braw Nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three Elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe Ills endur'd.
In Winter laſt my Cares were very ſma,
Tho Scores of Wathers periſh'd in the Sna.

PATIE.

WERE your bein Rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſs, and leſs you wad repine:
He wha has juſt enough, can ſoundly ſleep,
The O'ercome only faſhes Fowk to keep.

ROGER.

MAY Plenty flow upon thee for a Croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the Pangs of frequent Loſs;
O may'ſt thou dote on ſome fair paughty Wench,
Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench,
Till, birſs'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Six good fat Lambs I fald them ilka Clute,
the *West-Port*, and bought a winſom Flute,
Plumb-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round,
dainty Whiſtle wi' a pleaſant Sound;
be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool,
en you wi' a' your Gear, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na PATIE, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh Beaſt,
ne ither Things ly heavier at my Breaſt,
eam'd a dreery Dream this hinder Night,
t gars my Fleſh a' creep yet wi' the Fright.

PATIE.

ow to your Friend how ſilly's this Pretence,
ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens:
are your Dreams, as daſtly wad ye hide
well-ſeen Love, and dorty JENNY's Pride:
Courage, ROGER, me your Sorrows tell,
ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

ROGER.

PATIE, ye have gueſt indeed o'er true,
there is nathing I'll keep up frae you:

Me

Me dorty JENNY looks upon aſquint,
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka Place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbas'd and unco blate,
But Yeſterday I met her yont a Know,
She fled as frae a Shellycoat or Kow;
She BAULDY loo's, BAULDY that drives the Car,
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell o' Tar.

PATIE.

BUT BAULDY loo's nae her, right well I wat,
He ſighs for NEPS;—— ſae that may ſtand for that.

ROGER.

I wiſh I cou'd na loo her,—— but in vain,
I ſtill maun dote, and thole her proud Diſdain.
My *Bauty* is a Cur I dearly like,
Till he youl'd ſair ſhe ſtrake the poor dumb Tyke;
If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breaſt,
She wad hae ſhawn mair Kindneſs to my Beaſt.
When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
With a' her Face ſhe ſhaws a cauldrife Scorn.
Laſt Time I play'd, ye never ſaw ſic Spite,
O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delyte,

...r tauntingly ſhe at her Nibour ſpeer'd,
...an ſhe cou'd tell what Tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
...locks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
...ll break my Reed, and never whiſtle mair.

PATIE.

E'EN do ſae, ROGER, wha can help Miſluck,
...ebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawngabet Chuck;
...onder's a Craig, ſince ye have tint a' Hope,
...e till't ye'r ways, and take the Lover's Loup.

ROGER.

I need na make ſic Speed my Blood to ſpill,
...ll warrand Death come ſoon enough a will.

PATIE.

DAFT Gouk! Leave aff that ſilly whindging Way,
...em careleſs, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
...aſt Morning I was unco' airly out,
...pon a Dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;
...ſaw my MEG come linkan o'er the Lee,
...ſaw my MEG, but MAGGIE ſaw na me:
...or yet the Sun was wading throw the Miſt,
...nd ſhe was cloſs upon me e'er ſhe wiſt.
...er Coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
...r ſtraight bare Legs, which whiter were than Snaw:

Her Cockernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her hafet Locks hung waving on her Cheek:
Her Cheek ſae ruddy! and her Een ſae clear!
And O! her Mouth's like ony hinny Pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in Buſtine Waſtecoat clean,
As ſhe came skiffing o'er the dewy Green:
Blythſome I cry'd, My bonny MEG, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're ſae ſoon a ſteer:
But now I gueſs ye're gawn to gather Dew.
She ſcour'd awa, and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye well, *Meg-dorts*, and e'ens ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a Crack
With a right thievleſs Errand ſhe came back,
Miſcau'd me firſt,---- then bade me hound my Dog
To weer up three waff Ews were on the Bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe, then wi' great Haſte
I claſp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waſte;
About her yielding Waſte, and took a Fouth,
Of ſweeteſt Kiſſes frae her glowan Mouth:
While hard and faſt I held her in my Grips,
My very Saul came louping to my Lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe ſtere wi' me 'tween ilka Smack,
But well I kend ſhe mean'd na as ſhe ſpake.

Dear ROGER, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh ye'r Thumb;
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her Mood;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

ROGER.

KIND PATIE, now fairfaw your honeſt Heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgie and ha'e ſic an Art
To hearten ane: —— For now as clean's a Leek
Ye've cheriſht me ſince ye began to ſpeak;
Sae for your Pains I'll make ye a Propine,
My Mither, honeſt Wife, has made it fine;
A Tartan Plaid, ſpun of good hauſlock Woo,
Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders Blue,
With Sprainges like Gou'd and Siller, croſs'd wi' Black,
I never had it yet upon my Back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e ſae kind
Redd up my ravel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.

PATIE.

WELL, hadd ye there, —— and ſince ye've frankly made
A Preſent to me of your bra new Plaid,
My Flute's be yours, and ſhe too that's ſae nice,
Shall come a Will, if you'll take my Adyice.

ROGER.

ROGER.

As ye adviſe I'll promiſe to obſerv't,
But you maun keep the Flute, ye beſt deſerv't;
Now take it out and gi'es a bonny Spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play or ſing.

PATIE.

But firſt we'll take a Turn up to the Hight,
And ſee gin a' our Flocks be feeding Right:
Be that Time Bannocks and a Shave of Cheeſe
Will make a Breakfaſt that a Laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe our Laird, gin he were but ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon Meat wi' Health inſtead of Spice:
When we ha'e ta'en the Grace-Drink at this Well,
I'll whiſtle ſine, and ſing t'ye like my ſell.

EDINBURGH's SALUTATION

To the Most Honourable,

My Lord Marquess of CARNARVON.

WELCOME, my Lord, Heav'n be your Guide,
And further your Intention
To what e'er Place you sail or ride
To brighten your Invention.
The Book of Mankind lang and wide
Is well worth your Attention:
Wherefore, please some Time here abide,
And measure the Demention
Of Minds right stout.

O that ilk worthy *Britiſh* Peer
Wad follow your Example,
My auld Gray Head I yet wad rear,
And ſpread my Skirts mair ample.
Shou'd *London* poutch up a' the Gear?
She might ſpare me a Sample:
In trowth his HIGHNESS ſhou'd live here;
For without Oyl our Lamp will
Gang blinkan out.

Lang ſyn, my Lord, I had a Court,
And Nobles fill'd my Cawſy;
But ſince I have been Fortune's Sport
I look nae haff ſae gawſy.
Yet here brave Gentlemen reſort,
And mony a handſome Laſſy;
Now that you'r lodg'd within my Port,
Fou well I wat they'll a' ſay,
Welcome, my LORD.

For you my beſt Cheer I'll produce,
I'll no make muckle vaunting;
But rowth for Pleaſure and for Uſe,
What ever you be wanting,
You's have at Will to chap and chuſe;
For few Things am I ſcant in:
The Wale of well-ſet Ruby Juice,
When you like to be rantin,
I can afford,

Than I, nor *Paris*, nor *Madrid*,
Nor *Rome*, I trew's mair able
To buſk you up a better Bed,
Or trim a tighter Table.
My Sons are honourably bred,
To Truth and Friendſhip ſtable:
What my detracting Faes have ſaid,
You'll find a feigned Fable,
At the firſt Sight,

May Claſſic Lear and Letters Belle,
And Traveling conſpire,
Ilk unjuſt Notion to repell,
And God-like Thoughts inſpire;
That in ilk Action wiſe and ſnell
You may ſhaw Manly Fire:
Sae the fair Picture of himſell,
Will give his Grace your SIRE
Immenſe Delight.

A. RAMSAY.

EDIN. 17. May,
1720.

WEALTH,
OR
The Woody.

Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, ——— Hor.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brass,
Wha ventur'd first upon the Sea
With Hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree.

THalia, ever welcome to this Isle,
Descend, and glad the Nation with a Smile;
ee frae yon Bank where *South-Sea* ebbs and flows,
low Sand-blind Chance *Woodies* and *Wealth* bestows:

Aided by thee I'll fail the wondrous Deep,
And throw the crouded Alleys cautious creep.
Not eaſy Task to plough the ſwelling Wave,
Or in Stock-jobbing preſs my Guts to ſave:
But naething can our wilder Paſſions tame,
Wha rax for Riches or immortal Fame.

Long had the Grumblers us'd this murm'ring Sou
Poor Britain *in her publick Debt is drown'd!*
At fifty Millions late we ſtarted a',
And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa';
But ſonſy Sauls wha firſt contriv'd the Way,
With Project deep our Charges to defray;
O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treaſure brings,
That Fouk be gueſs become as rich as Kings.
Lang Heads they were that firſt laid down the Plan,
Into the which the round anes headlang ran,
Till overſtockt they quat the Sea, and fain wa'd be
at Land.
Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clad the Gre
Aften I have young ſportive Gilpies ſeen
The waxing Ba' with meikle Pleaſure row,
Till paſt their Pith, it did unwieldy grow.

'Tis ſtrange to think what Changes may appear
Within the narrow Circle of a Year;
How can ae Project, if it be well laid,
Supply the ſimple Want of trifling Trade!
Sixty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain,
Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi' Pain,
And die at laſt in Debt inſtead of Gain.
But O *South-Sea!* What mortal Mind can run
Throu' a' the Miracles that thou haſt done?
Nor ſcrimply thou thy ſell to Bounds confines,
But like the Sun on ilka Party ſhines,
To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wiſe,
With Hand impartial ſtretches out the Prize.

Like *Nilus* ſwelling frae his unkend Head,
Frae Bank to Brae o'erflows ilk Rig and Mead,
Unfilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,
Whence Sun-burn'd Gypſies reap a plenteous Crap:
Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence wide,
But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide;
Our's, aft ilk Day, t' enrich the Common-Weal,
Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings *Ægyptian Nile*.

Ye

Ye Rich and Wiſe, we own Succeſs your Due;
But your Reverſe their Luck with Wonder view,
How without Thought theſe dawted Petts of Fate
Have jobb'd themſells into ſae high a State,
By pure Inſtinct ſae leal the Mark have hit,
Without the Uſe of either Fear or Wit.
And ithers wha laſt Year their Garrets kept,
Where Duns in Viſion faſh'd them while they ſlept,
Wha only durſt in Twilight, or the Dark,
Steal to a common Cook's with haff a Mark,
A' their hale Stock.—— Now by a canny Gale,
In the o'erflowing Ocean ſpread their Sail,
While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,
Look down on Fiſher-Boats wi' meikle Pride.

Mean time the Thinkers wha are out of Play,
For their ain Comfort kenna what to ſay;
That the Foundation's looſe, fain wad they ſhaw,
And think na but the Fabrick ſoon will fa':
That's a' but Sham —— for inwardly they fry,
Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.
Faint-hearted Wights, wha dully ſtood afar,
Tholing your Reaſon great Attempts to mar,

While the brave Dauntleſs, of ſic Fetters free,
Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden Sea:
Where now like gods they rule each wealthy Jaw,
While you may thump your Pows againſt the Wa'.

On Summers E'en the Welking calm and fair,
When little Midges friſk in lazy Air,
Have you not ſeen thro' ither how they reel,
And Time about how up and down they wheel?
Thus Eddies of Stockjobbers drive about;
Upmoſt to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out.
With penſive Face, when e'er the Market's hy,
Menutius crys, Ah! What a Gowk was I!
Some Friend of his wha wiſely ſeems to ken
Events of Cauſes mair than ither Men,
Puſh for your Intereſt yet, Nae fear, he crys,
For *South-Sea* will to twice ten hunder riſe.
Waes me for him that ſells paternal Land,
And buys when Shares the higheſt Sums demand:
He ne'er ſhall taſte the Sweets of riſing Stock,
Which faws neiſt Day; Nae Help for't, he is broke.

Dear Sea, be tenty how thou flows at Shams
Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their froggy Dams,

Leſt

Left in their muddy Bogs thou chance to ſink,
Where thou may'ſt ſtagnate, ſyne of Courſe maun ſtink.

This I forſee, (and Time ſhall prove I'm right;
For he's nae Poet wants the ſecond Sight,)
When Autumn's Stores are ruck'd up in the Yard,
And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down cauld Winter's Beard;
When bleak *November* Winds make Foreſts bare,
And with ſplenetick Vapours fill the Air:
Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or ſilent Glen,
When Trees bear naithing elſe, they'll carry Men.
Wha ſhall like paughty *Romans* greatly ſwing
Aboon Earth's Diſappointments in a String.
Sae ends the towring Saul that downa ſee
A Man move in a higher Sphere than he.

Happy that Man wha has thrawn up a Main,
Which makes ſome Hundred thouſands a' his ain,
And comes to anchor on ſae firm a Rock,
Britannia's Credit and the *South-Sea* Stock.
Ilk blythſome Pleaſure waits upon his Nod,
And his Dependents eye him as a God.
Cloſs may he bend *Champain* frae E'en to Morn,
And look on Cells of Tippony with Scorn.

Thrice

Thrice lucky Pimps, or ſmug fac'd wanton Fair,
That can in a' his Wealth and Pleaſures ſkair.
Like *Jove* he ſits, like *Jove* high Heaven's Goodman,
While the inferior Gods about him ſtand,
Till he permits, with condeſcending Grace,
That ilka ane in Order take their Place.
Thus with attentive Look mensfu' they ſit,
Till he ſpeak firſt, and ſhaw ſome ſhining Wit;
Syne circling Wheels the flattering Gaffaw,
As well they may; he gars their Beards wag a'.
Imperial Gowd, What is't thou canna grant?
Poſſeſt of thee, What is't a Man needs want?
Commanding Coin, there's nathing hard to thee,
I canna gueſs how rich Fowk come to die.

Unhappy Wretch, link'd to the threed bare Nine,
The dazling Equipage can ne'er be thine.
Deſtin'd to toil thro' Labyrinths of Verſe,
Dar'ſt ſpeak of great Stockjobbing as a a Farce:
Poor thoughtleſs Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,
Thy flying Horſe, and bright *Apollo*'s Beams,
And *Helicon*'s werſh Well thou ca's Divine,
Are nathing like a Miſtreſs, Coach and Wine.

Wad

Wad ſome good Patron (whaſe ſuperior Skill,
Can make the *South-Sea* ebb and flow at Will)
Put in a Stock for me, I own it fair,
In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair,
Immortalize him, and whate'er he loves,
In flowing Numbers I ſhall ſing, *approves*;
If not, Fox like, I'll thraw my Gab and Gloom,
And ca' your hundred thouſand a *four Plum*.

Edinb. June 1720.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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2 1

TO THE ROYAL BURROWS OF SCOTLAND.

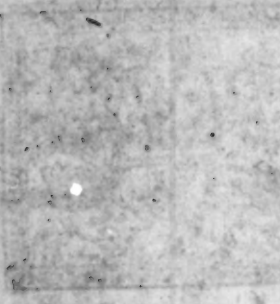
The following POEM

Is humbly dedicated,

By

Edinburgh, 18. *October*, 1720.

ALLAN RAMSAY.



BRITISH MUSEUM

The Proſpect of Plenty:

A

POEM

ON THE

NORTH SEA.

—Βαιῷ δὲ πόνῳ μέγα κέρδος ὀπηδεῖ.

Oppian. Alieutic. Lib. III.

HALIA anes again in blythſome Lays,
In Lays immortal chant the NORTH SEA's Praiſe.
Tent how the *CALEDONIANS* lang ſupine,
Begin, mair wiſe, to open baith their Een,

And, as they ought, t'imploy that Store which Hea
In ſic Abundance to their Hands has given.
Sae heedleſs Heir born to a Lairdſhip wide,
That yields mair Plenty than he kens to guide;
Not well acquainted with his ain good Luck,
Lets ilka ſneaking Fellow take a Pluck;
'Till at the Langrun, wi' a Heart right ſair,
He ſees the Bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger Glour,
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

NAE Nation in the Warld can paralle
The plenteous Product of this happy Iſle:
But Paſt'ral Heights, and ſweet prolifick Plains,
That can at Will command the ſafteſt Strains.
Stand yont; for *Amphitrite* claims our Sang,
Wha round fair *Thule* drives her finny Thrang,
O'er Shaws of Corral, and the Pearly Sands,
To *SCOTIA*'s ſmootheſt Lochs and Chriſtal Strands.
There keeps the Tyrant Pike his awfu' Court,
Here Trouts and Salmond in clear Channels Sport.

Wae

Wae to that Hand that dares by Day or Night
Defile the Stream, where ſporting Frys delight.
But Herrings, lovely Fiſh, like beſt to play
In rowan Ocean or the open Bay:
In Crouds amazing thro' the Waves they Shine,
Millions on Millions form ilk equal Line:
Nor dares the imperial Whale, unleſs by Stealth,
Attack their firm united Common-wealth.
But artfu' Nets, and Fiſhers wylie Skill,
Can bring the ſcaly Nations to their Will.
When theſe retire to Caverns of the Deep,
Or in their oozy Beds thro' Winter ſleep,
Then ſhall the tempting Bait, and ſtented String,
Beguile the Cod, the Sea Cat, Tusk and Ling.
Thus may our FISHERY throu' a' the Year
Be ſtill imploy'd, t' increaſe the publick Gear.

DELYTFOU' Labour, where the induſtrious gains
Profit ſurmounting ten Times a' his Pains.
Nae Pleaſure like Succeſs, then Lads ſtand be,
Ye'll find it endleſs in the *Northern Sea*.

O'er

O'er lang with empty Brag we have been vain
Of toom Dominion on the plenteous Main,
While others ran away with a' the Gain.
Thus proud *Iberia* vaunts of ſov'reign Sway
O'er Countries rich, frae riſe to ſet of Day:
She graſps the Shadow, but the Subſtance tines,
While a' the reſt of *Europe* milk her Mines.

BUT dawns the Day ſets *Britain* on her Feet,
Lang look'd for's come at laſt, and welcome be't:
For numerous Fleets ſhall hem *Æbudan* Rocks,
Commanding Seas, with Routh to raiſe our Stocks.
Nor can this be a toom Chimera found,
The Fabrick's bigget on the ſureſt Ground.
Sma is our need to toil on foreign Shores,
When we have baith the *Indias* at our Doors.
Yet for Diverſion laden Veſſels may
To far aff Nations cut the liquid Way,
And fraught frae ilka Port what's nice or braw,
While for their Trifles we mantain them a'.
Goths, *Vandals*, *Gauls*, *Heſperians* and the *Mores*,
Shall a' be treated frae our happy Shores:

The rantin *Germans*, *Ruſſians*, and the *Poles*,
Shall feaſt with Pleaſure on our gufty Sholes:
For which deep in their Treaſures we ſhall dive;
Thus by fair Trading *North Sea* Stock ſhall thrive.

SAE far the bonny Proſpect gave Delight,
The warm Idea's gart the MUSE take Flight:
When ſtraight a *Grumbletonian* appears,
Peghing fou ſair beneath a Lade of Fears;
" Wow that's braw News, quoth he, to make Fools fain,
" But gin ye be nae Warlock, How d'ye ken?
" Dis *Tam* the *Rhimer* ſpae oughtlins of this?
" Or do ye prophecy juſt as ye wiſh?
" Will Projects thrive in this abandon'd Place?
" Unſonſy we had ne'er ſae meikle Grace.
" I fear, I fear, your touring Aim fa' ſhort,
" Alake we winn o'er far frae King and Court!
" The *Southrens* will with Pith your Project bawk,
" They'll never thole this great Deſign to tak.

THU.

THUS do the dubious ever countermine,
With Party wrangle ilka fair Deſign.
How can a Saul that has the Uſe of Thought,
Be to ſic little creeping Fancies brought?
Will *Britain*'s King or Parliament gainſtand
The univerſal Profit of the Land?
Now when nae ſep'rate Intereſt eags to Strife,
The antient Nation's join'd like Man and Wife,
Maun ſtudy cloſs for Peace and Thriving's ſake,
Aff a' the wiſſen'd Leaves of Spite to ſhake:
Let's weave and fiſh to ane anither's Hands,
And never mind wha ſerves or wha commands;
But baith alike conſult the Common-weal,
Happy that Moment Friendſhip makes us leal
To Truth and Right —— Then ſprings a ſhining Day,
Shall Clouds of ſma Miſtakes drive faſt away.
Miſtakes and private Int'reſt hence be gane,
Mind what ye did on dire *Pharſalia*'s Plain,
Vhere doughty *Romans* were by *Romans* ſlain.

A meaner

A meaner Phantom nieſt with meikle Dread,
ttacks with ſenſeleſs Fears the weaker Head.
The *Dutch*, ſay they, will ſtrive your Plot to ſtap,
They'll toom their Banks before you reap their Crap;
Lang have they ply'd that Trade like biſy Bees,
And ſuck't the Profit of the *Pictland* Seas:
Thence Riches fiſh'd mair by themſells conſeſt,
Than e'er they made by *India*'s Eaſt and Weſt.

O mighty fine and greatly was it ſpoke!
laun bauld *Britannia* bear *Batavia*'s Yoke?
lay ſhe not open her ain Pantry-door,
or Fear the paughty State ſhou'd gi'e a Roar?
Dare ſhe nane of her Herrings ſell or prive,
Afore ſhe ſay, *Dear* Holland, *wi' ye'r leave?*
Curſe on the Wight wha tholes a Thought ſae tame,
He merits not the manly *Britain*'s Name.
Grant they'r good Allies, yet its hardly wiſe
To buy their Friendſhip at ſae high a Price.
But frae that Airth we needna fear great Skaith,
Theſe People, right auldfaran, will be laith

To thwart a Nation, wha with E ſe can draw
Up ilka Sluce they have, and drown them a'.

AH ſlothfu Pride! a Kingdom's greateſt Curſe;
How dowf looks Gentry with an empty Purſe?
How worthleſs is a poor and haughty Drone,
Wha thowleſs ſtands a lazy Looker on?
While active Sauls a ſtagnant Life deſpiſe,
Still raviſh't with new Pleaſures as they riſe.
O'er lang in troth have we By-ſtanders been,
And loot Fowk lick the Whyte out of our Een:
Nor can we wyt them, ſince they had our Vote,
But now they'ſe get the Wiſtle of their Groat.

HERE did the MUSE intend a while to reſt,
Till hame o'er ſpitefou Din her Lugs oppreſt;
Anither Sett of the envyfou kind
(With narrow Notions horridly confin'd)
Wag their boſs Nodles; ſyn with ſilly Spite
Land ilka worthy Project in a Bite.
They force with aukward Girn their Ridicule,
And ca ilk ane concerned a ſimple Fool,

Excepting

Excepting ſome, wha a' the lave will nick,
And gie them nought but bare Whop-ſhafts to lick.

MALICIOUS Envy! Root of a' Debates,
The Plague of Government and Bane of States;
The Nurſe of poſitive deſtructive Strife,
Fair Friendſhip's Fae, which ſowrs the Sweets of Life;
Promoter of Sedition and baſe Fead,
Still overjoy'd to ſee a Nation bleed.
Flap, flap my LASS, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
Tho ye rin on, Heav'n kens where ye may land;
Turn to your *Fiſhers Sang*, and let Fowk ken
The NORTH SEA Skippers are leal hearted Men,
Veers'd in the critick Seaſons of the Year,
When to ilk Bay the Fiſhing-buſh ſhou'd ſteer;
There to hawl up with Joy the plenteous Fry,
Which on the Decks in ſhining Heaps ſhall ly,
Still carefou Hands, even while they've vital Heat,
Shall be employ'd to ſave their Juices ſweet:
Quick Tent they'll tak to ſtow them wi' ſtrang Brine,
In Barrels tight, that ſhall nae Liquor tine;

Then in the foreign Markets we ſhall ſtand
With upright Front, and the firſt Sale demand.
This, this our faithfou TRUSTEES have in Vie
And honourably will the Task purſue;
Nor are they bigging Caſtles in a Cloud,
Their Ships already into Action ſcud.

NOW dear ill-natur'd Billies ſay nae mair,
But leave the Matter to their prudent Care;
They'r Men of Candor, and right well they wate
That Truth and Honeſty hads lang the Gate:
Shouder to Shouder let's ſtand firm and ſtout,
And there's nae fear but we'll ſoon make it out;
We've Reaſon, Law and Nature on our Side,
And have nae Bars but Party, Slowth and Pride.

WHEN a's in Order, as it ſoon will be,
And Fleets of Buſhes fill the NORTHREN S
What hopefou' Images with Joy ariſe,
In Order rang'd before the Muſe's Eyes;
A Wood of Maſts,--- well man'd,--- their jovial Di
Like eydent Bees gawn out and coming in.

Here haff a Nation, healthfou, wiſe and ſtark,
With Spirits, only tint for want of Wark,
Shall now find Place their Genius to exert,
While in the Common-good they act their Part.
Theſe fit for Servitude ſhall bear a Hand,
And theſe find Government form'd for Command.
Beſides, this as a Nurſery ſhall breed
Stout skill'd Marines, when *Britain*'s Navies need.
Pleas'd with their Labour, when their Task is done,
They'll leave green *Thetis* to imbrace the Sun;
Then freſheſt Fiſh ſhall on the Brander bleez,
And lend the biſy Browſter-Wife a Heez:
While healthfou Hearts ſhall own their honeſt Flame,
With reaming Quaff, and whomelt to her Name;
Whaſe active Motion to his Heart did reach,
As ſhe the Cods was turning on the Beech.
Curs'd Poortith, *Love* and *Hymen's* deadly Fae,
(That gars young Fouk in Prime cry aft, *Oh hey*,
And ſingle live, till Age and Runkles ſhaw
Their canker'd Spirit's good for nought at a';)
Now flit your Camp, far frae our Confines ſcour,
Our Lads and Laſſes ſoon ſhall ſlight your Power;

For,

For Rowth ſhall cheriſh Love, and Love ſhall bring
Mae Men t'improve the Soil and ſerve the King.
Thus univerſal Plenty ſhall produce
Strength to the State, and Arts for Joy and Uſe.

OPLENTY, thou Delyt of great and ſma,
Thou nervous Sinnon of baith War and Law:
The Stateſman's Drift, Spur to the Artiſt's Skill:
Nor does the very *Flamens* like the ill.
The ſhabby Poet hate thee! That's a Lie,
Or elſe they are na of a Mind wi' me.

PLENTY ſhall cultivate ilk Scawp and Moor,
Now Lee and bair, becauſe the Landlord's poor.
On ſcroggy Braes ſhall Aiks and Aſhes grow,
And bonny Gardens clead the Brecken How.
Does others backward dam the raging Main,
Raiſing on barren Sands a flowry Plain?
By us then ſhou'd the Thought o't be endur'd,
To let braid Tracts of Land ly unmanur'd?

Uncul-

Jas Wallace

Uncultivate nae mair they ſhall appear,
But ſhine with a' the Beauties of the Year;
Which ſtart with Eaſe frae the obedient Soil,
And ten Times o'er reward a little Toil.

ALANG wild Shores, where tumbling Billows break,
Pleniſht with nought but Shells and Tangle Wreck,
Braw Towns ſhall riſe, with Steeples mony a ane,
And Houſes bigget a with Eſtler Stane.
Where Schools polite ſhall lib'ral Arts diſplay,
And make auld barb'rous Darkneſs fly away.

NOW *Nereus* riſing frae his watery Bed,
The pearly Draps hap down his lyart Head;
Oceanus with Pleaſure hears him ſing,
Tritons and *Nereids* form a jovial Ring;
And dancing on the Deep, Attention draw,
While a' the Winds in Love, but ſighing, blaw.
The Sea-born Prophet ſang in ſweeteſt Strain,
Britains be blyth, fair Queen of Iſles be fain;

" A richer People never ſaw the Sun,
" Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun;
" Spread a' your Sails and Streamers in the Wind,
" For ilka Power in Sea and Air's your Friend;
" Great *Neptune*'s unexhauſted Bank has Store
" Of endleſs Wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er.
He ſang ſae loud, round Rocks the Ecchoes flew,
'Tis true, he ſaid, they a' return'd, *'Tis True.*

Spoken to MRS. N.

A POEM wrote without a Thought;
By Notes may to a SONG be brought;
Tho Wit be ſcarce, low the Deſign,
And Numbers lame in every Line:
But when fair *CHRISTY* this ſhall ſing
In *Conſort* with the trembling String,
Then the POET's often prais'd,
For Charms ſo ſweet a Voice hath rais'd.

MARY SCOT.

HOW ſweet's the Love which meets Return,
When in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to diſcover
The Torment of a hopeleſs Lover.
Ye Regiſters of Heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd as Marrow
To *MARY SCOT* the Flower of *Yarrow*.

Ah no! her Form's too Heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare,
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at a Diſtance due adore her.
O lovely Maid, my Doubts beguile!
Revive and bleſs me with a Smile,
Alace if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing Swain from the Banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush ye Fears, I'll not despair,
My *MARY*'s tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
Sure she's too good to let me languish;
With Success crown'd I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky,
When *MARY SCOT*'s become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradice on *Yarrow*.

Wine *and* Musick, *an* ODE.

SIMON.] O *COLIN*, how dull is't to be
When a Soul is sinking wi' Pain,
To one who is pained like me,
My Life's grown a Load
And my Faculties nod,
While I sigh for cold *JEANIE* in Vain,
I'm slain, I'm slain, I'm slain,
The Wound it is mortal and deep,
My Pulses beat low in each Vein,
And threaten eternal Sleep.

COLIN.] Come here's the best Cure for thy Wounds.
A Cure for all thy Wounds,
The Bowl, the Bowl, the Bowl,
O Boy, the cordial Bowl!
With soft harmonious Sounds,
Wounds, Wounds, Wounds, These can cure all Wou
With soft harmonious Sounds,
And pull of the cordial Bowl:
Tune, tune, tune, O SYMON tune thy Soul,
Above the Gods beinly bouze,
When round they meet in a Ring,
They cast away Care, and carouse
Their *Nectar*, while they sing:
Then drink, drink, drink and sing,
These make the Blood circle fine,
Strike up the *Musick*,
The safest Physick,
Compounded with sparkling *Wine*.

O'er BOGIE.

I will awa' wi' my Love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho a' my Kin had ſworn and ſaid
I'll o'er Bogie *wi' her.*
If I can get but her Conſent,
I dinna care a Strae,
Tho ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna' part,
For Siller or for Land.
Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace,
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On *BETTY*'s bonny Face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine
Of Colour, Treats and Air,
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare;
Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms,
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife;
And lockt up in my Arms.
I will away, &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range,
I'll cry, your humble Servant King,
Sahmeſa' them that wa'd change.
A Kiſs of *BETTY* and a Smile,
Abeet ye wa'd lay down
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s Iſle,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa' &c.

o'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *MAGGY*,
Her Wit and Sweetneſs call me,
en to my FAIR I'll ſhew my Mind,
Whatever may befall me.
She love Mirth, I'll learn to ſing,
Or likes the Nine to follow,
lay my Lugs in *Pindus* Spring,
d invocate *APOLLO*.

f ſhe admire a martial Mind,
I'll ſheath my Limbs in Armour;
to the ſofter Dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt Airs I'll charm her;
f ſhe love Grandeur, Day and Night
I'll plot my Nation's Glory,
nd Favour in my Prince's Sight,
And ſhine in future Story.

Beauty

Beauty can Wonders work with Eaſe,
Where Wit is correſponding;
And braveſt Men know beſt to pleaſe,
With Complaiſance abounding.
My bonny *MAGGIE*'s Love can turn
Me to what Shape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her Breaſt that Flame ſhall burn
Which in my Boſom blazes.

I'll never leave Thee.

JONNY.

THO' for ſeven Years and mair Honour ſhou'd reave me,
To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee,
For deep in my Spirit thy Sweets are indented,
And Love ſhall preſerve ay what Love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the World as it will, Deareſt believe me.

NELLY.

NELLY

O JOHNY, I'm jealous, when e'er ye discover
Sentiments yielding, ye'l turn a loose Rover;
nought i'the Warld wa'd vex my Heart sairer,
ou prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer:
ve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY

My NELLY, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
while my Blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye,
blooming saft Beauties first heeted Love's Fire,
Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the hyer:
ve thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
the Warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then JONNY, I frankly this Minute allow ye,
think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trew ye;
gin ye prove fa'se, to ye'er sell be it said then,
'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:
ve me, reave me, Heav'ns! it wa'd reave me
my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

TONNY.

Bid Iceſhogles hammer red Goads on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns ſhall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

Polwart *on the Green.*

AT Polwart *on the Green*
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Laſſes do conveen
To dance about the Thorn;
A kindly welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad complete,
The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames ſay *Na,*
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
While inwardly they bleez;

I will frankly ſhaw my *Mind*,
And yield my Heart to thee;
ever to the Captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the Green,
ang the new mawn Hay,
ith Sangs and dancing keen
'ell paſs the heartſome Day:
Night if *Beds be o'er thrang laid*,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
ou ſhalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

John Hay's *bonny Laſſie.*

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! Maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *HAY*, that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture,
May be e'er we part my Vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*
When Birds mount and sing bidding Day a Goodmorrow.
The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if she appear where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers smell the sweeter;
'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a-wing,
Her Smiles and bright Eye set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded;
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to caress ye,
For my Desire is to be bonny Lassie.

Genty Tibby *and sonsy* Nelly.

TIBBY has a Store of Charms,
Her genty Shape our Fancy warms,
How ſtrangely can her ſma' white Arms
Fetter the Lad wha looks but at her;
Frae Ancle to her ſlender Waiſt,
Theſe Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her roſie Cheek and riſing Breaſt,
Gar ane's Mouth guſh bowt fou' o' Water.

*NELLY*s gawſy ſaft and gay,
Freſh as the lucken Flowers in *May*,
Ilk ane that ſees her cries *Ah hey!*
She's bonny, O I wonder at her!
The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
And Limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her,
Her Lips ſae ſweet, and Skin ſae ſleek,
Gar mony Mouth beſide mine water.

Now ſtrike my Finger in a Bore,
My Wyſon with the Maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When theſe twa Stars appear thegether.
O Love! Why doſt thou gi'e thy Fires,
Sae large? While we're oblig'd to nither
Our ſpacious Sauls immenſe Deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

TIBBY's Shape and Airs are fine,
And *NELLY*'s Beauties are divine;
But ſince they can na baith be mine,
Ye Gods give Ear to my Petition,
Provide a good Lad for the tane,
But let it be with this Proviſion,
Iget the other to my lane,
In Proſpect *plano* and Fruition.

Up in the Air.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle and ſnuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to *France*,
Up in the Air
On my bonny gray Mare.
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in *&c.*

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna'
O'er frozen Hags like a Foot Ba',
Nae Starns keek throw the Azure ſlit,
Tis cauld and mirk as ony Pit.
The Man i'the Moon
Is carowſing aboon,
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet.
The Man, *&c.*

Take

Take your Glaſs to clear your Een,
'Tis the *Elixir* hates the Spleen,
Baith Wit and Mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puff's the Lover's Fire.
Up in the Air,
It drives away Care;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, Lads, yet.
Up in &c.

Steek the Doors, keep out the Froſt,
Come, *WILLY*, gi'es about ye'r Toſt,
Til't Lads and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſom Bowt.
Up wi't there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, Huzza, and Huzza Lads yet.
Up wi't &c.

THE RISE and FALL OF STOCKS, 1720.

AN EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

My Lord *Ramsay*,

Now in *PARIS*.

To which is added

The *Satyr*'s Comick Project for recovering a *Bankrupt Stockjobber*.

Your Pettifoggers, damn their Souls!
To Share with Knaves in cheating Fools,
And Merchants vent'ring on the Main
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns for Gain.

HUDIBRAS.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for the AUTHOR, at the *Mercury*, opposite to *Niddry*'s Wynd, and sold by *T. Jauncy* at the *Angel*, without *Temple-bar*, *London*. MDCCXXI.

THE RISE and FALL OF STOCKS

1720.

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

My Lord Mayor.

Now in PARTS.

To which is added

Sappy's Comick Project for rec
covering a Bankrupt Stock-Jobber.

THE RISE and FALL OF STOCKS, 1720.

An EPISTLE to the Right Honourable my Lord *Ramſay*.

To the Mind's Eye Things well appear
At Diſtance, thro' an artfull Glaſs,
Bring but the flatt'ring Object near,
They're all a ſenſleſs gloomy Maſs.

PRIOR.

My LORD,

WIthoutten Preface or Preamble,
My Fancy being on the Ramble;
Tranſported with an honeſt Paſſion,
Viewing our poor bambouzl'd Nation,
Biting her Nails, her Knuckles wringing,
Her Cheek ſae blae, her Lip ſae hinging;

Grief

Grief and Vexation's like to kill her,
For tyning baith her Tick and Siller.

Allow me then to make a Comment
On this Affair of greateſt Moment:
Which has fa'n out, my Lord, ſince ye
Left *Louthian* and the † *Edge-well* Tree;
And, with your Leave, I needna ſtickle
To ſay wer're in a ſorry Pickle,
Since Poortith o'er ilk Head does hover
Frae * *John a Groat's Houſe*, South to *Dover*.
Sair have we pelted been with Stocks,
Caſting our Credit at the Cocks.
Lang guilty of the higheſt Treaſon
Againſt the Government of Reaſon;
We madly, at our ain Expences,
Stock-job'd away our Caſh and Senſes.

† An Oak Tree which grows on the ſide of a fine Spring, nigh the Caſtle of *Dalhouſie*, very much obſerved by the Country People, who give out, That before any of the Family died, a Branch fell from the *Edge-well Tree*. The old Tree ſome few Years ago fell altogether, but another ſprung from the ſame Root, which is now tall and flouriſhing, and *lang be't ſae*.

* The Northmoſt Houſe in *Scotland*.

As little Bairns frae Winnocks hy
Drap down Saip Bells to waiting Fry,
Wha run and wreſtle for the Prize,
With Face erect and watchfou' Eyes;
The Lad wha gleggeſt waits upon it,
Receives the Bubble on his Bonnet,
Views with Delight the ſhining Beau-thing,
Which in a Twinkling burſts to Nothing.
Sae *Britain* brought on a' her Troubles
By running daftly after Bubbles.

Impos'd on by langnebit Juglers,
Stock-Jobbers, Brokers, cheating Smuglers,
Wha ſet their Gowden Girns ſae wylie,
Tho ne'er ſae cautious they'd beguile ye.
The covetous Infatuation
Was ſmittle out o'er a' the Nation,
Clergy, and Lawyers, and Phyſicians,
Mechanicks, Merchants, and Muſicians;
Baith Sexes of a' Sorts and Sizes
Drap'd ilk Deſign and job'd for Prizes:

Frae

Frae Noblemen to Livery Varlets,
Frae topping Toaſts to Hackney Harlots,
Poetick Dealers were but ſcarce,
Leſs browden ſtill on Caſh than Verſe;
Only ae * Bard to Coach did mount,
By ſinging Praiſe to Sir *John Blount*;
But ſince his mighty Patron fell,
He looks juſt like † *Jock Blunt* himſel.

Some Lords and Lairds ſell'd Riggs and Caſtles,
And play'd them aff with tricky Raſcals,
Wha now with Routh of Riches vapour,
While their late Honours live on Paper:
But ah! the Difference 'twixt good Land,
And a poor Bankrupt Bubble's Band.

Thus *Europeans Indians* rifle,
And give them for their Gowd ſome Trifle,
As Deugs of Velvet, Chips of Chriſtal,
A Façon's Bell, or Baubie Whiſtle.

Mer-

* *Vide Dick Franklin's* Epiſtle,

† 'Tis commonly ſaid of a Perſon who is out of Countenance at a Diſappointment.

Merchants and Bankers Heads gade wrang,
They thought to Millions they might ſpang;
Deſpis'd the virtuous Road to Gain,
And look'd on little Bills with Pain:
The well won Thouſands of ſome Years,
In ae big Bargain diſappears.
'Tis ſair to bide, but wha can help it,
Inſtead of Coach, on Foot they ſkelp it.

The Ten *per Cents* wha durſtna venture,
But lent great Sums upon Indenture,
To Billies wha as frankly war'd it,
As they out of their Guts had ſpar'd it,
When craving Money they have lent,
They're anſwer'd, *Item*, A' is ſpent.
The Miſer hears him with a Gloom,
Girns like a Brock and bites his Thumb,
Syne ſhores to grip him by the Wyſon,
And keep him a' his Days in Priſon.
Sae may ye do, replies the Debter,
But that can never mend the Matter;

As ſoon can I mount *Charle-wain*,
As pay ye back your Gear again.
Poor *Mouldy* rins quite by himſel,
And bans like ane broke looſe frae Hell.
It lulls a wee my *Mullygrubs*,
To think upon theſe bitten Scrubs,
When naething ſaves their vital Low,
But the Expences of a Tow.

Thus Children oft with carefou Hands,
In Summer dam up little Strands,
Collect the Drizel to a Pool,
In which their glowing Limbs they cool;
Till by comes ſome ill-deedy Gift,
Wha in the Bulwark makes a Rift,
And with ae Strake in Ruins lays,
The Work of Uſe, Art, Care and Days.

Even Handy-crafts-men too turn'd ſaucy,
And maun be Coaching't thro' the Cauſy;
Syne ſtroot fou paughty in the Alley,
Transferring Thouſands with ſome Valley.

Grow

row rich in Fancy treat their Whore,
or mind they were or ſhall be poor.
ke little *Joves* they treat the Fair,
ith Gowd frae Banks built in the Air,
r which their † *Danaes* lift the Lap,
d compliment them with a Clap,
hich by aft jobbing grows a Pox,
ll Brigs of Noſes fa' with Stocks.

ere Coachmen, Grooms, or Paſment Trotter,
litter'd a while, then turn'd to Snoter:
ke a ſhot Starn, that thro' the Air
yts Eaſt or Weſt with unko Glare,
t found neiſt Day on Hillock Side,
e better ſeems nor Paddock Ride.

Some Reverend Brethren left their Flocks,
nd ſank their Stipends in the Stocks;
ut tining baith, like *Æſop*'s Colly,
'er late they now lament their Folly.

† *Danae* the Daughter of *Acriſius* King of *Argos*, to whom *Jupiter* deſcended in a Shower of Gold,

For three warm Months, *May*, *June*, and *July*,
There was odd ſcrambling for the Spulzy;
And mony a ane, till he grew tyr'd,
Gather'd what Gear his Heart deſir'd.
We thought that Dealer's Stock an ill ane,
That was not wordy haf a Million.
O had this Golden Age but laſted,
And no ſae ſoon been broke and blaſted;
There is a Perſon well I ken
Might wi' the beſt gane right far ben;
His Project better had ſucceeded,
And far leſs Labour had he needed:
But 'tis a Daffin to debate,
And aurgle-bargain with our Fate.
Well, had this Gowden Age but laſted,
And not ſo ſoon been broke and blaſted,
O wow, my Lord, theſe had been Days
Which might have claim'd your Poet's Lays;
But ſoon alake! the mighty *Dagon*
Was ſeen to fa' without a Rag on.
In Harveſt was a dreadfou' Thunder,
Which gart a' *Britain* glowr and wonder;

he fizzing Bowt came with a Blatter,
nd dry'd our great Sea to a Gutter,

But mony Fowk with Wonder ſpeir,
hat can become of a' the Gear?
r a' the Country is repining,
nd ilka ane complains of tining.
hin Anſwer I had beſt let be,
nd tell ye juſt a Similie.

Like *Belzie* when he nicks a Witch,
ha ſells her Saul ſhe may be rich;
e finding this the Bait to damn her,
ffs o'er her Een his cheating Glamour;
e ſigns and ſeals, and he affords
er Heaps of viſionary Hoords.
t when ſhe comes to count the Cunzie,
is a' Sklate-ſtanes inſtead of Money.

Thus we've been trick'd with braw Projectors,
nd faithfou managing Directors,
ha for our Caſh, the Saul of Trade,
onny Propines of Paper made,

On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,
Had they not vaniſht into Air.

When *South-Sea* Tyde was at a Hight,
† My Fancy took a daring Flight,
THALIA, lovely Muſe, inſpired
My Breaſt, and me with Foreſight fired;
Rapt into future Months, I ſa'
The rich Aërial *Babel* fa'.
'Yond Seas I ſaw the Upſtarts drifting,
Leaving their Coaches for the lifting.
Theſe Houſes fit for Wights gane mad,
I ſaw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had;
While little Sauls, ſunk with Deſpair,
Implor'd cauld Death to end their Care.
But now a ſweeter Scene I view,
Time has, and Time ſhall prove I'm true,
For fair *ASTREA* moves frae Heav'n,
And ſhortly ſhall make a' Odds Ev'n.

† *Wealth or the Wedy*, wrote in the Month of *June* laſt.

The honeſt Man ſhall be regarded,
And Villains as they ought rewarded.
The ſetting Moon and roſie Dawn
Beſpeak a ſhining Day at Hand,
A glorious Sun ſhall ſoon ariſe,
To brighten up *Britannia's* Skies.
Our King and Senate ſhall engage
To drive the Vultures off the Stage:
Trade then ſhall flouriſh, and ilk Art,
A lively Vigour ſhall impart
To Credit languiſhing and famiſht,
And *Lombard-ſtreet* ſhall be repleniſht.
Got ſafe aſhore after this blaſt,
Britons ſhall ſmile at Follies paſt.

GOD grant your Lordſhip Joy and Health,
Lang Days, and Rowth of real Wealth;
Safe to the Land of Cakes Heav'n ſend ye,
And frae croſs Accidents defend ye.

Edinb. March 25.
1721.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE

THE SATYR'S Comick Project

For recovering

A young bankrupt Stockjobber;

A SONG,

To the Tune of, *If the Kirk wad let me be.*

ON the Shore of a low ebbing Sea,
A ſighing young Jobber was ſeen
Staring wiſhfully at an old Tree
Which grew on the Neighbouring Green;
There's a Tree that can finiſh the Striſe
And Diſorder that wars in my Breaſt,
What need one be pain'd with his Life,
When a Halter can purchaſe him reſt?

Some-

Sometimes he would ſtamp and look wild;
Then roar out a terrible Curſe
On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,
And left ne'er a Doit in his Purſe.
A *Satyr* that wander'd along,
With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd;
The Savage maliciouſly ſung,
And jok'd while the Stockjobber cry'd.

To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,
His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
The *Satyr* drew near like a Friend,
And bid him abandon his Fears.
Said he, "Have ye been at the Sea,
"And met with a contrary Wind,
"That you rail at fair Fortune ſo free,
"Don't blame the poor Goddeſs, ſhe's blind.

"Come hold up thy Head fooliſh Wight,
"I'll teach thee the Loſs to retrieve;
"Obſerve me this Project aright,
"And think not of hanging, but live.

He-

" *Hecatiſſa*, conceited and old;
" Affects in her Airs to ſeem young,
" Her Joynture yields Plenty of Gold,
" And plenty of Nonſenſe her Tongue.

" Lay Siege to her for a ſhort Space,
" Ne'er mind that ſhe's wrinkled or grey;
" Extoll her for Beauty and Grace,
" And doubt not of gaining the Day.
" In Wedlock ye fairly may join,
" And when of her Wealth ye are ſure,
" Make free with the old Woman's Coin,
" And purchaſe a ſprightly young W——.

The Life and Acts of,

OR,

ELEGY on PATIE BIRNIE,

The Famous Fidler of Kinghorn;
Who gart the Lieges gawff and girn ay,
Aft till the Cock proclaim'd the Morn.
Tho baith his Weeds and Mirth were pirny,
He roos'd theſe Things were langeſt worn:
The brown Ale Barrel was his Kirn ay,
And faithfully he toom'd his Horn.

And then beſides his valiant Acts,
At Bridals he wan mony Placks.

HAB SIMPSON.

N Sonnet ſhee the Man I ſing,
His rare Engine in Rhyme ſhall ring;
ſhaid the Stick out o'er the String
With ſic an Art;
ſang ſae ſweetly to the Spring,
And rais'd the Heart;

Kinghorn may rue the ruefou Day
t lighted *Patie* to his Clay,
gart the hearty Billies ſtay
And ſpend their Caſh,
ſee his Snowt, to hear him play,
And gab ſae gaſh.

When Strangers landed, wow ſae thrang
Fuffing and peghing he wa'd gang,
And crave their Pardon that ſae lang
He'd been a coming;
Syne his Bread-winner out he'd bang,
And fa' to bumming.

Your Honour's Father dead and gane,
For him he firſt wa'd make his Mane;
But ſoon his Face cou'd make ye fain
When he did ſough,
O wiltu, wiltu do't again!
And gran'd and leugh.

This Sang he made frae his ain Head,
And eke, *The auld Man's Mare ſhe's dead,*
Tho Peets and Tures and a's to lead;
O fy upon her!
A bonny auld Thing this indeed,
An't like ye'r Honour

After ilk Tune he took a Sowp,
And bann'd wi' Birr the corky Cowp,
That to the *Papiſts* Country ſcowp
To lear Ha ha's,
Frae Chiels that ſing, hap, ſtap and lowp,
Wantin the B——s

That beardleſs Capons are na Men,
We by their ſozie Springs might ken;
But our's, he ſaid, cou'd Vigour len
To Men o' Weir,
And gar them ſtout to Battle ſten'
Withoutten Fear.

How firſt he practis'd, ye ſhall hear,
The Harn-pan of an umquhile Mare,
He ſtrung, and ſtrak Sounds ſaft and clear
Out o' the Pow,
Which fir'd his Saul, and gart his Ear
With Gladneſs glow!

Sae ſome auld-gabet Poets tell,
Jove's nimble Son and Lacky ſnell,
Made the firſt Fiddle of a * Shell;
On which *Apollo*
With meikle Pleaſure play'd himſell
Baith Jig and Solo.

O *Jonny Stocks!* What comes of thee?
I'm ſure thou'lt break thy Heart and die;
Thy *Birnie* gane, thoult never be,
Nor blyth, nor able
To ſhake thy ſhort Houghs merrily
Upon a Table.

* Inque Teſtudo, reſonare ſeptem
Callida nervis, Hor.

How pleaſant was't to ſee thee diddle,
And dance ſae finely to his Fiddle,
With Noſe forgainſt a Laſs's Middle;
And briskly brag,
With cutty Steps to ding their Striddle,
And gar them fag.

He catch'd a criſhy Webſter Lown
At runkling o' his Deary's Gown,
And wi' a Rung came o'er his Crown,
For being there;
But ſtarker Thrums got *Patie* down,
And knooſt him ſair.

Wae worth the Dog, he maiſt had ſell'd him;
Revengfu' *Pate* aft green'd to geld him,
He aw'd a Mends, and that he tell'd him,
And bann'd to do't;
He took the Tid, and fairly ſell'd him
For a Recruit.

Pate was a Carle of canny Senſe,
And wanted ne'er a right bein Spence,
And laid up Dollars in Defence,
'Gainſt Eild and Go
Well judging Gear in future Tenſe
Cou'd ſtand for Wit.

Yet prudent Fowk may take the Pet;
Anes thrawart Porter wad na let
Him in, while Latter-meat was het;
He gaw'd fou ſair,
Flang in his Fiddle o'er the Yate,
Whilk ne'er did mair;

But Profit may ariſe frae Loſs,
Sae *Pate* gat Comfort by his Croſs:
Soon as he wan within the Cloſs,
He douſly drew in
Mare Gear frae ilka gentle Goſs
Than bought a new ane;

When lying Bedfaſt ſick and ſair,
To Pariſh Prieſt he promis'd fair,
He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair:
But hale and tight,
He prov'd the auld Man to a Hair,
Strute ilka Night;

The haſſy Dad with Care eſſays
To wile him frae his wanton Ways,
And tell'd him of his Promiſe twice:
Pate anſwer'd cliver,
"Wha tents what People raving ſays,
"When in a Fever;

At *Bothwell-Brig* he gade to fight,
But being wise as he was wight,
He thought it shaw'd a Saul but slight,
Dauntly to stand,
And let Gun-powder wrang his Sight,
Or Fiddle-Hand.

Right pawkily he left the Plain,
Nor o'er his Shoulder look'd again,
But scour'd o'er Mos and Moor amain,
To *Ricky* straight,
And tald how mony Whigs were slain
Before they faught.

Sae I've lamented *Patie*'s End;
But left your Grief o'er far extend,
Come dight ye'r Cheeks, ye'r Brows unbend,
And lift ye'r Head,
For to a' *Britain* be it kend
He is not dead.

January 25.
1721.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by one of the young Gentlemen, *who, for their Improvement and Diverſion, acted* **The Orphan**, and **Cheats of Scapin**, *the laſt Night of the Year* 1719.

BRAW Lads, and bonny Laſſes, welcome here,—
But wha's to entertain ye, —— never ſpeer,
Quietneſs is beſt, —— Tho we be leal and true,
Good Senſe and Wit's mair than we dare avow. ——
Some Body ſays to ſome Fowk, We're to blame,
That 'tis a Scandal and black-burning Shame
To thole young Callants thus to grow ſae ſnack,
And lear ——O mighty Crimes! —— to ſpeak and act.
Stage-Plays, quoth Dunce, are unco' Things indeed!
He ſaid, ---he gloom'd, ---and ſhook his thick boſs Head.
They're *Papery, Papery*! cry'd his Nibour neiſt,
Contriv'd at *Rome* by ſome malignant Prieſt,
To witch away Fowk's Minds frae doing well,
As ſaith *Rab Ker*, *Mc Millan* and *Mc Neil*.

But

But let them tauk. —— In Spite of ilk Cadaver,
We'll cherish Wit, and scorn their Fead or Favour;
We'll strive to bring in active Eloquence,
Tho for a while upon our Fame's Expence. ——
I'm wrang.---Our Fame will mount with mettled Carles,
And for the reft we'll be aboon their Snarls.
Knock down the Fools, wha dare with empty Rage
Spit in the Face of Virtue and the Stage.
'Cause Hereticks in Pulpits thump and rair,
Muft naithing orthodox b' expected there?
Because a Rump cut off a Royal Head,
Muft not anither Parli'ment succeed?
Thus tho the *Drama*'s aft debauch'd and rude,
Muft we, for some are bad, refuse the good:
Answer me that, —— If there be ony Log,
That's come to keek upon us here *incog*,
Anes, --- Twice, Thrice. --- But now I think on't, stay,
I've something else to do, and muft away. ——
This Prologue was design'd for Use and Sport,
The Chiel that made it, let him answer for't.

To Mr. William Aikman.

TIS granted, Sir, Pains may be ſpar'd
Your Merit to ſet forth,
hen there's ſae few wha claim Regard,
at diſna ken your Worth.

t Poets give immortal Fame
To Mortals that excell,
hich if neglected they're to blame;
But you've done that your ſell.

hile frae Originals of yours
Fair Copies ſhall be tane,
d fix'd on Braſs to busk our Bow'rs,
Your Mem'ry ſhall remain.

your ain Deeds the maiſt deny'd,
Or of a Taſte o'er fine,
ybe ye're but o'er right! afraid
To ſink in Verſe like mine.

The laſt can ne'er the Reaſon prove,
  Elſe wherefore with good Will
Do ye my nat'ral Lays approve,
  And help me up the Hill?

By your Aſſiſtance unconſtrain'd
  To Courts I can repair,
And by your Art my Way I've gain'd
  To Cloſets of the Fair.

Had I a Muſe like lofty *Pope*,
  For tow'ring Numbers fit,
Then I th' ingenious Mind might hope
  In trueſt Light to hit.

But comick Tale and Sonnet ſlee
  Are cooſten for my Share,
And if in theſe I bear the Gree,
  I'll think it very fair.

CUPID *thrown into the* South-Sea.

MYRTILLA, as like *Venus'* ſell
As e'er an Egg was like anither,
Anes *Cupid* met upon the Mall,
And took her for his bonny Mither.

He wing'd his Way up to her Breaſt;
She ſtarted, he cry'd, Mam 'tis me;
The Beauty, in o'er raſh a Jeſt,
Flang the Arch-Gytling in *South-Sea*.

Frae thence he raiſe wi' guilded Wings,
His Bow and Shafts to Gowd were chang'd;
Deels i' the Sea, quoth he, it dings;
Syne back to Mall and Park he rang'd.

Breathing Miſchief, the God look'd gurly,
With Transfers a' his Darts were feather'd;
He made a horrid hurly burly,
Where *Beaus* and *Belles* were thickeſt gather'd.

He tentily *Myrtilla* ſought,
And in the thrang *Change-Alley* got her;
He drew his Bow, and quick as Thought
With a braw new Subſcription ſhot her;

TO THE

MUSICK CLUB.

E'ER on old *Shinar*'s Plain the Fortreſs roſe,
Rear'd by thoſe Giants who durſt Heav'n oppoſe:
An univerſal Language Mankind us'd.
'Till daring Crimes brought Accents more confus'd;
Diſcord and Jar for Puniſhment were hurl'd
On Hearts and Tongues of the rebellious World.

The primar Speech with Notes harmonious clear,
Tranſpoſing Thought, gave Pleaſure to the Ear;
Then Muſick in its full Perfection ſhin'd,
When Man to Man melodious ſpoke his Mind.

As when a richly fraughted Fleet is loſt
In rolling Deeps, far from the ebbing Coaſt,
Down many Fathoms of the liquid Maſs,
The Artiſt dives in Ark of Oak, or Braſs,
Snatches ſome Ingots of *Peruvian* Ore,
And with his Prize rejoicing makes the Shore,

Oft this Attempt is made, and much they find;
They ſwell in Wealth, tho much is left behind.

Amphion's Sons with Minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th' unbounded Ocean of Delight.
And daily gain new Stores of pleaſing Sounds
To glad the Earth, fixing to Spleen its Bounds;
While vocal Tubes and Conſort Strings engage
To ſpeak the Dialect of the Golden Age.
Then you whoſe Symphony of Souls proclaim
Your Kin to Heaven, add to your Country's Fame,
And ſhew that Muſick may have as good Fate
In *Albion*'s Glens, as *Umbria*'s green Retreat:
And with *Correlli*'s ſoft *Italian* Song
Mix *Cowdon Knows*, and *Winter Nights are long*.
Nor ſhould the Martial *Pibrough* be deſpis'd,
Own'd and refin'd by you, theſe ſhall the more be priz'd.

Each raviſht Ear extolls your Heavenly Art,
Which ſooths our Care, and elevates the Heart,
Whilſt hoarſer Sounds the Martial Ardors move,
And liquid Notes invite to Shades and Love,

Hail

Hail ſafe Reſtorer of diſtemper'd Minds,
That with Delight the raging Paſſion binds:
Extatick Concord, only baniſht Hell,
Moſt perfect where the perfect Beings dwell.
Long may our Youth attend thy charming Rites,
Long may they reliſh thy tranſporting Sweets.

On FRIENDSHIP.

THE Earth-born Clod who hugs his Idol, Pelf,
His only Friends are *Mammon* and himſelf:
The drunken Sots, who want the Art to think,
Still ceaſe from Friendſhip when they ceaſe from Drink.
The empty Fop, who ſcarce for Man will paſs,
Ne'er ſees a Friend but when he views his Glaſs.

Friendſhip firſt ſprings from Sympathy of Mind,
Which to complete the Vertues all combine,
And only found 'mongſt Men who can eſpy
The Merits of his Friend without Envy.
Thus all pretending Friendſhip's but a Dream,
Whoſe Baſe is not reciprocal Eſteem.

TO THE

Whin-Buſh Club,

THE

BILL

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY.

OF *Crawfurd-Moor*, born in *Leadhill*,
Where Min'ral Springs *Glengonar* fill,
Which joins ſweet flowing *Clyde*,
Between auld *Crawfurd-Lindſay*'s Towers,
And where *Deneetne* rapid pours
His Stream thro' *Glotta*'s Tide:
Native of *Clydſdale*'s upper Ward,
Bred Fifteen Summers there,
Tho, to my Loſs, I'm no a Laird
By Birth, my Title's fair

To bend wi' ye, and ſpend wi' ye
An Evening, and gaffaw;
If Merit and Spirit
Be found without a Flaw.

Since douſly ye do nought at Random,
Then take my Bill to *Aviſandum*;
And if there's nae Objection,
I'll deem't my Honour, and be glad
To come beneath your *Whin-Buſh* Shade,
And claim to its Protection:
If frae the Caverns of a Head
That's boſs, a Storm ſhould blaw,
Ettling wi' Spite to rive my Reed,
And give my Muſe a Fa';
When poring and ſoaring
O'er *Heliconian* Heights,
She traces theſe Places
Where *Cynthius* delights.

On

On the Great Eclipse *of the SUN, the 22d April, nine a Clock of the Morning; wrote a Month before it happened, 1715.*

NOw I do preſs among the learned Throng,
To tell a great Eclipſe in little Song.
Ut me, nor Scheme, nor Demonſtration ask,
That is our *Gregory*'s, or fam'd *Halley*'s Task:
'Tis they who are converſant with each Star,
Who know how Planets Planets Rays debar.
This to pretend my Muſe is not ſo bold,
She only ecchoes what ſhe has been told.

Our rolling Globe will ſcarce have made the Sun
Seem half-way up *Olympus* to have run,
When Night's pale Queen in her oft changed Way,
Will intercept in direct Line his Way,
And make black Night uſurp the Throne of Day.
The Curious will attend that Hour with Care,
And wiſh no Clouds may hover in the Air,
To dark the *Medium*, and obſtruct from Sight
The gradual Motion and Decay of Light;

Whilſt thoughtleſs Fools will view the Water Pail,
To ſee which of the Planets will prevail;
For then they think the Sun and Moon make War:
Thus Nurſes Tales oft times the Judgment mar.

When this ſtrange Darkneſs overſhades the Plains,
'Twill give an odd Surpriſe t' unwarned Swains:
Plain honeſt Hinds, who do not know the Cauſe,
Nor know of Orbs their Motions or their Laws,
Will from the half plough'd Furrows homeward bend,
In dire Confuſion, judging that the End
Of Time approacheth.—— Thus poſſeſt with Fear,
They'll think the general Conflagration near.
The Traveller benighted on the Road
Will turn devout, and ſupplicate his God.
Cocks with their careful Mates and younger Fry,
As if't were Evening, to their Roofts will fly.
The horned Cattle will forget to feed,
And come home lowing from the graſſie Mead.
Each Bird of Day will to his Neſt repair,
And leave to Bats and Owls the dusky Air.
The Lark and little Robin's ſofter Lay
Will not be heard till the Return of Day.

Now this will be great Part of *Europe*'s Caſe,
While *Phœbe*'s as a Mask on *Phœbus*' Face.
The unlearn'd Clowns, who don't our *Æra* know,
From this dark *Friday* will their Ages ſhow;
As I have often heard old Country Men
Talk of dark *Munday*, and their Ages then.

Not long ſhall laſt this ſtrange uncommon Gloom,
When Light diſpells the Ploughman's Fear of Doom;
With merry Heart he'll lift his raviſh'd Sight
Up to the Heavens, and welcome back the Light.
How juſt's the Motion of theſe whirling Spheres!
Which ne'er can err while Time is mete by Years.
How vaſt is little Man's capacious Soul!
That knows how Orbs throw Wilds of *Æther* roll.
How great's the Power of that Omnifick Hand!
Who gave them Motion by his wiſe Command,
That they ſhould not, while Time had Being, ſtand.

The GENTLEMAN's QUALIFICATIONS, *as debated by ſome of the Fellows of the* Eaſy Club, April 1715.

FRom different Ways of thinking comes Debate,
This we deſpiſe, and that we over-rate,
Juſt as the Fancy takes, we love or hate.
Hence Whig and Tory live in endleſs Jar,
And moſt of Families in civil War.
Hence 'mongſt the eaſieſt Men beneath the Skies,
Even in their eaſy Dome Debates ariſe:
As late they did with Strength of Judgment ſcan
Theſe Qualities that form a Gentleman.
Firſt *Tippermalloch* pled with *Spaniſh* Grace
That Gentry only ſprung from antient Race,
Whoſe Names in old Records of Time were fix'd,
In whoſe rich Veins ſome Royal Blood was mixt.
I being a Poet ſprung from a *Douglas*'s Loin,
In this proud Thought did with the Doctor join;

With this Addition, if they could ſpeak Senſe,
Ambitious I, ah! had no more Pretence.
Buchanan with ſtiff Argument and bold,
Pled Gentry took its Birth from powerful Gold.
Him *Hector Boece* join'd, they argued ſtrong,
Said they, to Wealth that Title muſt belong.
If Men are rich, they're gentle; and if not,
You'll own their Birth and Senſe are ſoon forgot:
Pray ſay, ſaid they, how much reſpectful Grace
Demands an old red Coat and mangled Face,
Or one if he could like an Angel preach,
If he to no rich Benefice can reach.
Even Progeny of Dukes are at a ſtand
How to make out bare Gentry without Land.
But ſtill the Doctor would not quit the Field,
But that rich Upſtarts ſhould to Birth-right yield.
He grew more ſtiff, nor would the Plea let go,
Said he was right, and ſwore it ſhould be ſo.

But happy we who have ſuch wholeſome Laws,
Which without pleading can decide a Cauſe,
To this good Law Recourſe we had at laſt,
That throws off Wrath, and makes our Friendſhip faſt;

In

In which the Legiſlators laid the Plot,
To end all Controverſy by a Vote.

Yet that we more good Humor might diſplay,
We frankly turn'd the Vote another Way,
As in each Thing we common Topicks ſhun,
So the great Prize, nor Birth nor Riches won,
The Vote was carried thus, That eaſy he
Who ſhould three Years a ſocial Fellow be,
And to our *Eaſy Club* give no Offence,
After *Triennial* Tryal, ſhould commence
A Gentleman, which gives as juſt a Claim
To that great Title, as the Blaſt of Fame
Can give to them who trade in humane Gore,
Or thoſe who heap up Hoards of coined Ore;
Since in our ſocial Friendſhip nought's deſign'd
But what may raiſe and brighten up the Mind;
We aiming cloſe to walk by Virtue's Rules,
To find true Honour's ſelf, and leave her Shade to Fools

Inſcription on the Gold Tea-pot, gain'd by Sir James Cuningham *of* Milncraig, *Bar.*

AFter the gaining *Edinburgh*'s Prize
The Day before with running thrice,
Me *Milncraig*'s *Rock* moſt fairly won,
When thrice again the Courſe he run.
Now for Diverſion 'tis my Share
To run three Heats, and pleaſe the Fair.

Inſcription engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a Punch-bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the Train'd-Bands of Edinburgh, *and gain'd by Captain* Charles Crockat's Swallow.

CHarge me with *Nants* and limpid Spring,
Let ſowr and ſweet be mixt,
Bend round a Health ſyne to the King,
To *Edinburgh*'s Captains next,
Wha form'd me in ſae blyth a Shape,
And gave me laſting Honours,
Take up my Ladle, fill and lape,
And ſay, Fairfa' the Donors.

Spoken

Spoken to two young Ladies who asked if I could ſay any thing on them: One excell'd in a beautiful Complection, the other in fine Eyes.

To the firſt.

UPon your Cheek ſits blooming Youth.

To the other.

Heaven ſparkles in your Eye.

To both.

There's ſomething ſweet about each Mouth,
Dear Ladies let me try.

To the Ph—— An ODE.

Vides, ut altâ ſtet nive candidum
Soracte. —— HOR.

LOOK up to *Pentland*'s towring Taps,
Buried beneath great Wreaths of Snaw,
Ilka Cleugh, ilk Scar and Slap,
High as ony *Roman* Wa'.

Driving their Baws frae Whins or Tee,
There's no ae Gowffer to be ſeen,
Douſſer Fowk wyſing a-Jee
Byaſs Bowls on *Tamſon*'s Green.

Then ſling on Coals, and ripe the Ribs,
And beek the Houſe baith Butt and Ben,
The Mutchken Stoup it hads but Dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit Hen.

Good Claret beſt keeps out the Cauld,
And drives away the Winter ſoon,
Makes a Man baith gaſh and bauld,
And heaves his Saul beyond the Moon.

Leave to the Gods your ilka Care,
If that they think us worth their While,
They can a Rowth of Bleſſings ſpare,
Which will our faſhious Fears beguile.

For what they have a Mind to do,
That will they do, ſhould we gang wood;
If they command the Storms to blaw,
Then upo' Sight the Hailſtanes thud.

But ſoon as e'er they cry, Bequiet,
The blatt'ring Winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their Caves, and wait
The high Command of ſupreme JOVE.

Let neiſt Day come as it thinks fit,
The preſent Minute's only ours,
On Pleaſure let's imploy our Wit,
And laugh at Fortune's feckleſs Power.

Be ſure ye dinna quat the Grip
Of ilka Joy when ye are young,
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and heartſome Time,
Then Lads and Laſſes while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony Skaith,

Haith ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
Syne frae your Arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide her ſell in ſome dark Nook:

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tells you to your Face,
Nineteen Nay-ſays are haff a Grant,

Now to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs,
Frae her fair Finger whop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bliſs.

Theſe Benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;
Then, ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining Cant.

PATIE and PEGIE:

A SANG.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmneſs of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye, which ſmiling tells the Truth,
I gueſs, my Laſſie, that, as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why ſhould ye deny.

PEGIE.

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the Wooing's done:
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taſt but hard and ſowr.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd, and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGIE,

PEGIE.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my PATIE's Arms for good and a';
But ſtint your Wiſhes to this frank Embrace,
And mint na farrer till we've got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armfou! Hence ye Cares away,
I'll kiſs my Treaſure a' the live lang Day;
A' Night I'll dream my Kiſſes o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun gallop down the Weſtlin Skyes,
Gang ſoon to Bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh ye'r Steeds, poſt Time away,
And haſte about our Bridal Day;
And if ye'r weary'd, honeſt Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

The

The Mill, Mill,—O. A SONG.

BEneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill---O,
A lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove,
Around her with good Will---O;
Her Boſom I preſs'd, but ſunk in her Reſt,
She ſtir'dna my Joy to ſpill---O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſs to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill---O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my Courage and Skill---O;
Frae 'er quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt Sails and awa';
For Wind blew fair on the Bill---O.
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing Fame
Tald me with a Voice right ſhill---O,
My Laſs like a Fool had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha'd done 'er the Ill---O.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell---O;
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth ſhe, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell---O.

Love

Love ga'e the Command, I took her by the Hand,
And bade her a' Fears expell---O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my ſell---O.

My bonny ſweet Laſs on the gowany Graſs,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill*----O:
If I did Offence I'ſe make ye Amends,
Before I leave *Peggy's-Mill*---O,
O the Mill, Mill,----O, and the Kill, Kill,---O,
And the Cogging of the Wheel---O;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger reel----O.

Colin *and* Griſy *parting.*

A Song to the Tune of *Woes my Heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.*

With broken Words and down-caſt Eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his Paſſion tender;
And parting with his Griſy, cries,
Ah! woes my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd

Chain'd to thy Charms I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love ſhall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place ſhall ever change
My Vows, tho we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties, which invite our Wonder;
Thy lively Wit and Prudence rare
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho we ſunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a Promiſe with a Kiſs,
Always to love me tho we ſunder.

Ye Gods take Care of my dear Laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt Time ſhall come to paſs
We'll meet again and never ſunder.

On

KEITHA:

PASTORAL lamenting the Death of the Right Honourable MARY *Countess of* Wigton.

RINGAN.

O'Er ilka Thing a gen'ral Sadneſs hings!
The Burds wi' Melancholly droop their Wings;
y Sheep and Kye neglect to moup their Food,
d ſeem to think as in a dumpiſh Mood.
k how the Winds ſouch mournfu' throu' the Broom,
e very Liſt puts on a heavy Gloom;
y Neibour *Colin* too, he bears a Part,
s Face ſpeaks out the Sairneſs of his Heart;
l, tell me *Colin*, for my bodding Thought,
Bang of Fears into my Breaſt has brought.

COLIN.

Where haſt thou been thou Simpleton, wha ſpeers
e Cauſe of a' our Sorrow and our Tears?

Wha unconcern'd can hear the common Skaith
The Warld receives by lovely *Keitha*'s Death?
The bonnieſt Sample of what's good and kind,
Fair was her Make, and heav'nly was her Mind.
But now this ſweeteſt Flower of a' our Plain
Leaves us to ſigh, tho a' our Sighs are vain;
For never mair ſhe'll grace the heartſome Green,
Ay heartſome when ſhe deign'd there to be ſeen.
Speak Flowry Meadows where ſhe us'd to wauk,
Speak Flocks and Burds wha've heard her ſing or ta
Did ever you ſae meikle Beauty bear?
Or ye ſae mony heav'nly Accents hear?
Ye painted Haughs, ye Minſtrels of the Air
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye weſtlin Winds that gently us'd to play
On her white Breaſt, and ſteal ſome Sweets away,
Whilſt her delicious Breath perfum'd your Breeze,
Which gratefu' *Flora* took to feed her Bees.
Bear on your Wings, round Earth, her ſpoteleſs F
Worthy that noble Race from whence ſhe came:
Reſounding Braes where e'er ſhe us'd to lean,
And view the Cryſtal Burn glide o'er the Green,

Return your Echoes to our mournfu' Sang,
And let the Streams in Murmures bear't alang.
Ye unken'd Powers, wha Water haunt or Air,
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

Ah! wha cou'd tell the Beauties of her Face,
Her Mouth that never op'd but wi' a Grace;
Her Een which did with heav'nly Sparkles low,
Her modeſt Cheek flush'd with a roſie Glow,
Her fair brent Brow, ſmooth as the unrunkled Deep,
When a' the Winds are in their Caves aſleep;
Her Preſence like a Simmer's Morning Ray,
Lighten'd our Hearts, and gart ilk Place look gay.
Now twin'd of Life, theſe Charms look cauld and blae,
And what before gave Joy, now makes us wae.
Her Goodneſs ſhin'd in ilka pious Deed, ——
A Subject, *Ringan*, for a lofty Reed!
A Shepherd's Sang maun ſic high Thoughts decline,
Leſt ruſtick Notes ſhould darken what's divine.
Youth, Beauty, Graces, a' that's good and fair,
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

How tenderly ſhe ſmooth'd our Maſter's Mind,
When round his manly Waiſt her Arms ſhe twin'd,
And look'd a thouſand ſaft Things to his Heart,
While native Sweetneſs ſought nae Help frae Art.
To him her Merit ſtill appear'd mair bright,
As yielding ſhe own'd his ſuperior Right.
Baith ſaft and ſound he ſlept within her Arms,
Gay were his Dreams, the Influence of her Charms.
Soon as the Morning dawn'd he'd draw the Screen,
And watch the op'ning of her fairer Een;
Whence ſweeteſt Rays guſht out in ſic a Thrang,
Beyond Expreſſion in my rural Sang.

COLIN.

O *Clementina!* ſprouting fair Remains
Of her, wha was the Glory of our Plains:
Dear Innocence with Infant Darkneſs bleſt,
Which hides the Happineſs that thou haſt miſt.
May a' thy Mither's Sweets thy Portion be,
And a' thy Mither's Graces ſhine in thee.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the Hill,
And a' ſhe gae, ſhe geed it wi' good Will;
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that Day
On which frae us ſhe's tane ſae ſoon away,
Baith Hynds and Herds, wha's Cheeks beſpake nae Scant,
And throu' the Howms could whiſtle, ſing and rant,
Will miſs her ſair, till happily they find
Anither in her Place ſae good and kind.
The Laſſes wha did at her Graces mint
Ha'e by her Death their bonnieſt Pattern tint;
O ilka ane wha did her Bounty ſkair,
Lament, for gen'rous *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

O *Ringan*, *Ringan!* Things gang ſae uneven,
I canna well take up the Will of Heav'n:
Our Croſſes teughly laſt us mony a Year,
But unco ſoon our Bleſſings diſappear.

RINGAN.

I'll tell thee, *Colin*, my laſt *Sunday*'s Note,
I tented well Meſs *Thamas* ilka Jot;

The

The Powers aboon are cautious as they're juſt,
And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle Truſt
To this unconſtant Earth with what's divine,
Leſt in laigh Damps they ſhould their Luſtre tine.
Sae let's leave aff our Murmuring and Tears,
And never value Life by Length of Years:
But as we can in Goodneſs it employ,
Syne wha dies firſt, firſt gains eternal Joy.
Come, *Colin*, dight your Cheeks, and baniſh Care,
Our Lady's happy, tho with us nae mair.

The beautiful Roſe Tree encloſed.

WIth Aw and Pleaſure we behold thy Sweets,
Thy lovely Roſes have their pointed Guards;
Yet tho the Gath'rer Oppoſition meets,
The fragrant Purchaſe all his Pain rewards.

But hedg'd about and watch'd with warry Eyes,
O Plant ſuperior, beautiful and fair,
We view thee like yon Stars which gem the Skies,
But equally to gain we muſt deſpair.

Ah! were thou growing on ſome ſecret Plain,
And found by me, how raviſht would I meet
All thy tranſporting Charms to eaſe my Pain,
And feaſt my raptur'd Soul on all that's ſweet.

Thus ſung, poor *Symon*: *Symon* was in Love,
His too aſpiring Paſſion made him ſmart;
The Roſe Tree was a Miſtreſs far above
The Shepherd's Hope, which broke his tender Heart.

Spoken

Spoken to three young Ladies, who would have me to determine which of them was the bonnieſt.

ME anes three Beauties did ſurround,
And ilka Beauty gave a Wound,
Whilſt they with ſmiling Eye,
Said, *Allan*, which think ye maiſt fair?
Gi'e Judgment frankly, never ſpare.
Hard is the Task ſaid I:
But added, ſeeing them ſae free,
Ladies ye maun ſay mair to me,
And my Demand right fair is;
Firſt, like the gay Celeſtial Three,
Shaw a' your Charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,
Faith I ſhall be your *Paris*.

AN

AN EPISTLE TO

AMES ARBUCKLE *of* Belfast, *A. M.*

Edinburgh, Jan. 1719.

AS Errant Knight with Sword and Piſtol,
Beſtrides his Steed with mighty Fiſtle;
en ſtands ſome Time in jumbled Swither
ride in this Road or that ither;
laſt ſpurs on, and diſna care for
how, a what Way, or a wherefore.

Or like extemporary Quaker,
Wafting his Lungs t' enlighten weaker
Lanthorns of Clay, where Light is wanting;
With formleſs Phraſe, and formal Canting;
While *Jacob Behmen*'s Salt does ſeaſon,
And ſaves his Thought frae corrupt Reaſon,
Gowling aloud with Motions queereſt,
Yerking theſe Words out which ly neareſt:

Thus I (no longer to illuſtrate
With Similies, leſt I ſhould fruſtrate
Deſign *Laconick* of a Letter,
With Heap of Language and no Matter,)
Bang'd up my blyth auld-faſhion'd Whiſtle,
To ſowf ye o'er a ſhort Epiſtle,
Without Rule, Compaſſes or Charcoal,
Or ſerious Study in a dark Hole.
Three Times I ga'e the Muſe a Rug,
Then bate my Nails and claw'd my Lug;
Still heavy, at the laſt my Noſe
I prim'd with an inſpiring Doſe,
Then did Ideas dance, (dear ſaſe us!)
As they'd been daft. —— Here ends the Preface.

Good Mr. *James Arbuckle*, Sir,
(That's Merchant's Stile as clean as Fir)
Ye're welcome back to *Caledonie*,
Lang Life and Thriving light upon ye,
Harveſt, Winter, Spring and Summer,
And ay keep up your heartſome Humor,
That ye may thro' your lucky Task go,
Of bruſhing up our Sifter *Gloſgow*;
Where Lads are dextrous at improving,
And docile Laſſes fair and loving:
But never tent theſe Fellows Girning,
Wha wear their Faces ay in Mourning,
And frae pure Dulneſs are malicious,
Terming ilk Turn that's witty, vicious.

Now, *Jamie*, in neiſt Place, *Secundo*,
To give you what's your Due in *mundo*;
That is to ſay in hame-o'er Phraſes,
To tell ye, Men of Mettle praiſes
Ilk Verſe of yours when they can light on't,
And trouth I think they're in the right on't;
For there's ay ſomething ſae auldfarran,
Sae ſlid, ſae unconſtrain'd and darrin,

In ilka Sample we have ſeen yet,
That little better e'er has been yet.
Sae much for that. —— My Friend *Arbuckle*,
I ne'er afore roos'd ane ſae muckle.
Fauſe Flat'ry nane but Fools will tickle,
That gars me hate it like auld *Nicol*:
But when ane's of his Merit conſcious,
He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunches.

Thirdly, Not tether'd to Connection,
But rattling by inſpir'd Direction,
When ever Fame, with Voice like Thunder,
Sets up a Chield a Warld's Wonder,
Either for ſlaſhing Fowk to dead,
Or having Wind-mills in his Head,
Or Poet, or an airy Beau,
Or ony twa Leg'd Rary-ſhow,
They wha have never ſeen't are biſſy
To ſpeer what like a Carlie is he.

Imprimis then, for Tallneſs I
Am five Foot and four Inches high;
A Black-a-vic'd ſnod dapper Fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' Tallow;

With Phiz of a *Moroco* Cut,
Reſembling a late Man of Wit,
Auld-gabbet Spec, wha was ſae cunning
To be a Dummie ten Years running.

Then for the Fabrick of my Mind,
'Tis mair to Mirth than Grief inclin'd;
I rather chooſe to laugh at Folly,
Then ſhow Diſlike by Melancholly:
Well judging a ſowr heavy Face
Is not the trueſt Mark of Grace.

I hate a Drunkard or a Glutton,
Yet am nae Foe to Wine and Mutton;
Great Tables ne'er engag'd my Wiſhes,
When crowded with o'er mony Diſhes;
A healthfu' Stomach ſharply ſet
Prefers a Back-ſey piping het.

I never cou'd imagin't vicious
Of a fair Fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comick Poet,
And let a Judge of Numbers know it;
I court Occaſion thus to ſhow it.

Second of thirdly, —— pray take heed;
Ye's get a ſhort Swatch of my Creed.
To follow Method negatively
Ye ken takes Place of poſitively.
Well then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,
Nor Credit give to Purgatory,
Tranſub, *Loretta-houſe*, and mae Tricks,
As Prayers to Saints, *Katties* and *Patricks*;
Nor *Aſgilite*, nor *Beſs Clarkſonian*,
Nor *Mountaineer*, nor *Mugletonian*;
Nor can believe, an'tis nae great Ferly,
In *Cotmoor* Fowk, and *Andrew Harley*.

Neiſt, *Anti-Toland*, *Blunt* and *Wh——*
Know poſitively I'm a Chriſtian,
Believing Truths and thinking free,
Wiſhing thrawn Parties wad agree.

Say, wad ye ken my Gate of Fending,
My Income, Management and Spending?
Born to nae Lairdſhip, mair's the Pity!
Yet Deniſon of this fair City,

I make

I make what honeſt Shift I can,
And in my ain Houſe am Good-man,
Which ſtands on *Edinburgh*'s Street the Sun-ſide,
Where I theek th'out, and line the Inſide
Of mony a douſe and witty Paſh,
And baith Ways gather in the Caſh;
Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
And keep a Wife ay great wi' Poet.
Contented I have ſic a Skair,
As does my Buſineſs to a Hair;
And fain wa'd prove to ilka *Scot*
That Poortith's no the Poet's Lot.

Fourthly and laſtly baith together,
Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
There's mony a canty Carle and me
Wa'd be much comforted to ſee ye:
But if your outward be refractory,
Send us your inward Manufactory;
That when we're kedgy o'er our Claret,
We correſpond may with your Spirit.

Accept

Accept of my kind Wishes, with
The same to Dons *Buttler* and *Smith*;
Health, Wit and Joy, Sauls large and free
Be a' your Fates,—— sae GOD be wi' ye.

On WIT.

MY easy Friends, since ye think fit
This Night to lucubrate on Wit;
nd since ye judge that I compose
ly Thoughts in Rhime better than Prose,
ll give my Judgment in a Sang,
nd here it comes be't right or wrang.
ut first of a' I'll tell a Tale
hat with my Case runs parallel.

There was a manting Lad in *Fife*,
ha cou'd na for his very Life
eak without stammering very lang,
et never manted when he sang.
is Father's Kiln he anes saw burning,
hich gart the Lad run breathless mourning;
ameward with cliver Strides he lap,
o tell his Daddy his Mishap.

At Diſtance e'er he reach'd the Door,
He ſtood and rais'd a hideous Roar.
His Father when he heard his Voice,
Stept out and ſaid, Why a' this Noiſe?
The Callant gap'd and glowr'd about,
But no ae Word could he lug out.
His Dad cry'd, kenning his Defect,
Sing, ſing, or I ſhall break your Neck.
Then ſoon he gratify'd his Sire,
And ſang aloud, *Your Kiln's a Fire.*

Now ye'll allow there's Wit in that,
To tell a Tale ſo very pat.
Bright Wit appears in mony a Shape,
Which ſome invent and others ape.
Some ſhaw their Wit in wearing Claiths,
And ſome in coining of new Aiths;
There's crambo Wit in making Rhime,
And dancing Wit in beating Time:
There's mettl'd Wit in Story-telling,
In writing Grammar, and right Spelling:
Wit ſhines in Knowledge of Politicks,
And wow! what Wit's amang the Criticks!

So far, my Mates, excuſe me while I play
In Strains Ironick with that heavenly Ray,
Rays which the humane Intellects refine,
And make the Man with brillant Luſtre ſhine,
Marking him ſprung from Origine divine.
Yet may a well rig'd Ship be full of Flaws,
So may looſe Wits regard no ſacred Laws:
That Ship the Waves will ſoon to Pieces ſhake,
So 'midſt his Vices ſinks the witty Rake.
But when on Firſt-rate-virtues Wit attends,
It both itſelf and Virtue recommends,
And challenges Reſpect where e'er its Blaze extends.

To the Right Hononourable,

The Town Council of EDINBURGH,

THE

ADDRESS

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY.

YOur Poet humbly means and ſhaws,
That contrair to juſt Rights and Laws
I've ſuffer'd muckle Wrang,
By Lucky *Reid* and Ballad Singers,
Wha thum'd with their coarſe dirty Fingers
Sweet *Edie*'s Funeral Sang.
They ſpoil'd my Senſe, and ſtaw my Caſh,
My Muſes Pride margully'd,

And printing it like their vile Trash,
The honest Lieges whilly'd.
Thus undone to *London*
It gade to my Disgrace,
Sae pimpin and limpin
In Rags wi' bluther'd Face.

Yet gleg-ey'd Friends throw the Disguise
Receiv'd it as a dainty Prize
For a' it was sae hav'ren,
Gart *Lintot* take it to his Press,
And clead it in a braw new Dress,
Syne took it to the Tavern.
But tho it was made clean and braw,
Sae fair it had been knoited,
It blather'd Buff before them a',
And aftentimes turn'd doited.
It griev'd me, and reav'd me
Of kindly Sleep and Reft,
By Carlings and Gorlings
To be sae fair oppreft.

Wherefore to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,
But wisely hadd the good Town's Bridle,

My

My Caſe I plainly tell,
And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your Word of Weight, when now I crave
To guide my Gear my ſell.
Then clean and fair the Type ſhall be,
The Paper like the Snaw,
Nor ſhall our Town think ſhame wi' me,
When we gang far awa.

What's wanted, if granted
Beneath your honour'd Wing,
Baith hantily and cantily
Your Supplicant ſhall ſing.

To ſome young Ladies who had been diſpleas'd at a Gentleman's too imprudently aſſerting, That to be condemn'd to perpetual Virginity was the greateſt Puniſhment could be inflicted on any of their Sex.

WHether condemn'd t' a Virgin State
By the ſuperior Powers,
Would to your Sex prove cruel Fate,
I'm ſure it would to ours.

From you the numerous Nations ſpring,
Your Breaſts our Beings ſave,
Your Beauties make the youthful ſing,
And ſooth the old and grave.

Alas! how ſoon would every Wight
Deſpiſe both Wit and Arms?
To primitive old Chaos Night
We'd ſink without your Charms.

No more our Breath would be our Care,
Were Love from us exil'd,
Sent back to Heaven with all the Fair,
This World would turn a Wild.

Regardleſs of theſe ſacred Ties,
Wife, Husband, Father, Son,
All Government we would deſpiſe,
And like wild Tygers run.

Then, Ladies, pardon the Miſtake,
And with th' accus'd agree,
I beg it for each Lover's ſake,
Low bended on my Knee.

And frankly wiſh what has been ſaid
By the audacious Youth,
Might be your Thought, but I'm afraid
It will not prove a Truth.

For often, ah! you make us groan
By your too cold Diſdain,
Then quarrel with us when we moan
And rave amidſt our Pain.

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM

Earl of DALHOUSIE.

Mæcenas atavis edite Regibus,
HOR.

Dalhouſie of an auld Deſcent,
My Chief, my Stoup and Ornament,
For Entertainment a wee while,
Accept this Sonnet with a Smile;
Setting great *Horace* in my View,
He to *Mecenas*, I to you:
But that my Muſe may ſing with Eaſe,
I'll keep or drap him as I pleaſe.

How differently are Fowk inclin'd?
There's hardly twa of the ſame Mind!
Some like to ſtudy, ſome to play,
Some on the Links to win the Day,
And gar the Courſer rin like wood,
A' drapin down with Sweat and Blood:
The Winner ſyne aſſumes a Look
Might gain a Monarch or a Duke.
Neiſt, view the Man with pauky Face
Has mounted to a faſhous Place,
Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling Fate,
He's pleas'd with his uneaſy State:
Glowr'd at a while, he gangs ſou braw,
Till frae his kittle Poſt he fa'.

The *Lothian* Farmer he likes beſt
To be of good ſaugh Riggs poſſeſt,
And ſen upon a frugal Stock,
Where his Forbears had us'd the Yoke:
Nor is he fond to leave his Wark,
And venture in a rotten Bark,
Syne unto far aff Countries ſteer
On tumbling Waves to gather Gear,

The Merchant wreck'd upon the Main
Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again;
That he had rather live on Cakes,
And ſhyreſt Swats, with Landart Maiks,
As rin the Risk by Storms to have,
When he is dead, a living Grave.
But Seas turn ſmooth, and he grows fain,
And fairly takes his Word again:
Tho he ſhou'd to the Bottom ſink,
Of Poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their Time away,
To dance while Pipes or Fiddles play,
And have nae Senſe of ony Want
As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rat'ling Drum and Trumpet's Tout,
Delight young Swankies that are ſtout:
What his kind frighted Mother ugs,
Is Muſick to the Soger's Lugs.

The Hunter with his Hounds and Hawks
Bangs up afore his Wife awakes;

Nor ſpeers gin ſhe has ought to ſay,
But ſcowrs o'er Highs and Hows a' Day,
Throw Moſs and Moor; nor does he care
Whether the Day be foul or fair,
If he his truſty Hounds can cheer
To hunt the Tod, or drive the Deer.

May I be happy in my Lays,
And win a laſting Wreath of Bays,
Is a' my Wiſh. —— Well pleas'd to ſing
Beneath a Tree, or by a Spring;
While Lads and Laſſes on the Mead
Attend my *Caledonian* Reed,
And with the ſweeteſt Notes rehearſe
My Thoughts, and rooſe me for my Verſe.

If you, my Lord, claſs me amang
Thoſe who have ſung baith ſaft and ſtrang,
Of ſmiling Love or doughty Deed,
To Starns ſublime I'll lift my Head.

Clyde's Welcome

TO HIS

PRINCE.

WHat chearful Sounds from ev'ry Side I hear,
How beauteous on their Banks my Nymphs appear;
Got throw theſe maſſy Mountains at my Source,
O'er Rocks ſtupendous of my upper Courſe,
To theſe fair Plains where I more ſmoothly move,
Throw verdant Vales to meet *Evana*'s Love.
Yonder ſhe comes beneath *Dodona*'s Shade,
How blyth ſhe looks! How ſweet and gaylie clade;
Her flowry Bounds bears all the Pride of *May*,
While round her ſoft Meanders Shepherds play.
Hail lovely *Naid*, to my Boſom large,
Amidſt my Stores commit thy chryſtal Charge,

And

And ſpeak theſe Joys all thy Deportment ſhews,
That to old Ocean I may have good News.
With ſolemn Voice thus ſpoke majeſtick *Clyde*,
In ſofter Notes lov'd *Evan* thus reply'd,

Great *Glotta*, long have I had Cauſe to mourn,
While my forſaken Stream guſht from my Urn:
Since my late LORD, his Nation's juſt Delight,
Greatly lamented, ſunk in endleſs Night:
His hopeful STEM, our chief Deſire and Boaſt,
Expos'd to Danger on ſome foreign Coaſt;
Lonely for Years, I've murmur'd on my Way,
When dark I wept, and ſigh'd in ſhining Day.

The Sire return'd, Juſt Reaſons for thy Pains,
So long to wind through ſolitary Plains:
Thy Loſs was mine, I ſympathiz'd with thee,
Since one our Griefs, then ſhare thy Joys with me.

Then hear me, liquid Chiftain of the Dale,
Huſh all your Cat'racts, till I tell my Tale,
Then riſe and rore, and kiſs your bord'ring Flowers,
And ſound our Joys around yon lordly Towers;
Yon lordly Towers, which happy now contain
Our brave and youthful PRINCE return'd again.

Welcome,

Welcome, in loudeſt Raptures, cry'd the Flood,
His Welcome echo'd from each Hill and Wood.
Enough *Evana*, long may they contain
The noble Youth ſafely return'd again.
From the green Mountain where I lift my Head,
With my twin Brothers *Annan* and the *Tweed*,
To thoſe high Arches where, as *Culdees* ſing,
The pious *Mungo* fiſh'd the Trout and Ring,
My faireſt Nymphs ſhall on my Margin play,
And make ev'n all the Year one holy Day:
The *Sylvan* Powers, and Watches of each Hight,
Where Fleecy Flocks and climbing Goats delight,
Shall from their Groves and rocky Mountains roam,
To join with us, and ſing his Welcome home.
With lofty Notes we'll ſound his high Deſcent,
His dawning Merits and heroick Bent;
Theſe early Rays which ſtedfaſtly ſhall ſhine,
And add new Glories to his ancient Line;
A Line ay loyal, fir'd with generous Zeal,
The braveſt Patrons of the Common-weal.
From him who plung'd his Sword (ſo Muſes ſing)
Deep in his Breaſt who durſt defame our King;

We'll

We'll ſing the Fire which in his Boſom glows,
To warm his Friends, and ſcorch his daring Foes;
Endow'd with all theſe ſweet, yet manly Charms,
As fits him for the Fields of Love or Arms.
Fixt in an high and independent State,
Above to act what's little to be great.

Guard him, firſt Power, whoſe Hand directs the Sun,
And teaches me throw Caverns dark to run;
Long may he on his own fair Plains reſide,
And ſlight my Rival *Thames*, and love his *Clyde*.

On the moſt Honourable

The Marqueſs of BOWMONT'S *Cutting off his Hair.*

SHall *Berenice*'s Treſſes mount the Skies,
And by the Muſe to ſhining Fame ariſe,
Bellinda's Lock invite the ſmootheſt Lays
Of him whoſe Merit claims the *Britiſh* Bays;
And not, dear *Bowmont*, beautiful and young,
The graceful Ringlets of thy Head be ſung?
How many tender Hearts thine Eyes hath paind!
How many ſighing Nymphs thy Locks have chain'd!

The God of Love beheld him with Envy,
And on *Cyth'rea*'s Lap began to cry,
All drench'd in Tears, " O Mother help your Son,
" Elſe by a mortal Rival I'm undone;
" With happy Charms h' encroaches on my Sway,
" His Beauty diſconcerts the Plots I lay.

" When I've made *Chloe* her humble Slave admire,
" Straight he appears and kindles new Desire;
" She sighs for him, and all my Art beguiles,
" Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.
" Ah me! these sable Circles of his Hair,
" Which wave around his Beauties red and fair,
" I cannot bear! *Adonis* would seem dim,
" With all his flaxen Locks, if plac'd by him."

Venus reply'd, " No more, my deareſt Boy,
" Shall thoſe inchanting Curls thy Peace deſtroy;
" For ever ſep'rate they ſhall ceaſe to grow,
" Or round his Cheek, or on his Shoulders flow:
" I'll uſe my Slight, and make them quickly feel
" Their Honour's loſt by the invading Steel:
" I'll turn my ſelf in Shape of Mode and Health,
" And gain upon his youthful Mind by Stealth:
" Three Times the Sun ſhall not have rouz'd the Morn,
" E'er he conſent theſe from him ſhall be ſhorn."

The Promiſe ſhe perform'd, but Labour vain,
And ſtill ſhall prove while his bright Eyes remain;
And of Revenge blind *Cupid* muſt deſpair,
As long's the lovely Sex are grac'd with Hair;

They'l

They'll yield the conquering Glories of their Heads,
To form around his Beauty eaſy Shades:
And in Return *Thalia* ſpaes and ſings,
His lop'd off Locks ſhall ſparkle in their Rings.

AN EPISTLE

To a Friend at Florence, *in his Way to* Rome.

YOur ſteady Impulſe foreign Climes to view,
To ſtudy Nature, and what Art can ſhew,
I now approve, while my warm Fancy walks
O'er *Italy*, and with your Genius talks.
We trace with glowing Breaſt and piercing Look
The curious Galery of th' illuſtrious Duke,
Where all thoſe Maſters of the Arts divine,
With Pencils, Pens, and Chizels greatly ſhine,
Immortalizing the *Auguſtan* Age,
On Medalls, Canvaſs, Stone, or writen Page.

Profiles and Busts Originals expreſs,
And antique Scrols, old e'er we knew the Preſs.
For's Love to Science, and each virtuous *Scot*,
May Days unnumber'd be great *Coſmus'* Lot.

The ſweet *Heſperian* Fields you'll next explore,
'Twixt *Arnus'* Banks and *Tiber's* fertile Shore.
Now, now I wiſh my Organs could keep Pace
With my fond Muſe and you theſe Plains to trace,
We'd enter *Rome* with an uncommon Taſte,
And feed our Minds on every famous Waſte;
Amphitheaters, Columns, Royal Tombs,
Triumphal Arches, Ruins of vaſt Domes,
Old aerial Aqueducts, and ſtrong pav'd Roads,
Which ſeem to've been not wrought by Men, but Gods.

Theſe view'd, we'd then ſurvey with outmoſt Care
What modern *Rome* produces fine or rare,
Where Buildings riſe with all the Strength of Art,
Proclaiming their great Architect's Deſert,
Which Citron Shades ſurround and Jeſſamine,
And all the Soul of *Raphael* ſhines within:
Then we'd regale our Ears with ſounding Notes,
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardleſs Throats;

Join'd

Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious Strings,
And breathing Tubes, while the ſoft Eunoch ſings.

Of all thoſe Dainties take a hearty Meal;
But let your Reſolution ſtill prevail;
Return before your Pleaſure grow a Toil,
To longing Friends, and your own native Soil:
Preſerve your Health, your Virtue ſtill improve,
Hence you'll invite Protection from above.

To Sir WILLIAM BENNET *of* Grubbet, *Bar.*

WHile now in Diſcord giddy Changes reel,
And ſome are rack'd about on Fortune's Wheel,
You with undaunted Stalk, and Brow ſerene,
May trace your Groves; and preſs the dewy Green;
No guilty Twangs your manly Joys to wound,
Or horrid Dreams to make your Sleep unſound.

To ſuch as you, who can what's baſe deſpiſe,
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt Earth and Skies.
Not hurried with the Thirſt of unjuſt Gain,
You can delight your ſelf on Hill or Plain,
Obſerving when thoſe tender Sprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant Sweets the youthful Year.
Your lovely Scenes of *Marlefield* abound
With as much Choiſe as is in *Britain* found:

Here

Here faireſt Plants from Nature's Boſom ſtart
From Soil prolifick, ſerv'd with curious Art:
Here oft the heedful Gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders through an artificial Wild,
While native flowry Green, and chriſtal Strands,
Appear the Labours of ingenious Hands.

Moſt happy he who can thoſe Sweets enjoy,
With Taſte refin'd, which does not eaſy cloy.
Not ſo *Plebeian* Souls, whom ſporting Fate
Thruſts into Life upon a large Eſtate,
While Spleen their weak Imagination ſowrs,
They're at a Loſs how to imploy their Hours:
The ſweeteſt Plants which faireſt Gardens ſhow,
Are loſt to them, for them unheeded grow.
Such purblind Eyes ne'er view the ſon'rous Page,
Where ſhines the Raptures of poetick Rage,
Nor through the Microſcope can take Delight,
T' obſerve the Tusks and Briſtles of a Mite;
Nor by the lengthen'd Tube learn to deſcry
Theſe ſhining Worlds which roll around the Sky.
Bid ſuch read Hiſt'ry to improve their Skill,
Polite Excuſe! Their Memories are ill.

Moll's Maps may in their Dining-rooms make ſhow,
But their Contents they're not oblig'd to know;
And gen'rous Friendſhip's out of Sight too fine,
They think it only means a Glaſs of Wine.

But he whoſe chearful Mind hath higher flown,
And adds learn'd Thoughts of others to his own,
Has ſeen the World, and read the Volume Man,
And can the Springs and Ends of Actions ſcan,
Has fronted Deaths in Service of his King,
And drunken deep of the *Caſtalian* Spring;
This Man can live, —— and happieſt Life's his due,
Can be a Friend; —— a Virtue known to few;
Yet all ſuch Virtues ſtrongly ſhine in you.

Horace

HORACE *to* VIRGIL, *on his taking a Voyage to* Athens.

Sic te diva potens Cypri, ——

O *Cyprian* Goddeſs twinkle clear,
And *Helen*'s Brithers ay appear;
Ye Stars wha ſhed a lucky Light,
Auſpicious ay keep in a Sight;
King *Eol* grant a tydie Tirl,
But boaſt the Blaſt that rudely Whirl;
Dear Ship be canny with your Care,
At *Athens* land my *Virgil* fair;
Syne ſoon and ſafe, baith Lith and Spaul,
Bring hame the tae haff o' my Saul.

Daring and unco ſtout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Bruſs,
Wha ventur'd firſt on the rough Sea,
With hempen Branks and Horſe of Tree;

Wha on the weak Machine durſt ride
Throu' Tempeſts and a rairing Tide;
Nor clinty Craigs, nor Hurrycane,
That drives the *Adriatick* Main,
And gars the Ocean gowl and quake,
Cou'd e'er a Saul ſae ſturdy ſhake:
The Man wha cou'd ſic Rubs win o'er,
Without a Wink at Death might glowr,
Wha unconcern'd can take his Sleep
Amang the Monſters of the Deep.

Jove vainly twin'd the Sea and Eard,
Since Mariners are not afraid,
With Laws of Nature to diſpence,
And impiouſly treat Providence.
Audacious Men at nought will ſtand
When vicious Paſſions have command.
Prometheus ventur'd up and ſtaw
A lowan Coal frae Heav'ns high Ha';
Unſonſy Thift, which Feavers brought
In Bikes, which Fowk like Sybous hought:
Then Death erſt ſlaw began to ling,
And faſt as Haps to dart his Sting.

Neiſt *Dædalus* muſt contradict
Nature forſooth, and Feathers ſtick
Upon his Back, ſyne upward ſtreek,
And in at *Jove*'s high Winnocks keek,
While *Hercules*, wi's Timber Mell,
Plays rap upo' the Yates of Hell.

What is't Man winna ettle at?
E'en wi' the Gods he'll bell the Cat:
Tho *Jove* be very Laith to kill,
They winna let his Bowt ly ſtill.

An ODE *to Mr.* F——.

Solvitur acris hiems, ——
HOR.

NOw Gowans ſprout and Lavrocks ſing,
And welcome Weſt-winds warm the Spring,
O'er Hill and Dale they ſaftly blaw,
And drive the Winter's Cauld awa.
The Ships lang gyzen'd at the Peer,
Now ſpread their Sails and ſmoothly ſteer.

The Nags and Nowt hate wiſſen'd Strae,
And friſking to the Fields they gae;
Nor Hynds wi' Elſon and Hemp Lingle,
Sit ſolling Shoon out o'er the Ingle.
Now bonny Haughs their Verdure boaſt,
That late were clade wi' Snaw and Froſt.
With her gay Train the *Paphian* Queen
By Moon-light dances on the Green;
She leads, while Nymphs and Graces ſing,
And trip around the Fairy Ring.
Mean Time poor *Vulcan* hard at Thrift,
Gets mony a ſair and heavy Lift,
Whilſt rinnen down, his haff blind Lads
Blaw up the Fire, and thump the Goads.

Now leave your Fitſted on the Dew,
And buſk ye'r ſell in Habit new;
Be grateſu' to the guiding Powers,
And blythly ſpend your eaſy Hours,
O canny F——, tutor Time,
And live as lang's ye'r in your Prime;
That ill-bred Death has nae Regard
To King or Cottar, or a Laird;

As ſoon a Caſtle he'll attack,
As Waws of Divots roofd wi' Thack.
Immediately we'll a' take Flight
Into the mirk Realms of Night,
As Stories gang, with Gaiſts to roam,
In glowmie *Pluto*'s gowſty Dome;
Bid fair Good-day to Pleaſure ſyne
Of bonny Laſſes and red Wine.

Then deem ilk little Care a Crime,
Dares waſte an Hour of precious Time;
And ſince our Life's ſae unco ſhort,
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

To *R--- H--- B---*, an Ode.

Nullum Vare ſacra vite prius ſeveris arborem,
Circa mite ſolum Tiburis & mœnia Catili.
HOR.

O *B*—— could theſe Fields of thine
Bear as in *Gaul* the juicy Vine,
How ſweet the bonny Grape wou'd ſhine
On Wa's, where now
Your Apricocks and Branches fine
Their Branches bow?

Since humane Life is but a Blink,
Why ſhould we its ſhort Joys ſink?
He diſna live that canna link
The Glaſs about;
When warm'd with Wine, like Men we think,
And grow mair ſtout.

The cauldrife Carlies clog'd wi' Care,
Wha gathering Gear gang hyte and gare,
If ramn'd wi' Red, they rant and rair
Like mirthfu' Men;
It ſoothly ſhaws them they can ſpare
A Rowth to ſpend.

What Soger when with Wine he's bung
Did e'er complain he had been dung,
Or of his Toil, or empty Spung?
Na, o'er his Glaſs,
Nought but braw Deeds employ his Tongue,
Or ſome ſweet Laſs.

Yet Trouth, 'tis proper we ſhould ſtint
Our ſells to a freſh mod'rate Pint;
Why ſhould we (the blyth Bleſſing) mint
To waiſt or ſpill?
Since, aften, when our Reaſon's tint
We may do ill.

Let's ſet theſe Hair-brain'd Fowk in View,
That when they're ſtupid, mad and fow,
Do brutal Deeds, which aft they rue
For a' their Days,
Which frequently prove very few
To ſuch as theſe.

Then

Then let us grip our Bliſs mair ſicker,
And tape our Heal, and ſprightly Liquor,
Which ſober tane makes Wit the quicker,
And Senſe mair keen;
While graver Heads that's muckle thicker
Grane wi' the Spleen.

May ne'er ſic wicked Fumes ariſe
In me, ſhall break a' ſacred Ties,
And gar me like a Fool deſpiſe
With Stifneſs rude,
What ever my beſt Friends adviſe,
Tho ne'er ſae good.

'Tis beſt then to evite the Sin
Of bending till our Sauls gae blin;
Left like our Glaſs our Breaſts grow thin,
And let Fowk peep
At ilka Secret hid within,
That we ſhould keep.

TO

To Mr. JOSEPH MITCHEL, *on the ſucceſsful Repreſentation of a Tragedy wrote by him.*

BUt Jealouſy, dear *Joſ.* which aft gives Pain
To ſcrimpit Sauls, I own my ſell right vain
To ſee a native truſty Friend of mine
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing Billies ſhine.
Yes, wherefore no? ſhaw them the frozen North
Can towring Minds with heav'nly Heat bring forth;
Minds that can mount with an uncommon Wing,
And frae black heath'ry headed Mountains ſing,
As ſaft as he that Haughs *Heſperian* trades,
Or leans beneath the *Aromatick* Shades.
Bred to the Love of Lit'rature and Arms,
Still ſomething great a'*Scottiſh* Boſom warms;
Tho nurs'd on Ice, and educate in Snaw,
Honour and Liberty eags him to draw
A Hero's Sword, or an heroick Quill,
The monſt'rous Faes of Right and Wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal Deſign,
To thwart the Gowks, and gar the Breth'ren tine
The wrang Opinion which they lang have had,
That a' which mounts the Stage —— is ſurely bad.
Stupidly dull! But Fools ay Fools will be,
And nane's ſae blind as them that winna ſee.
Where's Vice and Virtue ſet in juſter Light?
Where can a glancing Genius ſhine mair bright?
Where can we humane Life review mair plain
Than in the happy Plot and curious Scene?

If in themſells ſic fair Deſigns were ill,
We ne'er had prievd the ſweet drammatick Skill
Of *Congreve*, *Addiſon*, *Steel*, *Rowe* and *Hill*;
Hill, wha the higheſt Road to Fame doth chuſe,
And has ſome upper Seraph for his Muſe:
It maun be ſae, elſe how could he diſplay
With ſo juſt Strength the great tremenduous Day?

Sic Patterns, *Joſeph*, always keep in View,
Ne'er faſh if ye can pleaſe the thinking Few,
Then Spite of Malice, Worth ſhall have its Due.

The Poet's Wiſh: An ODE.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? ——— HOR.

FRae great *Apollo*, Poet ſay,
What is thy Wiſh, what wadſt thou hae,
When thou bows at his Shrine?
Not *Karſs* o' *Gowrie*'s fertile Field,
Nor a' the Flocks the *Grampians* yield,
That are baith ſleek and fine:
Not coſtly Things brought frae afar,
As Ivory, Pearl and Gems;
Nor thoſe fair Straths that water'd are
With *Tay* and *Tweed*'s ſmooth Streams,
Which gentily and daintily
Eat down the flowry Braes;
As greatly and quietly
They wimple to the Seas.

Whaever by his kanny Fate
Is Maſter of a good Eſtate,
That can ilk Thing afford,
Let him enjoy't withoutten Care,
And with the Wale of curious Fare
Cover his ample Board.
Much dawted by the Gods is he,
Wha to the *Indian* Plain,
Succeſsfu' ploughs the wally Sea,
And ſafe returns again
With Riches, that hitches
Him high aboon the reſt
Of ſma' Fowk, and a' Fowk
That are wi' Poortith preſt.
For me I can be well content
To eat my Bannock on the Bent,
And kitchent't wi' freſh Air:
Of Lang-kail I can make a Feaſt,
And cantily had up my Creſt,
And laugh at Diſhes rare.
Nought frae *Apollo* I demand,
But throu' a lengthen'd Life

My outer Fabrick firm may ſtand,
And Saul clear without Striſe.
May he then but gi'e then
Thoſe Bleſſings for my Skair,
I'll fairly and ſquairly
Quite a' and ſeek nae mair.

The Reſponſe of the Oracle.

TO keep thy Saul frae puny Striſe,
And heeze thee out of vulgar Life,
We in a Morning-Dream,
Whiſper'd our Will concerning thee,
To *Marius* ſtretch'd beneath a Tree,
Hard by a pop'ling Stream;
He full of me ſhall point the Way,
Where thou a Star ſhalt ſee,
The Influence of whoſe bright Ray,
Shall wing thy Muſe to flee.
Mair ſpeer na, and fear na,
But ſet thy Mind to Reſt;
Aſpire ay ſtill high'r ay,
And always hope the beſt.

THE CONCLUSION.

After the Manner of Horace, ad librum ſuum.

DEar ventrous Book, e'en take thy Will,
And ſcowp around the Warld thy fill:
Wow! ye're newfangle to be ſeen,
In guilded Turky clade, and clean.
Daft giddy Thing! to dare thy Fate,
And ſpang o'er Dikes that ſcar the blate:
But mind when anes ye're to the Bent,
(Altho in vain) ye may repent.
Alake, I'm flied thou aften meet
A Gang that will thee ſourly treat,
And ca' thee dull for a' thy Pains,
When Damps diſtreſs their drouzie Brains.

I dinna

I dinna doubt whilſt thou art new,
Thou'lt Favour find frae not a few:
But when thou'rt ruſi'd and forlorn,
Sair thumb'd by ilka Coof or Bairn;
Then, then by Age you may grow wiſe,
And ken Things common gies nae Price.
I'd fret, wae's me! to ſee thee ly
Beneath the Bottom of a Pye,
Or cow'd out Page by Page to wrap
Up Snuff or Sweeties in a Shap.

Away ſic Fears, gae ſpread my Fame,
And fix me an immortal Name;
Ages to come ſhall thee revive,
And gar thee with new Honours live.
The future Criticks I forſee
Shall have their Notes on Notes on thee:
The Wits unborn ſhall Beauties find
That never enter'd in my Mind.

Now when thou tells how I was bred,
But hough enough to a mean Trade:
To ballance that, pray let them ken
My Saul to higher Pitch cou'd ſten;

And when ye ſhaw I'm ſcarce of Gear,
Gar a' my Virtues ſhine mair clear.
Tell, I the beſt and faireſt pleaſe,
A little Man that loo's my Eaſe,
And never thole theſe Paſſions lang
That rudely mint to do me Wrang.

Gin ony want to ken my Age,
See *Anno Dom.* on Title Page;
This Year when Springs, by Care and Skill,
The ſpacious Leaden Conduits fill,
And firſt flow'd up the *Caſtle-hill.*
When *South-Sea* Projects ceaſe to thrive,
And only *North-Sea* ſeems alive,
Tell them your Author's Thirty five.

FINIS.

A GLOSSARY; OR EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words us'd by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *Engliſh* Writings.

Some general Rules ſhewing wherein many Southern *and* Northern *Words are originally the ſame, having only a Letter changed for another, or ſometimes one taken away or added.*

I. *In many Words ending with an* l. *after an* a. *or* u. *the* l. *is rarely ſounded.*

Scots.	*Engliſh.*	*Scots.*	*Engliſh.*
A Ba,	A *Ll.* Ball.	Sma,	*Small.*
Ca,	*Call.*	Sta,	*Stall.*
Fa,	*Fall.*	Wa,	*Wall.*
Ga,	*Gall.*	Fou, *or* fu,	*Full.*
Ha,	*Hall.*	Pou, *or* pu,	*Pull.*
		Woo, *or* U,	*Wool.*

II. *The* l. *changes to* a. w. *or* u. *after* o. *or* a. *and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,*

Scots.	*English.*
Bawm,	*Balm.*
Bauk,	*Baulk.*
Bowk,	*Bulk.*
Bow,	*Boll.*
Bowt,	*Bolt.*
Caff,	*Calf.*
Cow,	*Coll* or *Clip.*
Faut,	*Fault.*
Fause,	*False.*
Fowk,	*Folk.*
Fawn,	*Fallen.*
Gowd,	*Gold.*
Haff,	*Half.*
How,	*Hole* or *Hollow,*
Howms,	*Holms.*
Maut,	*Malt.*
Pow,	*Poll.*
Row,	*Roll.*
Scawd,	*Scald.*
Stown,	*Stoln.*
Wawk,	*Walk.*

III. *An* o. *before* ld. *changes to an* a. *or* au; *as,*

Scots.	*English.*
Auld,	*Old.*
Bauld,	*Bold.*
Cauld,	*Cold.*
Fauld,	*Fold.*
Hald, *or* Had,	*Hold.*
Sald,	*Sold.*
Tald,	*Told.*
Wad,	*Would.*

IV. *The* o, oe, *or* ow *is changed to* a, ae, aw, *or* ai; *as,*

Scots.	*English.*
A, *or* ane,	*One.*
Aeten,	*Oaten.*
Aff,	*Off.*
Aften,	*Often.*
Aik,	*Oak.*
Aith,	*Oath.*
Ain, *or* awn,	*Own.*

Scots.	*English.*
Alane,	*Alone.*
Amaist,	*Almost.*
Amang,	*Among.*
Airs,	*Oars.*
Aits,	*Oats.*
Apen,	*Open.*
Awner,	*Owner.*
Bain,	*Bone.*
Bair,	*Boar.*
Baith,	*Both.*
Blaw,	*Blow.*
Braid,	*Broad.*
Claith,	*Cloath.*
Craw,	*Crow.*
Drap,	*Drop.*
Fae,	*Foe.*
Frae,	*Fro,* or *from.*
Gae,	*Go.*
Gaits,	*Goats.*
Grane,	*Groan.*
Haly,	*Holy.*
Hale,	*Whole.*
Halesom,	*Wholesome.*
Hame,	*Home.*
Hait, *or* Het,	*Hot.*
Laith,	*Loath.*
Laid,	*Load.*
Lain, *or* Len,	*Loan.*
Lang,	*Long.*
Law,	*Low.*
Mae,	*Moe.*
Maist,	*Most.*
Mair,	*More.*
Mane,	*Moan.*
Maw,	*Mow.*
Na,	*No.*
Nane,	*None.*
Naithing,	*Nothing.*
Pape,	*Pope.*
Rae,	*Roe.*
Rair,	*Roar.*
Raip,	*Rope.*
Raw,	*Row.*
Saft,	*Soft.*
Saip,	*Soap.*
Sair,	*Sore.*
Sang,	*Song.*
Slaw,	*Slow.*
Snaw,	*Snow.*
Strake,	*Stroak.*

Staw,

Scots.	English.
Staw,	*Stole.*
Stane,	*Stone.*
Saul,	*Soul.*
Tae,	*Toe.*
Taiken,	*Token.*
Tangs,	*Tongs.*
Tap,	*Top.*
Thrang,	*Throng.*
Wae,	*Woe.*
Wame,	*Womb.*
Wan,	*Won.*
War,	*Worse.*
Wark,	*Work.*
Warld,	*World.*
Wha,	*Who.*

V. *The* o. *or* u. *is frequently changed into* i; *as,*

Scots.	English.
A Nither,	*Nother.*
A Bill,	*Bull.*

Scots.	English.
Birn,	*Burn.*
Brither,	*Brother.*
Fit,	*Foot.*
Fither,	*Fother.*
Hinny,	*Hony.*
Ither,	*Other.*
Mither,	*Mother.*
Nits,	*Nuts.*
Nise,	*Nose.*
Pit,	*Put.*
Rin,	*Run.*
Sin,	*Sun.*

A B

Ablins, Perhaps.
Aboon, Above.
Aikerbraid, The Breadth of an Acre.
Air, Long since. *It.* Early. *Air up*, Soon up in the Morning.
Anew, Enow.
Arles, Earnest of a Bargain.
Attains, or *Atanes*, At once, At the same Time.
Auldfarran, Ingenious.
Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, To contend or wrangle.
Aynd, The Breath.

B A

Back-sey, A Surloin.
Baid, Stayed, Abode.
Bairns, Children.
Baken, Whale-bone.
Bang, Is sometimes an Action of Haste. We say he or it *came with a Bang*. *A Bang* also means a great Number.
Of Customers she had a Bang.
Bangster, A blustering roaring Person.
Bannocks, A Sort of Bread thicker than Cakes, and round.
Barken'd, When Mire, Blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like Bark.
Barlikhood, A Fit of Passion or ill Humor.
Barrow Trams, The Staves of a Hand-barrow.
Batts, Colick.
Bawbie, Halfpenny.
Bawsy, Bawsand fac'd, is a Cow or Horse with a white Face.
Bedeen, Immediately, In haste.

Beſt, Beaten.
Begoud, Began.
Begrutten, All in Tears.
Beik, To bask.
Beild, Shelter.
Bein, or *Been*, Wealthy. *A been Houſe*, A warm well furniſhed one.
Beit, or *Beet*, To help, repair.
Bells, Bubbles.
Beltan, The 3d of *May*, or *Rood-day*.
Bended, Drunk hard.
Benn, The Inner-room of a Houſe.
Benniſon, Bleſſing.
Benſell, or *Benſail*, Force.
Bent, The open Field.
Beuk, Baked.
Bicker, A wooden Diſh.
Bickering, Fighting, Running quickly, School-boys battling with Stones.
Bigg, Build. *Bigget*, Built. *Biggings*, Buildings.
Billy, Brother.
Bire, or *Byar*, A Cow-ſtall.
Birks, Birch-Trees.
Birle, To drink. Common People joining their Farthings for purchaſing Liquor, they call it *Birling a Bawbie*.
Birn, A burnt Mark.
Birr, Force, flying ſwiftly with a Noiſe.
Birs'd, Bruiſed.
Bittle, or *Beetle*, A wooden Mell for beating Hemp, or a Fuller's Club.
Black a-vic'd, Of a black Complexion.
Blae, Pale blew, the Colour of the Skin when bruiſed. 'Tis uſed as a Proverb, when one looks pale, or out of Countenance, *He looks blae ſac'd*.
Blate, Baſhfull.
Blatter, A rattling Noiſe.
Bleez, Blaze.
Blether, Fooliſh Diſcourſe. *Blether-er*, A Babbler. Stammering is called *Blethering*.
Blin, Ceaſe. *Never blin*, Never have done.
Blinkan, The Flame raiſing and failing, as of a Lamp when the Oil is exhauſted.
Boak, or *boke*, Vomit.
Bodin, or *bodden*, Provided or furniſhed.
Bodle, Two Pennies *Scots*, or one ſixth of a Penny *Engliſh*.
Bodword, An ominous Meſſage. *Bodwords* are now uſed to expreſs ill-natur'd Meſſages.
Boglebo, Hobgoblin or Spectre.
Boſs, Empty. Applied to a Reed, Bone, or Head, *&c.*
Bourd, Jeſt or Dalley. We ſay, *A ſooth Bourd is nae Bourd.*
Bouze, To drink.
Brachen, A kind of Water-Gruel of Oat meal, Butter and Honey.
Brae, The Side of a Hill, Bank of a River.
Brander, A Gridiron.
Brands, Calves of the Legs.
Brankan, Prancing, A capering.
Branks, Wherewith the Ruſtick bridle their Horſes, A Halter fixt to two Pieces of Wood which hang on either Side of the Noſe.
Bratle, Noiſe, as of Horſe Feet.
Brats, Rags.
Braw, Brave, Fine in Apparel.
Brecken, Fearn.
Brent-brow, Smooth high Forehead.
Brigs, Bridges.
Brock, A Badger.
Browden, Fond.
Browſter, Brewer.
Bruliment, A Broil.
Bucky, The large Sea-Snail, Term of Reproach, when we preſs a croſs natur'd Fellow, *Bucky*.
Buff, Nonſenſe; As, *He blether Buff*.
Bught, The little Fold where the Ews are incloſed at Milking time.

Buller, To bubble. The Motion of Water at a Spring-head, or a Noise of a rising Tide.

Bumbazed, Confused, Made to stare and look like an Idiot.

Bung, Completely fudled, as it were to the Bung.

Bunkers, A Bench, or sort of long low Chests that serve for Seats.

Bumler, A Bungler, One that cannot perform his Work handsomely.

Burn, A Brook, Any little Torrent of Water.

Busk, To deck, Dress.

Bustine, Fustian (Cloath.)

But, often for *Without* As, *But Feed or Favour.*

Bykes, or *Bikes*, Nests or Hives of Bees or Pismires.

C A

Cadge, Carry. *Cadger* is a Country Carrier, who jogs about with is Fish, Fowls, Eggs, &c.

Callan, Boy.

Camschough Stern, grim, of a distorted Countenance.

Cankerd, Angry, passionately snarling.

Canna, Cannot.

Cant, To tell merry old Tales.

Canty, Chearful and merry.

Capernoited, Whimsical, One who has got a Blow or *Knoit* on the Head that has turned his Judgment wrong. Ill natur'd.

Car, Sledge.

Carle, An old Word for a Man.

Carline, An old Woman. *Gire-Carline*, A Giant's Wife.

Cathel, An hot Pot, made of Ale, Sugar and Eggs.

Cauldrise, Spiritless, Wanting chearfulness in Address.

Cauler, Cool or fresh.

Chasts, Chops.

Chaping, An Ale Measure or Stoup, somewhat less than an *English* Quart.

A-Char, or *a-jar*, Aside. When any Thing is beat a little out of its Position, or a Door or Window a little opened, we say they're *a-Char*, or *a-jar.*

Charlewain, Charles-wain. The Constellation called the Plow, or *Ursa major.*

Chancy, Fortunate, good natur'd.

Chat, A cant Name for the Gallows.

Chiel, A general Term, like *Fellow*, used sometimes with Respect; as, *He's a very good Chiel*; and contemptuously, *That Chiel.*

Chirm, Chirp and sing like a Bird.

Chucky, A Hen.

Clan, Tribe, Family.

Clank, The Din of a Pot Lid, when the Drinker makes it speak for more Liquor; or, a sharp Blow.

Clashes, Chat.

Claught, Took hold.

Claw, Scratch.

Cleek, To catch as with a Hook.

Cleugh, A Den betwixt Rocks.

Clinty, Hard, stonny.

Clock, Beetle.

Cloited, The Fall of any soft moist Thing. When one falls carelessly, he's said to *cloit down.*

Closs, A Court or Square. And frequently a Lane or Alley.

Clour, The little Lump that rises on the Head, occasioned by a Blow or Fall.

Clute, Hoof of Cows, or Sheep.

Cockernony, The gathering of a Woman's Hair, when 'tis wrapt or *snooded* up with a Band or *Snood.*

Cod, A Pillow.

Cog, A pretty large wooden Dish the Country People put their Pottage in.

Cogle, When a Thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.

Coof, A stupid Fellow.

Cooser,

Cooſer, A Ston'd Horſe.
Cooſt, Did caſt. *Cooſten*, Thrown.
Corby, A Raven.
Cotter, A Sub-tenant.
Cowp, To fall; alſo a Fall.
Cowp, To change or barter.
Cowp, A Company of People. As merry, ſenſeleſs, corky *Cowp*.
Cour, To crouch and creep.
Creel, Basket.
Criſh, Greaſe.
Croon, or *Crune*, To murmure, or hum o'er a Song. The Lowing of Bulls.
Crouſe, Bold.
Cryn, Shrink, or become leſs by drying.
Culzie, Intice or flatter.
Cun, To taſte, Learn, Know.
Cunzie, or *Coonie*, Coin.
Curſche, A Kerchief. A Linen Dreſs wore by our *Highland* Women.
Cutled, Uſed kind and gaining Methods for obtaining Love and Friendſhip, like little Children preſſing in upon, and prattling agreeably to their Parents.
Cutts, Lots. Theſe *Cutts* are uſually made of Straws unequally cut, which one hides between his Finger and Thumb while another draws his Fate.
Cutty, Short.

D A

Dad, To beat one Thing againſt another. *He fell with a Dad.* He *dadded* his Head againſt the Wall, &c.
Daft, Fooliſh. And ſometimes, Wanton.
Daffin, Folly, Wagrie.
Dail, or *Date*, A Valley Plain.
Daintith's, Delicates, Dainties.
Dainty, Is uſed as an Epithet of a fine Man or Woman.
Dander, Wander to and fro, or ſaunter.
Dang, *Did ding*, Beat, Thruſt, Drive. *Ding dang*, Moving haſtily one on the Back of another.
Dawty, A Fondling, Darling. *To dawt*, To cocker, and careſs with tenderneſs.
Deave, To ſtun the Ears with Noiſe.
Deray, Merriment, Jollity, Solemnity, Tumult, Diſorder, Noiſe.
Dern, Secret, Hidden, Lonely. When one has hid himſelf, we ſay, *He's dern'd in ſome Place.*
Deval, To deſcend, Fall, Hurry, or dip down.
Dewgs, Rags or Shapings of Cloth.
Didle, To act or move like a Dwarf.
Dight, Deck'd, Made ready. Alſo, to clean.
Dinna, Do not.
Dirle, A ſmarting Pain quickly over.
Dit, To ſtop or cloſe up a Hole. *Dit ye'r Gab wi' ye'r Meat.*
Divet, Broad Turf.
Docken, A Dock, (the Herb.)
Doilt, Confuſed and ſilly.
Doited, Dozed or crazy, as in old Age. *Daft young, and doited auld*, the two Times of fooliſh Marriage.
Doll, A large Piece, *Dole* or Share.
Donk, Moiſt.
Donſie, Affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little Perſon.
Doofart, A dull heavy headed Fellow.
Dool, or *Drule*, The Goal which Gameſters ſtrive to gain firſt (as at Football.)
Dorts, A proud Pet.
Dorty, Proud, not to be ſpoke to; Conceited, appearing as diſobliged.
Dought, Could, Avail'd.
Doughty, Strong, valiant and able.
Douks, Dives under Water.
Douſe, Solid, Grave, Prudent.

Down,

Dow, To will, to incline, to thrive, to do good.
Dow'd, (Liquor) that's dead, or has loſt the Spirits, Or, (wither'd) Plant.
Douff, Mournful, wanting Vivacity.
Dowie, Melancholy, Sad, Doleful.
Downa, *Dow not*, *i.e.* Tho one has the Power, he wants the Heart to it.
Dowp, The A.. ..ſe. The ſmall Remains of a Candle. The Bottom of an Egg-ſhell. *Better haff Egg as toom dowp.*
Drant, To ſpeak ſlow, after a ſighing Manner.
Dree, To ſuffer, Endure.
Dreery, Wearyſome, Frightfull.
Dreigh, Slow, keeping at Diſtance. Hence an ill Payer of his Debts, we call *dreigh*. Or when on Journey, if the Way prove longer than we expected, we ſay, *'Tis a dreigh Road.*
Dribs, Drops.
Drizel, A little Water in a Rivulet, ſcarce appearing to run.
Droning, Sitting lazily, or moving heavily, Speaking with Groans.
Dronked, Drench'd, All wet.
Dubs, Mire.
Dunt, Stroke or Blow.
Durk, A Poinyard or Dagger.
Dynles, Trembles, Shakes; To have a Touch of a Pain, as Gout or Tooth-ach.
Dyver, A Bankrupt.

E A

Eags, Incites, Stirs up.
Eard, Earth, The Ground.
Eage, Of a Hill, is the Side or Top.
Een, Eyes.
Eild, Age.
Eith, Eaſy. *Eithar*, Eaſier.
Elbuck, Elbow.
Elſhot, Shot by an Elf or Fairy.
Elſon, A Shoe-maker's Awl.
Elritch, Wild, Hideous, Uninhabited, except by imaginary Ghoſts.
Endlang, Along.
Ergh, Scrupulous. When one makes faint Attempts to do a Thing without a ſteady Reſolution.
Erſt, Time paſt.
Eſtler, Hewn Stone. Buildings of ſuch we call *Eſtler-work*.
Ether, An Adder.
Etle, To aim, Deſign.
Eydent, Diligent, Laborious.

F A

FA, A Trap, ſuch as is uſed for catching Rats or Mice.
Fadge, A Spungy Sort of Bread, in Shape of a Roll.
Fag, To tire, or turn weary.
Fail, Thick Turf, ſuch as are uſed for building Dikes for Folds, Incloſures, *&c.*
Fain, This Word uſed in *England* expreſſes a Deſire or Willingneſs to do a Thing; as, *Fain would I.* Beſides its being uſed in the ſame Senſe with us, it likewiſe means joyful, tickled with Pleaſure. As, *As Fain as a Fidler.*
Fair, Neat, In good Order.
Fairſaw, When we wiſh well to one. That a good or *fair* Fate may befal him.
Faſh, Vex or Trouble, *Faſhous*, Troubleſome.
Faugh, A Colour between white and red. *Faugh Rigs*, Fallow Ground.
Feck, A Part, Quantity; as, *Maiſt Feck*, The greateſt Number. *Nae Feck*, Very few.
Feckſow, Able, Active.
Feckleſs, Feeble, little and weak.

Feed,

Feid, Feud, Hatred, Quarrel.
Feil, Many, Several.
Fen, Shift, *Fending*, Living by Industry, *Make a Fen*, Fall upon Methods.
Ferlie, Wonder.
Fernzier, The laſt or fore-run Year.
File, To defile or dirty.
Fir-flaught, A Flaſh of Lightning.
Fiſſle, To ſtir, A Stir.
Fiſſled, The Print of the Foot.
Fizzing, Whizzing.
Flaffing, Moving up and down, raiſing Wind by Motion, as Birds with their Wings.
Flags, Flaſhes, as of Wind and Fire.
Flane, An Arrow.
Flang, Flung.
Flaughter, To pare Turf from the Ground.
Fleetch, To cox.
Fleg, Fright.
Flewet, A ſmart Blow on the Head.
Fley or *flie*, To affright. *Fleyt*, Affraid or terrified.
Flinders, Splinters.
Flit, To remove.
Flite or *Flyte*, To ſcold, Chide. *Flet*, Did ſcold.
Fluſhes, Floods.
Fog, Moſs.
Foordays, The Morning far advanced Fair Day-light.
Forby, Beſides.
Forebears, Forefathers, Anceſtors.
Forfairn, Abuſed, Beſpatter'd.
Forfoughten, Weary, Faint and out of Breath with Fighting.
Forgainſt, Oppoſite to.
Forgether, To meet, Encounter.
Forleet, To forſake.
Foreſtam, The Fore-head.
Fouth, Abundance, Plenty.
Fozie, Spungy, Soft.
Frais, To make a Noiſe. We uſe to ſay one *makes a Frais*, when they boaſt, wonder, and talk more of a Matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.
Freik, A Fool, light, impertinent Fellow.
Fremit, Strange, Not a Kin.
Friſted, Truſted.
Fruſh, Brittle, like Bread baken with Butter.
Fuff, To blow, *Fuffin*, Blowing.
Furder, Proſper.
Furthy, Forward.
Fuſh, Brought.
Fyk, To be reſtleſs, Uneaſy.

G A

Gab, The Mouth. To prat, *Gab ſae gaſh*.
Gabbing, Prating pertly. *To gab again*, When Servants give ſaucy Returns when reprimanded.
Gabby, One of a ready and eaſy Expreſſion. The ſame with *auld Gabbet*.
Gadge, To dictate impertinently, Talk idly with a ſtupid Gravity.
Gafaw, A hearty loud Laghter, To *Gawf*, Laugh.
Gams, Gums.
Gar, To cauſe, make or force.
Gare, Greedy, Rapacious, earneſt to have a Thing.
Gaſh, Solid, Sagacious; One with long out Chin, we call *Gaſh Gabbet*, or *Gaſh Beard*.
Gate, Way.
Gaunt, Yawn.
Gawky, Idle, ſtaring, idiotical Perſon.
Gawn, Going.
Gawſy, Jolly, Buxome.
Geck, To mock.
Geed; or *Gade*, Went.
Genty, Handſome, Genteel.
Get, Brat; A Child, by Way of Contempt or Deriſion.
Gif, If.
Gillygacus, or *Gilligapus*, A ſtaring, gaping Fool.

Gilly

Gilpy, A roguish Boy.
Gimmer, A young Sheep (Ew.)
Gin, If.
Gird, To strike, Pierce.
Girn, To grin, Snarl. Also a Snare or Trap, such as Boys make of Horse Hair to catch Birds.
Girth, A Hoop.
Glaiks, An idle, good for nothing Fellow. *Glaiked*, Fooliſh, Wanton, Light. To give the *Glaiks*, To beguile one, by giving him his Labour for his Pains.
Glaiſter, To bawl or bark.
Glamour, Jugling. When Devils, Wizards, or Juglers deceive the Sight, they are ſaid to caſt *Glamour* o'er the Eyes of the Spectator.
Glar, Mire, ouzy Mud.
Glee, To ſquint.
Gleg, Sharp, Quick, Active.
Glen, A narrow Valley between Mountains.
Gloom, To ſcoul or frown.
Glowming, The Twilight, or Evening-Gloom.
Glowr, To ſtare, look ſtern.
Gluſh, To hang the Brow and grumble.
Goan, A wooden Diſh for Meat.
Goolie, A large Knife.
Gorlings, or *Gorblings*, Young unfleg'd Birds.
Goſſie, Goſſip.
Gowans, Dazies.
Gove, To look broad and ſtedfaſt, holding up the Face.
Gowf, Beſides the known Game, a Racket or ſound Blow on the Chaps, we call a *Gowf on the Haffet*.
Gowk, The Cuckow. In Deriſion we call a thoughtleſs Fellow, and one who harps too long on one Subject, a *Gowk*.
Gowl, A Howling, To bellow and cry.
Gouſly, Ghaſtly, Large, Waſte, Deſolate, and Frightful.
Granny, Grandmother, Any old Woman.
Gree, Prize, Victory.
Green, To long for.
Greet, To weep. *Grat*, Wept.
Grieve, An Overſeer.
Grouf, To ly flat on the Belly.
Grounche, or *Glunſh*, To murmure, Grudge.
Gryſe, A Pig or young Swine.
Gumption, Good Senſe.
Gurly, Rough, bitter, cold (Weather.)
Gyſened, When the Wood of any Veſſel is ſhrunk with dryneſs.
Gytlings, Young Children.

H A

Haffet, The Cheek-Side of the Head.
Hags, Hacks, Peat Pits, or Breaks in moſſy Ground.
Hain, To ſave, Manage narrowly.
Haleſome, Wholeſome; as *Hale*, Whole.
Hallen, A Screen, or Fence of Stone, Turf, &c. A Hanger on or Paraſite is called a *Hallenſhaker*.
Hameld, Domeſtick.
Haimely, Friendly, Frank, Open, Kind.
Hanty, Convenient, Handſome.
Harle, Drag.
Harns, Brains. *Harn-pan*, The Scull.
Harſhip, Ruin.
Haveren, or *Havrel*, Sloven.
Haughs, Valleys, or low Grounds on the Sides of Rivers.
Havins, Good Breeding.
Hawſs, The Throat, or fore Part of the Neck.
Heal, or *Heel*, Health.
Heety, A Perſon hypochondriack.
Heez, To lift up a heavy Thing a little. A *Heezy* is a good Lift.
Hegbt, Promiſed, alſo named.
Hempy, A tricky Wag, ſuch for whom the Hemp grows.

Hereit, Ruined in Estate, broke, spoil'd, impoverisht.
Hesp, A Clasp or Hook, Bar or Bolt; also in Yarn a certain Number of Threeds.
Hewgh, A Rock or steep Hill; also a Coal-pit.
Hiddils, or *Hidlings*, Lurking, hiding Places. To do a thing in *hidlings*, i. e. privately.
Hirple, To move slowly and lamely.
Hirsle, To move as with a rustling Noise.
Ho, A single Stocking.
Hool, Husk. *Hool'd*, Inclosed.
Hooly, Slow.
Host, or *Whost*, To cough.
How, Low Ground, A Hollow.
How! Ho!
Howk, To dig.
Howms, Plains on River Sides.
Howt! Fy!
Hurkle, To crouch or bow together like a Cat, Hedge-hog, or Hare.
Hyt, Mad.

J A

Jack, Jacket.
Jag, To prick as with a Pin.
Jaw, A Wave or Gush of Water.
Jawp, The dashing of Water.
Jeeshogles, Icicles.
Jee, To incline to one Side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a Balk up and down to this and the other Side.
Jig, To crack, make a Noise like a Cart-wheel.
Jimp, Slender.
Ilk, Each. *Ilka*, Every.
Ingle, Fire.
Jo, Sweet-heart.
Jouk, A low bow.
Irie, Fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some Ghost or Apparition; also Melancholy.
I'se, I shall; as *I'll* for I will.
Isles, Embers.
Junt, A large Joint or Piece of Meat.
Jute, Sour or dead Liquor.
Jybe, To mock, *Gibe*, Taunt.

K A

Kaber, A Rafter.
Kale, or Kail, Colewort, and sometimes Broth.
Kame, Comb.
Kanny, or *Canny*, Fortunate; also warry: One who manages his Affairs discreetly.
Kebuck, A Cheese.
Keckle, To laugh, to be noisie.
Kedgy, Jovial.
Keek, To peep.
Kemp, To strive who shall perform most of the same Work in the same Time, equal to that Proverb, (*Fool's Haste is no Speed*) is, *Kempers share nae Corn*.
Ken, To know; used in *England* as a Noun. A thing within Ken, i. e. within View.
Kent, A long Staff, such as Shepherds use for leaping over Ditches.
Kepp, To catch a thing that moves towards one.
Kist, Did cast. *vid. Coost.*
Kilted, Tuck'd up.
Kimmer, A Female Gossip.
Kirn, A Churn. *Item*, To churn.
Kirtle, An upper Petticoat.
Kitchen, All Sort of Eatables, except Bread.
Kittle, Difficult, Mysterious, Knotty (Writings.)
Kittle, To tickle, Ticklish.
Knacky, Witty and facetious.
Knoit, To beat or strike sharply.
Knoos'd, Buffeted and bruised.
Know, A Hillock.
Knublock, A Knob.
Knuckles, Only used in *Scots* for the Joints of the Fingers next the back of the Hand.
Kniist, A Lump or large Quantity.
Kow, A Goblin, or any Person one stands

ſtands in aw to diſoblige, and fears.

Ky, Kine, or Cows.

Kyth, To appear. *He'll kyth in his ain Colours.*

L A

Laggert, Beſpatter'd, Cover'd with Clay.

Laigh, Low.

Laits, Manners.

Lak, or *Lack*, Undervalue, Contemn; as, *He that laks my Mare, would buy my Mare.*

Landart, The Country, or belonging to it. Ruſtick.

Langour, Languiſhing, Melancholy. To hold one out of Langour, i. e. divert him.

Lankale, Coleworts uncut down.

Lap, Leaped.

Lapper'd, Crudled, or clotted.

Lare, A Place for lying, or that has been layn in.

Lare, Big.

Lave, The Reſt, or Remainder.

Lawin, A Tavern Reckoning.

Lawland, Low Country.

Lavrock, The Lark.

Lawty, or *Lawtith*, Juſtice, Fidelity, Honeſty.

Leal, True, Upright, Honeſt, faithfull to Truſt, Loyal. *A leal Heart never lied.*

Lear, Learning, to learn.

Lee, Untill'd Ground; alſo an open Graſſy Plain.

Leglen, A Milking-Pale with one *Lug* or Handle.

Lends, Buttocks, Loins.

Leugh, Laughed.

Leu warm, Lukewarm.

Libbit, Gelded.

Lick, To whip or beat. *It.* A Wag, or *Cheat*, we call a great *Lick.*

Liſt, The Sky or Firmament.

Lyes, Lyes.

Lills, The Holes of a Wind Inſtrument of Muſick: Hence, *Lilt up a Spring*, *Lilt it out*, Take off your Drink merrily.

Limp, To halt.

Lin, A Cataract.

Ling, A quick carrere, in a ſtraight Line. To gallop.

Lingle, Cord, Shoe makers Threed.

Linkan, Walking ſpeedily.

Lire, Breaſts. *Item*, The moſt muſcular Parts; ſometimes the Air or Complexion of the Face.

Lisk, The Flank.

Lith, A Joint.

Loan, A little Common near to Country Villages, where they milk their Cows.

Lock, A Lake.

Loo, To love.

Looſ, The hollow of the Hand.

Looms, Tools, Inſtruments in general, Veſſels.

Loot, Did let.

Low, Flame, *Lowan*, Flaming.

Lown, Calm, *Keep lown*, Be ſecret. *He ſits ſon lown that has a riven Breech.*

Loun, Rogue, Whore, Villain.

Lout, To bow down, making Courteſie, To ſtoop.

Luck, To encloſe, Shut up, Faſten: Hence, *Lucken handed*, Cloſe Fiſted, *Lucken Gowans*, *Boobs*, &c.

Lucky, Grandmother, or Goody.

Lug, Ear, Handle of a Pot or Veſſel.

Lyart, Hoary or Gray-hair'd.

M A

Magil, To mangle.

Maik, or *Make*, Match, Equal, *Maikleſs*, Matchleſs.

Makly, Seemly, Well proportion'd.

Maliſon, A Curſe, Malediction.

Maugit, Gall'd or bruiſed by Toil or Stripes.
Mauk, A Want.
Maul, To ſtammer in Speech.
March, or *Merch*, A Land-mark, Border of Lands.
March, The Marrow.
Marrow, Mate, Fellow, Equal, Comrade. We ſay, *Half-marrow*, Husband or Wife, and the *Marrow* of a Shoe or Glove.
Mask. To maſh, in Brewing *Masking Loom*, Maſh-Vat.
Maun, Muſt. *Maunna*, Muſt not, May not.
Meikle, Much, Big, Great, Large.
Meith, Limit, Mark, Sign.
Mends, Satisfaction, Revenge, Retaliation. *To make a Mends*, To make a grateful Return.
Menſe, Diſcretion, Sobriety, good Breeding. *Menſfou*, Mannerly.
Menzie, Company of Men, Army, Aſſembly; One's Followers.
Meſſen, A little Dog, Lap-dog.
Midding, A Dunghill.
Miiges, Gnats, little Flies.
Mim, Affectedly modeſt.
Mint, Aim, Endeavour.
Mirk, Dark.
Miſcaw, To give Names.
Miſhanter, Misfortune.
Miſken, To neglect or not take notice of one; alſo, Let alone.
Miſl-ſhous, Malicious, Rough.
Miſters, Neceſſities, Wants.
Mony, Many.
Mou, Mouth.
Mow, A Pile or Bing, as of Fewel, Hay, Sheaves of Corn, *&c.*
Moup, To eat, generally uſed of Children, or of old People, who have but few Teeth, and make their Lips move faſt, tho they eat but ſlow.
Muckle, See *Meikle*.
Murgullied, Miſmanaged, Abuſed.
Mutch, A Coif.
Mutchkin, An *Engliſh* Pint.

N A

Nacky, or *Knacky*, Clever, active in ſmall Affairs.
Neeſe, Noſe.
Netle, To fret or vex.
Newſangle, Fond of a new thing.
Neve!, A ſound Blow with the *Nive* or Fiſt.
Nick, To bite or cheat. *Nicked*, Cheated; alſo as a cant Word, to drink heartily; as, *He nicks fine*.
Nieſt, Next.
Niffer, To exchange or barter.
Nither, To ſtraiten. *Nithered*, Hungered or half ſtarv'd in Maintenance.
Nive, The Fiſt.
Nock, Notch or Nick of an Arrow or Spindle.
Noit, See *Knoit*.
Nowt, Cows, Kine.
Nowther, Neither.
Nuckle, New calv'd (Cows.)

O E

OE, A Grandchild.
O'er, or *Owre*, Too much; as, *A' O'ers is Vice*.
O'ercome, Superplus.
Ony, Any.
Or, Sometimes uſed for *e're* or *before*. *Or Day*, *i. e.* before Day break.
Oughtlens, In the leaſt.
Owſen, Oxen.
Owthir, Either.
Oxter, The Arm pit.

P A

Paddock, A Frog. *Paddock Ride*, The Spawn of Frogs.

Paiks, Chaſtiſement. *To paik*, To beat or belabour one ſoundly.

Pang, To ſqueez, preſs or pack one Thing into another.

Pangbty, Proud, haughty.

Pawky, Witty or ſly in Word or Action, without any Harm or bad Deſigns.

Peer, A Key or Wharf.

Peets, Turf for fire.

Peh, To pant.

Penſy, Finical, foppiſh, conceited.

Perquire, By Heart.

Pett, A Favourite, a Fondling. *To pettle*, To dandle, feed, cheriſh, flatter. Hence to take the *Pett*, is to be peeviſh, or ſullen, as commonly *Petts* are when in the leaſt diſobliged.

Pibroughs, Such *Highland* Tunes as are play'd on Bag Pipes before them when they go out to Battle.

Pig, An Earthen Pitcher.

Pike, To pick, pick out, or chuſe

Pimpin, Pimping, mean, ſcurvy.

Pine, Pain or Pining.

Pingle, To contend, ſtrive or work hard.

Pirn, The Spool or Quill within the Shuttle, which receives the Yarn. *Pirny*, (Cloath or a Web) of unequal Threeds or Colours, ſtripped.

Pith, Strength, Might, Force.

Plack, Two Bodles, or the 3d of a Penny *Engliſh*.

Pople or *Paple*, The Bubling, Purling or Boyling up of Water. (Popling.)

Poortith, Poverty.

Powny, A little Horſe or Galloway; alſo a Turky.

Pouſe, To puſh.

Pouch, A Pocket.

Pratick, Practice, Art, Stratagem. *Priving Pratick*, Trying ridiculous Experiments.

Prets, Tricks, Rogueries. We ſay, *He play'd me a Pret*, i. e. Cheated. *The Callan's ſu' of Prets*, i. e. Has abundance of waggiſh Tricks.

Prig, To cheapen, or importune for a lower Price of Goods one is buying.

Prin, A Pin.

Prive, To prove or taſte.

Propine, Gift or Preſent.

Prym, or *Prime*, To fill or ſtuff.

R A

Rackleſs, Careleſs. One who does Things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackleſs Handed*.

Raffan, Merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, A loud Sound.

Rak, or *Rook*, A Miſt or Fog.

Rampage, To ſpeak and act furiouſly.

Raſhes, Ruſhes.

Rave, Did rive or tear.

Raught, Reached.

Rax, To ſtretch. *Rax'd*, Reached.

Ream, Cream. Whence, *Reaming*; as *Reaming Liquor*.

Redd, To rid, unravel, To ſeparate Folks that are fighting, where one oft gets what we call the *Redding Strake*. It alſo ſignifies clearing of any Paſſage.

Rede, Council, Advice, As, *I wad na rede ye to do that*.

Reft, Bereft, robbed, forc'd or carried away.

Reif, Rapine, Robbery.

Reik, or *Rink*, A Courſe or Race.

Rice, or *Riſe*, Bulruſhes, Bramble Branches, or Twigs of Trees, ſuch as are uſed for Partition Walls plaiſter'd with Clay.

Riſt,

Rist, To belch.
Rigging, The Back, or Rig-back, the Top or Ridge of a House.
Rock, A Distaff.
Roose, or *Ruse*, To commend, extoll.
Rowan, Rolling.
Roundel, A witty, and often Satyrick Kind of Rhime, commonly of 8 Lines, some of which are repeted as the Fancy requires.
Rowt, To roar, especially the Lowing of Bulls and Cows.
Rowth, Plenty.
Ruck, A Rick or Stack of Hay, or Corns.
Rude, The red Taint of the Complexion.
Ruefu, Doleful.
Rug, To pull, take away by Force.
Rumple, The Rump
Rungs, Small Boughs of Trees loped off, which serve for Staves to Country People.
Runkle, A Wrinkle, *Runckle*, To ruffle.
Rype, To search.

S A

Saebiens, Seeing it is, since.
Saikless, Guiltless, free.
Sall Shall. Like *Soud*, for Should.
Sand-blind, Pur-blind, Short-sighted.
Sare, Savour or Smell.
Sark, A Shirt.
Saugh, A Willow or Sallow Tree.
Saw, An old Saying, or proverbial Expression.
Scar, The bare Places on the Sides of Hills washen down with Rains.
Scart, To scratch.
Scawp, A bare, dry Piece of stony Ground.
Scon, Bread the Country People bake over the Fire, thinner and broader than a Bannock.
Scowp, To leap or move hastily from one Place to another.
Scrimp, Narrow, straitned, little.
Scroggs, Shrubs, Thorns, Briers. *Scroggy*, Thorny.
Scuds, Ale. A late Name given it by the Benders, perhaps from its easy and clever Motion.
Sell, Self.
Seuch, Furrow, Ditch.
Sey, To try.
Seybow, A young Onion.
Shan, Pitiful, silly, poor.
Shaw, A Wood or Forrest.
Shill, Shril, having a sharp Sound.
Shire, Clear, thin We call thin Cloath, or clear Liquor, *Shire*. Also a clever Wag, *A Shire Lick*.
Shog, To wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Shool, Shovel.
Shoon, Shoes.
Shore, To threaten.
Shotle, A Drawer.
Sib, A-kin.
Sic, Such.
Sicker, Firm, secure.
Sike, A Rill or Rivulet, commonly dry in Summer.
Siller, Silver.
Sinsyne, Since that Time. *Langsinsyne*, Long ago.
Skaill, To scatter.
Skair, Share.
Skaith, Hurt, Damage, Loss.
Skeigh, Skittish.
Skelp, To run. Used when one runs *Barefoot*. Also a small Splinter of Wood. *It*. To flog the Hips.
Skiff, To move smoothly away.
Skink, A kind of strong Broth made of Cows Hams or Knuckles. We say, *A Spoonfu' of Skitter will spoil a Potfu' of Skink*. Also, to fill Drink in a Cup.
Skirl, To shreik, or cry with a shrill Voice.
Sklate, Slate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue Slate.
Skowrie, Ragged, Nasty, Idle We call a vagrant lazy Fellow, *A Skowrie*,

Skowrie, or *Skurrievaig*, *i. e.* A Scourer or Vagrant.

Skyt, To fly out haſtily.

Slade or *Slaid*, Did ſlide, moved, or made a Thing move eaſily.

Slap or *Slak*, A Gap, or narrow Paſs between two Hills. *Slap*, A Breach in a Wall.

Slid, Smooth, cunning, ſlippery; as, *He's a ſlid Lown*. *Slidry*, Slippery.

Slippery, Sleepy.

Slonk, A Mire, Ditch or Slough.

Slot, A Bar or Bolt for a Door.

Slough, A Huſk or Coat.

Smaik, A ſilly little pitiful Fellow; the ſame with *Smatchet*.

Smittle, Infectious or Catching.

Smoor, To ſmother.

Snack, Nimble, ready, cliver.

Sned, To cut.

Sneg, To cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the Web End*.

Snell, Sharp, ſmarting, bitter.

Snib, Snub, check or reprove, correct.

Snifter, To ſnuff or breath throw the Noſe a little ſtopt.

Snod, Metaphorically uſed for Neat, Handſome, Tight.

Snood, The Band for tying up a Woman's Hair.

Snool, To diſpirit by chiding, hard Labour, and the like; alſo a pitiful groveling Slave.

Snoove, To whirl round.

Snotter, Snot.

Sourl, To ruffle or wrinkle.

Sod, A thick Turf.

Sonſy, Happy, fortunate, lucky, ſometimes uſed for large and luſty.

Sore, Sorrell, rediſh coloured.

Soſs, The Noiſe that a Thing makes when it falls to the Ground. To fall down heavily, is to fall *with a Soſs*.

Souch, The Sound of Wind amongſt Trees, or of one ſleeping.

Sowens, Flumry, or Oat-meal ſowr'd amongſt Water for ſome time, then boil'd to a Conſiſtency, and eaten with Milk or Butter.

Sowf, To conn over a Tune on an Inſtrument.

Spae, To ſortel or divine. *Spaemen*, Prophets, Augurs.

Spain, To wean from the Breaſt.

Spait, A Torrent, Flood, or Inundation.

Spang, A Leap or Jump. To leap or jump.

Spaul, Shoulder, Arm.

Speel, To climb.

Speer, To ask, inquire.

Spelder, To ſplit, ſtretch, ſpread out, draw aſunder. Whence *Speldin*, A little Fiſh open'd and dry'd.

Spence, The Place of the Houſe where Proviſions are kept.

Spill, To ſpoil, abuſe.

Spoolie, Spoil, Booty, Plunder.

Spraings, Stripes of different Colours, as in Cloath.

Spring, A Tune on a Muſical Inſtrument.

Spruſh, Spruce.

Spruttl'd, Speckled, ſpotted.

Spunk, Tinder.

Stang, Did ſting; alſo a Sting or Pole.

Stank, A Pool or Pond of ſtanding Water.

Stark, Strong, robuſt.

Starns, The Stars. *Starn*, A ſmall Moiety. We ſay, *Ne'er a Starn*.

Stay, Steep; as, *Set a ſtout Heart to a ſtay Brae*.

Steek, To ſhut, cloſe.

Stend, or *Sten*, To move with a haſty long Pace.

Stent, To ſtretch or extend.

Stirk, A Steer or Bullock.

Stoit, or *Stot*, To rebound or reflect. One is ſaid to *ſtoit*, when he hits his Foot againſt a Stone, or moves like one drunk.

Stow, To cut or crop, *A Stow*, A large Cut or Piece.

Stound,

Stound, A ſmarting Pain or Stitch; as, *A Stound of Love.*

Stour, Duſt agitated by Winds, Men or Horſe Feet. *To Stour*, To run quickly.

Stouth, Stealth.

Strath, A plain on a River Side.

Streek, To ſtretch.

Striddle, To ſtride, applied commonly to one that's little.

Strinkle, To ſprinkle or ſtraw.

Stroot or *Strute*, Stuff'd full, drunk.

Strunt, A Pett. A Fit of ill Humour. *To take the Strunt.* To be petted or out of Humour.

Study, An Anvil or Smith's Stithy.

Sturdy, Giddy-headed.

Sture, or *Stoor*, Stiff, ſtrong, rough, hoarſe.

Sturt, Trouble, Diſturbance, Vexation.

Stym, A Blink, or a little Sight of a Thing.

Suddle, To ſully or defile.

Sumph, Blockhead.

Sunkots, Something.

Swak, To throw, caſt with Force.

Swankies, Clever young Fellows.

Swarf, To ſwoon away.

Swaſh, Squat, ſuddled.

Swatch, A Pattern.

Swats, Small Ale.

Swecht, Burden, Weight, Force.

Sweer, lazy, ſlow.

Sweeties, Confections.

Swelt, To be ſuffocated, choaked to Death.

Swith, Begone quickly.

Swither, To be doubtful whether to do this or that, go this Way or the other.

Syne, Afterwards, then.

T A

Tackel An Arrow.

Tane, Taken.

Tap, A Head, or ſuch a Quantity of Lint as the Spinſters put on the Diſtaff, is a *Lint-Tap.*

Tape, To imploy or uſe any Thing ſparingly, that it may laſt long.

Tappit-hen, The *Scots* Quart, or *Engliſh* half Gallon Stoup.

Tartan, Croſs ſtriped Stuff, of various Colours, checker'd. The *Highland* Plaids.

Tate, A ſmall Lock of Hair, or any little Quantity of Wooll, Cotton, or the like.

Taz, A Whip or Scourge.

Ted To ſcatter, ſpread; as *Tedding Hay.*

Tee, A little Earth, on which Gamſters at the *Gowf* ſet their Balls before they ſtrike them off.

Teen or *Tynd*, Anger, Rage, Sorrow.

Teet, To peep out.

Tenſome, The Number of Ten.

Tent, Attention, To obſerve. *Tenty*, heedful, cautious.

Thack, Thatch, *Thacker*, Thatcher.

Thae, Thoſe.

Tharmes, Small Tripes.

Theek, To thatch.

Thig, To beg.

Thir, Theſe.

Thole, To endure, ſuffer.

Thowleſs, Unactive, ſilly, lazy, heavy.

Thrawart, Froward, croſs, crabbed. *Thrawin*, Stern and Croſs grain'd.

Threep, To aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.

Thrimal, To preſs or ſqueez thro' with Difficulty.

Thud, A Blaſt, Blow, Storm, or the violent Sound of theſe. *Cry'd heh at ilka Thud*, i. e. Gave a Groan at every Blow.

Tid, Tide or Time, proper Time; as, *He took the Tid.*

Tift, Good Order, Health.

Tine, To loſe, *Tint*, Loſt.

Tip or *Tippony*, Ale ſold for Twopence the *Scots* Pint.

Tirle or *Tirr*, To uncover a Houſe, or undreſs a Perſon, ſtrip one naked. Sometimes a ſhort Action is named a *Tirle*; as, *They took a Tirle of dancing, drinking*, &c.

Tocher, Portion, Dowry.

Tod, A Fox.

Tooly,

Tooly, To fight; A Fight or Quarrel.
Toom, Empty, applied to a Barrel, Purſe, Houſe, &c. *It.* To empty.
Toſh, Tight, neat, when ſpoke of a little Perſon.
Toſie, Warm, pleaſant, half fuddled.
To the fore, In being, alive, unconſumed.
Touſe or *Touſle*, To rumple, teeze.
Tout, The Sound of a Horn or Trumpet.
Tow, A Rope. *A Tyburn* Necklace, or St. *Johnſtoun* Ribband.
Towmond, A Year or Twelvemonth.
Trewes, Hoſe and Breeches all of a Piece, wore by the *Highlandmen*.
Trig, Neat, handſome.
Troke, Exchange.
True, To trow, truſt, believe; as, *True ye ſae*; or, *Love gars me true ye.*
Truſe, Steal.
Turs, Turfs.
Twin, To part with, or ſeparate from.
Tydie, Plump, fat, luſty.
Tynd, Vid. *Teen*.
Tyſt, To entice, ſtir up, allure.

U G

Ugg, To deteſt, hate, nauſeate. *Ugſome*, Hateful, nauſeous, horrible.
Umwhile, The late, or deceaſt ſometime ago. Of old.
Undocht, or *Wandocht*, A ſilly weak Perſon.
Uneith, Not eaſy.
Ungear'd, Naked, not clad, unharneſs'd.
Unko, or *Unco*, Uncouth, ſtrange.
Unlonſom, Unlovely.

V O

Vougy, Elevated, Proud. That boaſts or brags of any Thing.

W A

Wad, or *wed*, Pledge, Wager, Pawn.
Waff, Wandring by itſelf.
Wak, Moiſt, wet.
Wale, To pick and chuſe. *The Wale*, *i.e.* The beſt.
Walop, To move ſwiftly with much Agitation.
Wally, Choſen, beautiful, large. *A bonny Wally*, *i. e.* A fine Thing.
Wame, Womb.
Wangrace, Wickedneſs, want of Grace.
War, Worſe.
Warlock, Wizard.
Wat, or *Wit*, To know.
Waught, A large Draught. *Waughts*, drinks largely.
Wee, Little; as, *A wanton wee Thing*, *Wean*, or *wee an*, A Child.
Ween, Thought, imagined, ſuppoſed,
Weer, To ſtop or oppoſe.
Weir, War.
Weird, Fate or Deſtiny.
Weit, Rain.
Werſh, Inſipid, Wallowiſh, wanting Salt.
Whauk, Whip, beat, flog.
Whid, To fly quickly. *A Whid* is a haſty Flight.
Whilk, Which.
Whilly, To cheat. *Whilly-wha*, A Cheat.
Whindging, Whinning, ſpeaking with a doleful Tone.
Whins, Furze.

Whisht, Hush, Hold your Peace.
Whisk, To pull out hastily, as a Sword out of its Sheath.
Whomilt, Turn'd upside down. Whelmed.
Wight, Stout, clever, active. *Itsm*, A Man or Person.
Wimpling, A turning backward and forward, winding like the Meanders of a River.
Win, To reside, dwell.
Winna, Will not.
Winnocks, Windows.
Winsom, Gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large; we say, *My winsome Love*.
Wisent, Parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.
Wissle, To exchange (Money.)
Withershins, Cross Motion, or against the Sun.
Woo, or *W*, *Wool*; as in the Whim of making five Words out of four Letters, thus, *z*, *a*, *e*, *w*, (*i.e.*) Is it all one Wool?
Wood, Mad.
Woody, The Gallows.
Wordy, Worthy.
Wow! Wonderful! Strange! *O wow!* Ah strange!
Wreaths, Of Snow, when Heaps of it are blown together by the Wind.
Wysing, Inclining. *To wyse*, To Lead, train; as, *He's no sic Gouk as to wyse the Water by his ain Mill.*
Wyson, The Gullet.
Wyt, To blame. Blame.

Y A

Yamph, To bark, or make a Noise like little Dogs.
Yap, Hungry, having a longing Desire for any Thing ready.
Yealton, Yea wilt thou.
Yed, To contend, wrangle. Contention, Wrangling.
Yeld, Barren, as a Cow that gives no Milk.
Yerk, To do any Thing with celerity.
Yesk, The Hickup.
Yett, Gate.
Yesireen, Yesternight.
Yowden, Wearied
Yowf, A swinging Blow.
Yuke, The Itch.
Yule, Christmass.

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